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A NON-PARTISAN MAGAZINE OF FREE DISCUSSION. IT AIMS TO INTERPRET THE NEW AMERICA THAT IS ATTAINING CONSCIOUSNESS IN THIS DECADE. THE FORUM GIVES BOTH SIDES. WHATEVER IS ATTACKED BY CONTRIBUTORS THIS MONTH MAY BE PRAISED IN LATER ISSUES

THE FUTURE OF CHRISTIANITY

WILLIAM RALPH INGE

THE future Christianity, according to the distinguished and brilliant Dean of St Paul's, London, will not accept the authority either of an infallible institution, or of an infallible book. It will be a religion of the spirit; it will express the religious philosophy of those who are erroneously called "modernists",—erroneously, because their beliefs are as old as Christianity itself. But obviously this true religion will not convert the world at large. Neither is there cause to fear that the light kindled in Galilee will ever be put out.

THE white man must have a religion, and that religion must be Christianity. So Ernst Troeltsch wrote a year before his death, adding that, together with this conviction, his own faith was becoming more radical and super-denominational every year. His attitude, and the course of mental development which led to it, is, I believe, typical of the educated thought of our day. But a short defense of his second statement, that our religion must be Christian, is perhaps desirable, since we sometimes hear it said that we want a new religion. A new religion cannot be had for the asking, any more than a new political and social organization. We might as well try to build a tree. There have been creative periods in religion, but this is not one of them, nor does the West seem to be the part

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of the world where they arise. Religions are exotics in Europe and America; in the East they grow wild, luxuriating sometimes into the strangest fruits and flowers. The West occasionally attempts something new, but in our time it has produced nothing more respectable than Mormonism, Spiritualism, and Christian Science. The great living faiths of the world arose in Asia, and in the millennium which ended with Mohammed.

Christianity has been fortunate as the religion of the dominant races. But though its wide diffusion and political ascendancy may be due to the energy, inventiveness, and perseverance of the European stocks, even an unbeliever might agree with Troeltsch that a religion which has satisfied for so long the most progressive nations of the world must have such spiritual power that it may justly be deemed a revelation of divine truth.

But we must define our terms. What do we mean by Christianity? Historically, Jesus of Nazareth placed himself in the line of the prophetic succession. He was called the prophet of Nazareth in Galilee. His manner of life, — that of a wandering preacher, — was the way of the Jewish prophets. His message was prophetic, — his stirring call to repentance and amendment, his emphasis on moral conduct, his prediction of a coming "day of the Lord", his disparagement of ritual and tradition, his conflicts with the priests, all belong to the prophetic tradition. His teaching was individual and universal; he had no thought of founding a new religion or a rival hierarchy, though his enemies saw more clearly than his disciples that he was in fact undermining the authority of the Jewish Church. He was no revolutionary; he abolished all barriers by ignoring them. It is impossible to say that the substance of his message was Jewish or Greek, Eastern or Western. It is the pure religion of the Spirit, eternal and world-wide.

The little group of disciples in Palestine who came together again after the tragedy on Mount Calvary were, and wished to be considered, orthodox and pious Jews, who held one distinctive tenet: that the expected Messiah would be their crucified and risen Master. Messianism, however, made only a weak appeal to the Jews of the Dispersion, and was unintelligible to the Gentile world. Under the influence mainly of St Paul, the new wine burst the bottles in which it had been confined; Christianity became a

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religion for the Graeco-Roman empire. This was the greatest crisis that the Church has ever encountered. If the Gospel had been purely Semitic and apocalyptic, as some assert, it could not have survived such an uprooting. As it was, Christianity took very kindly to the Greek language and ways of thinking. Long before the closing of the New Testament Canon it had discovered its affinity with the Platonism of the time, which was drawing into itself Stoical morality, Pythagorean mysticism, and all that was most alive in the long tradition of Greek philosophy. The Orient, it is true, was lost, and it has never been recovered. Christianity is now perhaps the least Asiatic of all religions.

The Christianity to which Europe was converted had its roots deep in European civilization. The Catholic Church was the last creative achievement of classical antiquity, which may be said to have died in giving birth to it. Its philosophy and theology were mainly Platonic, its ethics were at first largely Stoical; but the latter were profoundly modified by the gentler and humbler spirit of the original Gospel, while Judaism contributed certain features which do not fit in well with Platonism. Among these were belief in the creation and end of the world in time, and a stronger hold on divine and human personality. Even more important for the victory of the Church was the Jewish refusal to make any terms with "idolatry", or with the syncretistic mystery cults. Both came back later; but the Church would make no terms with the old religions. Christianity was persecuted as the foe of the old culture, and as an *imperium in imperio*. The fear which inspired the persecutions is intelligible; but they had the natural result of alienating the Church more completely from the classical tradition.

The social and political structure of the old world was crumbling, and the Greeks and Romans were themselves dying out. The city-state was preserved as far as possible under the empire; but civilization was increasingly menaced by the inroads of barbarians from the North and East, and a centralization of a definitely non-European type was forced upon the government. The principate of Augustus had been a camouflaged perpetual dictatorship; the monarchy of Diocletian was an undisguised Asiatic sultanate. It was at this conjuncture that Christianity, after a sharp struggle, became the official religion of the Graeco-Roman world.

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The great Mediterranean empire soon afterwards split into two halves, of which the eastern spoke Greek and the western Latin. The position of the Church was not the same in the two sections. In the East Roman empire, which lasted till 1453, the form of government was that known as Caesaropapism. The Church was the right hand of the monarchy, honored and protected by it, but deprived of independent power. This type of polity, which is not favorable to the spread of progressive ideas in Church or State, subsisted in Russia till the Bolshevik revolution. It is noteworthy that the Czars were so jealous of a possible eastern Papacy, that they put the Patriarchate into commission by constituting a Holy Synod.

In the West there was no Caesaropapism, because there was no real Caesar. In the contest between the Holy Roman Empire and the Papacy, the theocracy won. It took to itself all the attributes of the dead Empire, — the boundless prestige of the name of Rome, the claim to universal sovereignty, the autocracy with a graded hierarchy of officials, the praetorian guard of priests and monks, and the right to extinguish by fire and sword any rebellion against the central authority. Like the later Empire, it was a type of government fundamentally alien to the European peoples, but a type which has often shown great strength.

The Dark Ages were a long nightmare of savage anarchy and oppression. At no other time have the gains of civilization been so nearly lost. The dawn came very gradually; the sun rose again at what we call the Renaissance. The city-state once more flourished in Italy, and proved itself again a marvelous forcing-house of genius, though terribly wasteful of its human material. Then the modern European system of sovereign independent states came into being. Henry VIII led the way by proclaiming that "this realm of England is an Empire", — that is, a nation which acknowledges no allegiance to any other Power. The Reformation naturally followed. The pretensions of the priestly Caesar of the Vatican were no more valid than those of the Holy Roman Empire. Thenceforward and for ever the twin ideas of a universal Empire and of a universal Church became a reactionary or sentimental dream. Roman Catholicism became sectarian; its claims to a monopoly of divine grace were only a familiar trick of trade.

Modern history has been a record of progressive emancipation.

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The nations of the West have freed themselves from absolute monarchy, from religious persecution, from oligarchy, and from alien domination. The liberation is now complete, and we may soon be looking for some new integration to save us from dissolution. The further evolution of democracy is quite uncertain. Extremists on both sides are inclined to abandon constitutional political methods. So far, there has been no tendency to revert to theocracy or Caesaropapism, though the Roman Church is only biding its time. It has learned nothing and forgotten nothing.

The Reformation period was in a sense reactionary, inasmuch as the fierce wars of religion checked the humanist movement which accompanied the Renaissance. Humanism was undermining the Catholic Church, but instead of putting in its place a more spiritual form of religion, it tended to paganism or pantheism, and was accompanied by moral license. Northern Europe wanted not this, but political independence, a reformation of manners, and a return to the primitive Gospel. This it could not get from Erasmus, still less from the Italian scholars and artists. But the wars of religion dragged the Reformation out of its orbit. They compelled Protestantism, which is essentially a religion of individual inspiration, free inquiry, and ethical strictness, to become a rival religion of authority, buttressed by the infallible book, as its enemies relied on the infallible Church. It was disastrous that these struggles followed the great astronomical discoveries which shattered the mediaeval cosmography. The necessary adjustments were never made; the book of Genesis foreclosed inquiry no less than the decrees of the Church. When it was proclaimed that "the Bible is the religion of Protestants", a large part of the gains of the Reformation were temporarily lost. An infallible book is at best a poor substitute for an infallible institution; and when criticism began to do its work on the sacred text, the foundations of Protestantism gave way. At the present time it shows less vigor, less power of attraction, even less adaptability, than the rival system. It is also naturally fissiparous, and the divisions in the Reformed Churches have long been a scandal.

And yet it is, in my judgment, from Protestantism that we have most to hope. I have said that the Gospel of Christ is the religion of the Spirit in its purest form. In St Paul's Epistles, in the Epistle to the Hebrews, and in the Fourth Gospel we have a

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Christian theology and philosophy raised on this foundation, but brought into line with European thought. From that time to the advent of the Dark Ages there was a type of Christian teaching which is sometimes called Platonic, distinguished by its friendly attitude towards secular culture, by its insistence on divine immanence, by its resolute determination to find the seat of authority, not in tradition, or in the arbitrary commands of God, or in an external and supernatural revelation, but in the heart and mind of man, illuminated by the Spirit of Christ. This illumination must be earned, or rather prepared for, by a strenuous course of moral discipline. The religious life begins with faith, which has been defined by Frederick Myers as the resolution to stand or fall by the noblest hypothesis. This venture of the will and conscience progressively verifies itself as we progress on the upward path. That which began as an experiment ends as an experience. We become accustomed to breathe the atmosphere of the spiritual world.

Writers like Clement of Alexandria protest that faith is not an unreasoning acceptance of doctrines imposed by authority. "Faith," he says, "is a compendious knowledge of essentials, while knowledge is a sure and firm demonstration of the things received through faith, carrying us on to unbroken conviction and scientific certainty. There is a first kind of saving change from heathenism to faith, a second from faith to knowledge, and knowledge, as it passes into love, begins at once to establish a mutual friendship between the knower and the known. Perhaps he who has reached this stage is 'equal to the angels'." This kind of teaching will be found in Origen and the Cappadocian Fathers, and even in Augustine. It is the faith of the mediaeval mystics, of the Renaissance on its truly religious side, and it has been alive continuously since the Reformation. The little group called the Cambridge Platonists, in the seventeenth century, exhibit this type of religion in a singularly pure and attractive form.

We find it again, in the prosaic eighteenth century, in that robust and eloquent divine, William Law. It is to-day the faith of Liberal theologians generally, a school which should repudiate the name of Modernism for two good reasons. In the first place it is not modern, but older than Catholicism and much older than Protestantism. It goes back to the New Testament, and we

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may even say to Christ himself, whose "secret and method", as Matthew Arnold said, were the necessity of "dying to live", and inwardness. From within, Jesus taught, come all things that elevate and that defile a man. And secondly, the name Modernism has been appropriated by a school of Catholic thinkers who, with the help of the pragmatist philosophy, have defended a kind of Catholicism which has cut itself loose from the historical facts on which Christian dogma is based. Truths of faith are said to belong to a different order from truths of fact, and to be independent of them. In an age which takes scientific research seriously, and is not likely to take it less seriously, I cannot think that this doctrine of a double truth will make headway. It is too obviously the desperate expedient of men who have ceased to be Christians, but who desire to remain Catholics.

In spite of differences due to temperament and training, differences which we should welcome as signs of independent and vigorous vitality, the best religious thought of our age seems to be converging upon Christianity as the religion of the Spirit. The infallibilities are gone, the infallible Church as well as the infallible book. Nor can we trust to the Inner Light quite as the old Quakers did. They were in danger of making the Inner Light itself external, in their anxiety to accept it as infallible. We do not need these props; Clement's conception of faith satisfies us. As for the old proofs from miracle and prophecy, we now see that, even if the facts could be established, they could not carry the weight which the old apologetics placed upon them. A critic of Lord Balfour's *Foundations of Belief* remarked: "It is the peculiarity of theological architecture that the foundations are ingeniously supported by the superstructure." We are in fact driven back upon the *Testimonium Spiritus Sancti*, the witness of the spiritual life to itself. And it is enough.

Do I predict that the religion of the Spirit will have a resounding triumph? No, I do not. I can find nothing in the Gospel to justify the notion that the true religion will ever convert the world at large. "When the Son of Man cometh, shall he find faith, — or, the faith, — on the earth?" "If they have called the master of the house Beelzebub, how much more them of his household?" "If they have persecuted me, they will also persecute you; if they have kept my saying, they will keep yours also." "Woe unto you

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when all men shall speak well of you, for so did their fathers of the false prophets." An uphill fight against heavy odds, or an inward apostasy and unholy alliances, — such is the alternative for the Christian societies, now no less than it was eighteen hundred years ago.

It is, however, possible to predict a rosier political future for Romanism. Mr. Hilaire Belloc, in his history of the French Revolution, argues that the Jacobins made a fatal mistake in antagonizing the Church. The Bolsheviki have done the same, and in twenty years Russia will probably be the most devout, superstitious, and conservative country in Europe. Bolshevism has cut its own throat, and it is probable that the Revolution will before long see the necessity of a *Concordat* with the Black Internationale. That Church can make no terms with communism which is incompatible with family life; but communism is dead anyhow, and there is not much to prevent an alliance between predatory socialism and the Roman Church, based on a common policy of controlling primary education in the interests of their propaganda, of destroying the modern industrial system, and of silencing the voice of science. We must remember that Calvinism, the most robust form of Protestantism, is rather closely allied with business enterprise and material progress. I have shown elsewhere why it is that the modern millionaire, if he is not a child of the Ghetto, is usually a grandchild of John Calvin. Protestantism, therefore, is hated by the Revolution as well as by the Roman Catholic Church, and it is not difficult to argue that Christ would not have approved of modern capitalism.

If this suggestion seems fantastic to optimistic Americans, I would ask them not only to read history, which shows that alliances of this kind are highly dangerous, but to study the present conditions in a far more advanced democracy than America, — the Commonwealth of Australia, — and to consider the significance of that sinister figure, Cardinal Mannix.

Nations get the religions that they deserve, and the future of the white races is not secure. But I have not the slightest fear that the light kindled in Galilee will ever be put out. The Spirit of Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever, is "with us all the days, even to the end of the world." Those will follow Him who are not afraid to take up their cross.

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POLAR PASTURES

VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON

Fifth Paper in the "War or Peace?" Series

IN the November number of the FORUM *Edward Murray East advanced the theory that agriculture is not likely to be improved sufficiently to keep ahead of the world's increase in population. Mr. Stefansson in this article takes issue with that view and suggests at least one vast unexploited source of food. The bearing of this paper on the subject of war or peace is evident if, as Henry Pratt Fairfield stated in September, the fundamental urge to war is land hunger. Havelock Ellis and Frederick Adams Woods have also contributed to this series, which will be continued in forthcoming numbers of the* FORUM. *The object of the articles is not to advance any single solution of this most pressing of all contemporary problems, but through a symposium of scientific opinion, to arrive at its kernel.*

PREVIOUS contributors to the FORUM's series on War or Peace have argued that land hunger leads to war and that, inasmuch as agriculture cannot be greatly improved, the control of population is the only solution. I do not see how their general conclusion can be avoided, but am, nevertheless, unable to agree that the results will come in just the manner argued, for just those causes or even approximately as soon as they say.

My own travels in the tropics, and association with others who know more than I, do not lead me, for instance, to agree with Mr. East when he says in the November FORUM that, "Some see the possibility of rapid conquest of the tropics. Perhaps. But those who know the tropics are not among the number." On the contrary, I find that those who, in my opinion, know the tropics best differ most from Mr. East.

I rather deplore also Mr. East's crediting (by implication at least) to the charming and youthful Haldane the first widely noticed suggestion that practically unlimited food can be made out of the air, — unlimited because the food, after being eaten, will be later decomposed into the elements from which it was originally made, and can thus be used over again. That very thing was clearly outlined by Winwood Reade in his widely read *Mar-*

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tyrdom of Man, a book published about twenty years before Mr. Haldane was born. It may not have been new even then.

Nor do I know anything which leads me to approve the offhand way in which Mr. East dismisses various other factors involving especially the elements of method and time. For instance, some very good first-hand authorities on the productivity of the ocean maintain that, acre for acre, the farming of the sea will produce as much food as the farming of the land, when you allow, as Mr. East does, for certain portions of the land being unproductive. If you cut that estimate by three, you still double the world's food supply, thereby postponing Malthusian world starvation by a century.

And if I am a little disappointed in finding the tropics, the ocean, and the manufacture of artificial food given such short shrift by my fellow neo-Malthusians, I am still more disappointed in the entire omission of other subjects, and am even a bit annoyed to find among the missing my own pet Friendly Arctic. The Arctic is by no means the stoutest of the contenders against Malthus, but it is at least interesting as the newest recruit to the forces of defense.

The authorities on world food supply do not agree whether population is going to increase so fast that starvation will result; but they do agree that we are going to run short of meat. This paper concerns itself with one stopgap in the dike we are building against that particular calamity.

Optional vegetarianism may come about in any country through religious taboo, sentiment, or the growth of an opinion that vegetables are more wholesome or in some respect better than meat. But compulsory vegetarianism must come in any country whenever population begins to press on food supply, unless wealth and a good transportation system permit an importation of meat from other lands. For it is wasteful to produce meat in any land capable of producing vegetables that can be directly eaten by man. It is extravagant to feed corn to a hog and then eat the hog. Five men or more can live on corn-bread or corn-meal mush for every one who can live on the pork which the pig makes out of the corn. There is similar waste when you feed clover to a cow and then drink the milk and eat the beef. For several men could have lived on the potatoes that might have been raised on

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the clover land that produced only the equivalent of one man's diet in beef and milk. But it is not economically wasteful to raise stock on land that is incapable of producing cereals, vegetables, or fruits, for such lands would lie waste if not used for grazing.

It is, then, a fundamental principle that whenever it is impracticable or impossible to import food, a nation is driven steadily toward vegetarianism as its population increases. The extent of meat eating in a country that has as many people as it can feed, is, therefore, measured by two things, — the number of pigs, chickens, or similar animals that can be fed on slops and offal, and the number of animals that can be produced on lands which for some reason (drought, cold, etc.) are unsuitable for farming.

Since we are not, for the moment, considering an eventual shortage of all foods, but only an eventual shortage of meat, it is beside the mark to discuss here the probabilities of food being manufactured out of the air. For even if you could make imitation beef and turkey, there would still be on our earth for a number of centuries a lot of people who, for conservatism if nothing else, would prefer the real meat to the best substitute that Muscle Shoals could produce.

With all the well-watered and irrigable lands growing cereals, fruits, and vegetables for direct use, and with the semi-arid lands yielding their smaller but considerable crops under the coaxing of the dry farmer, there remain for meat production extensive areas in the tropics and in the temperate zone. But these are not very fruitful. Few lands too dry for wheat will support more than twenty-five head of cattle per square mile, half of them will produce less than half of that amount, and some will fall as low as one steer per square mile. Then there are areas (not as large as many suppose but still considerable) that will produce no meat at all, either because there is not moisture enough for the growth of any edible vegetation, or, more commonly, because no water can be found for the stock to drink.

The earliest civilizations of the world arose in or near tropical deserts, and we are long habituated to the idea that they can be forced or coaxed into productivity. More recently we have found that some, at least, of the dry deserts of the temperate zone can be subdued. But until the last few years we have assumed that the

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"frozen deserts" of the far north were unconquerable, and many still omit them from their estimates of the world's ultimate fields of production.

The problems of the "frozen deserts", even if they were not different in themselves, would be different to us in being unknown. Throughout the history of our civilization, the South has been the land of the past, the North the land of the future. Our earliest records show how the ancient civilizations crept northward from the upper Nile to the lower Nile, and then to Crete, Greece, and Rome, until now even England, the Scandinavian countries, and Russia are civilized. During this entire history of the northward march of civilization, men have in each stage been unwilling to believe that the country to the north of them would ever be valuable or highly civilized. A study of Europe from Greece to England will show Americans that their own recent under-valuation of Alaska is only history repeating itself.

The folly of the American purchase of Alaska was one of the unquestioned beliefs of the generation just passing, although the wisdom of it is equally unquestioned by our own generation. Alaska was called "Seward's Folly", and most of it was supposed to be covered most of the year by ice and snow. Some of the absurd beliefs of that time are not quite dead among thoughtless newspaper readers, even now. We could see that last winter when the dog drivers carrying the diphtheria serum from Nenana to Nome, through a forest from roadside hotel to roadside hotel, were represented in the newspapers as traveling across an unbroken and silent wilderness of snow and ice. And the press, even so recently, assumed that the serum was being carried through cold weather incomprehensible to New Yorkers, when the fact is that the temperatures recorded on the journey resembled those of Lake Placid and Saranac, New York, which are health resorts.

Until recently, too, the public has misunderstood the summer heat of Alaska as much as the winter cold. The United States Weather Bureau had been recording temperatures around ninety degrees in the shade, and sometimes ninety-five and even one hundred in the shade, every year for thirty years at Fort Yukon, within the Arctic circle in Alaska; and still most readers were either surprised or incredulous when they learned that President Harding and his party in 1923 suffered from the ex-

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treme heat when they got to Fairbanks, just south of the Arctic circle.

However, the battle is now won with regard to Alaska, for both the United States Government (Department of Education) and private owners are bringing to the United States reindeer beef from the Arctic prairies of Alaska. It is being sold in New York restaurants, and one of the companies has an office on Pine Street.

It is no new thing in the true history of the world, but it is new in the sphere of our ideas, that we have in the Arctic and sub-Arctic the largest and potentially most productive permanent grazing lands in the world. But we must remind ourselves that by "permanent" we mean a grazing land which, so far as we can see at present, is not likely to be converted hereafter to the production of vegetables that are directly eaten by man.

We estimate that north of the line of probably successful wheat production we have 200,000 square miles in Alaska, nearly 2,000,000 square miles in Canada and the Arctic islands, and nearly 3,000,000 square miles in northern Europe and northern Asia. This means more than 3,000,000,000 acres, or nearly twice the area of the United States. Some of it is densely forested and some of it lightly, but in the main it is a grazing land. A part lies south of the Arctic circle; even north of the circle the variety of plants is far greater than most realize, — at least 30 ferns, 250 lichens, 330 mosses, and 760 flowering plants. Of course, it is only a small number of these plants that are edible by animals. But still they form, in the aggregate, the largest supply of animal fodder available in the world on "permanent" grazing land.

At present we have only one domestic animal that is suitable for eating this vegetation and turning it into meat and other valuable by-products, such as milk and leather. This is the domestic reindeer of the Old World. There is no means of telling how long it has been domestic. Our ancestors of the Stone Age in Europe ate reindeer. It is generally supposed these were hunted, but some authorities believe that they were tame. What we do know is that the reindeer was domestic in northern China two or three centuries after Christ. King Alfred the Great tells us in his Chronicles (about 890) that in his time the people of Norway owned and handled reindeer.

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No one knows to the nearest million how many domestic reindeer there may be in northern Siberia. Over vast areas there are herdsmen each of whom is ignorant of the numbers of his own flocks. It is considered in some parts that a reindeer owner is not well-to-do unless he has ten thousand head. In Finland, Sweden, and Norway, the herds are much smaller, and a man is thought prosperous if he owns several hundred.

Exactly 1,280 reindeer were brought into Alaska from Siberia by the United States Government between 1892 and 1902. The largest single herd of their descendants now numbers about 17,000, and the aggregate in Alaska is given at 350,000. This means that since their introduction the herds have been doubling every three years.

Reindeer need no barn to shelter them nor hay to feed them. They are as native and comfortable at Point Barrow, the north tip of Alaska, three hundred miles beyond the Arctic circle, as the longhorn cattle were in Texas seventy-five years ago. An adult reindeer is no more likely to be frozen by the cold or stifled by a blizzard than a cow is to die of sunstroke or to be drowned in a spring shower. If you think it is strange that reindeer do not freeze to death, just consider how strange it is that fish do not drown. Any animal is safe and comfortable as long as it is in its normal native environment. This does not mean, of course, that no natural conditions ever kill reindeer, but only that they are in no greater average danger in their home lands than most other animals are in theirs.

Since reindeer meat is delicious, and cheap to produce on the lands north of the wheat belt, it seems at first sight as if we had nothing to do but allow the herds to double and double again until there are enough of them to eat all the Arctic and sub-Arctic vegetation and turn it into meat. The trouble with that easy assumption is that, so far as we know at present, reindeer will not prosper except where they have certain kinds of food.

In summer, reindeer seem to prefer to live mainly on green grasses, although they do a good deal of browsing on half a dozen or a dozen kinds of brush. But when winter comes, they try to live mainly on lichens. It is thought possible by some that if forced to do so they could subsist on grass, but probably they would become so thin on this diet that the cows would be weakened and a

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good many of them and their young would die at the calving season in the spring. It is even possible they might not be able to live on the grass at all, in winter, if they had nothing else.

Therefore, it would seem that the number of reindeer that can be supported in the Arctic and sub-Arctic lands is limited by the amount of lichens. It is my own estimate that for every ton of lichens and mosses in the Arctic, there are at least ten tons of grasses, sedges, and similar plants. This would mean that there is ten times as much summer feed as winter feed. But it really means more, for most grasses replace themselves annually while the lichens require anything from five to ten years for replacement. It is for this reason that the United States Government grazing experts have estimated that Alaska north of the tree-line will support permanently only about twenty or twenty-five head of reindeer per square mile. If we are going to utilize the northern grazing lands to the full, we must discover some animal that will take up the slack left by the reindeer, — that will eat grasses the year round, instead of only in summer as reindeer do.

We have such an animal in the misnamed musk ox. It is not an ox (even the males are not, and certainly the cows could not be), and it has no musk. No one seems to know who gave the name or why. A better selling label must be devised, now that it is intended to place the meat on the market. The alligator pear sells much better as an avocado; shaddock would not have sold at all, so we called it grapefruit. In our case, no one has been able, as yet, to think of anything better than to replace "musk ox" by "ovibos." That is the name by which it is now known to scientists, and comes fairly logically from the Latin *ovis* for sheep and *bos* for cattle. The ovibos is approximately a sheep-cow. They might be looked upon either as sheep four times as large as any you ever saw, or else as cattle with a coat of wool.

It would seem obvious that the sheep would be more valuable if it were three times as big as it now is. Similarly, the cow would be more valuable than now if she kept all her other good qualities and produced wool in addition. It would, then, seem at least possible that the ovibos, since it combines most of the merits of both, would be better than either of them for use in Texas or England. But not even the ovibos, were it twice as good as either cow or sheep, could permanently hold its own in those countries against

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wheat or potatoes, because of the insistent necessity that vegetable production shall replace meat production wherever that is possible.

We concern ourselves in this article with the ovibos only as an animal which may coöperate with the reindeer in turning into meat and hides (and in this case also wool) all the billions of tons of edible fodder that now go to waste on the Arctic and sub-Arctic plains. In a book called *The Northward Course of Empire*, I have already dealt fully with all aspects of the situation. Here we can only take up a few of the points briefly.

The meat of the ovibos is so much like beef that you would have to be as expert in judging meats as wine tasters are in judging wine, or you would be unable to decide between two roasts or steaks as to which was domestic beef and which ovibos. The color is the same, and the texture and flavor are the same.

Whether ovibos meat could be brought cheaply to New York or London is already answered by the reindeer trade. A reindeer can now be raised anywhere in Alaska, driven to a seaport for butchering, and the meat shipped in good condition to New York, all for a selling price of ten cents a pound. Later when the quantity increases, all costs will be greatly reduced. The like would apply to the ovibos.

It must be remembered that the Alaska reindeer country is nearly the most inaccessible part of the Arctic. Suppose the meat were being produced in Baffin Island instead, or in Labrador. The open season of navigation would be the same in length and the distance by water would be less than one-quarter of that from Nome to New York or London via Panama. Similarly, meat could be brought from Archangel or ports on the White Sea to London much more cheaply than reindeer is now being brought from Alaska to New York. Even in New York, Russian and Siberian reindeer could undersell Alaskan, so far as transportation is concerned.

We count on developing the reindeer and ovibos industries throughout all the lands north of the wheat belt. At first sight it appears a difficulty that large interior sections are at present not tapped by railways. But we are not assuming that Arctic ranching will develop any faster than to keep step with the world's need for more meat. The world's need for more petroleum, more

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copper, and so forth will also be increasing. These minerals and many others are known to be abundant in the northern grazing lands, and there is, therefore, no reason to suppose that railways will not spread to those districts, exactly as they have gone to other inland districts for other commodities in the past.

In the question of whether the ovibos can be domesticated, we come to a problem in animal psychology. The issue is fundamental, in the sense that many people who are supposed to be authorities hold one opinion, and many others the opposite. You hear on one hand that certain specified wild animals cannot be domesticated in less than a thousand generations, and on the other that any animal becomes as domestic in one generation as in a thousand.

Those who say that real domestication is not possible except after thousands of generations, cannot show you an experiment where a thousand generations have failed; but those who affirm that one generation is enough have many triumphs to which they can definitely point. Perhaps the most numerous recorded successes are with an animal analogous to the ovibos in the sense of being a native of the Arctic, the caribou. Caribou differ from reindeer only in our use of the word. They are the same beast with different names. We call them, for mere convenience, reindeer if they are domestic and descended from domestic antecedants; but we call them caribou if they are either wild or known to be descended from ancestors that were wild only a few generations back.

It happens nearly or quite every year, wherever both occupy the same country, that caribou are incorporated into reindeer herds. In northeastern Siberia it is common knowledge that these incorporated caribou become within their lifetime as tame as the domestic reindeer that are similarly treated, while the calves of wild caribou born in the domestic herds are as tame from birth as the calves of the domestic stock.

In Alaska, Mr. Carl J. Lomen, the president of a reindeer company that owns about seventy thousand head, has investigated the tameness of "wild" caribou in his herds. He has found that the "wild" caribou are a little tamer on the average than those originally domestic. This he explains by saying that in their nature there is no difference, but that animals known to be wild

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or of wild ancestry are subject to special attention from people, and are therefore more often approached, examined, and handled. This is what makes them tamer than the "tame". The general deduction from this and many similar cases is that domestication becomes complete in one generation, and that the tameness of any animal depends on how much and how kindly it is handled. That is not denying that a domesticated wild animal may be vicious. They may prove as vicious, for instance, as Jersey bulls are after thousands of generations of intimate relations with man.

But suppose that the ovibos were as permanently vicious as some insist. He would even then certainly be no worse than the half-wild cattle with which the cowboys of fifty years ago used to deal successfully. Indeed, he could not be half so troublesome, for his build is clumsy, his legs are shorter, and his horns are not so sharp.

For the present we have not much to say about the quality of ovibos hide. We have used it in the North for harness, for boots, and for boats. It is not quite as good for any of those uses as the most preferred leather. It should take its place in the market eventually somewhere between sheepskin and cowhide.

But the wool is an important thing to consider. This has been studied lately at the greatest textile research institution in the world, that of Leeds University in England. In 1920 I secured some ovibos wool from Captain Henry Toke Munn, who had it from North Devon Island, and to that I added some that had been brought by our Arctic expedition of 1913–1918 from Melville Island. About forty pounds were placed in the hands of Professor Alfred F. Barker who made, with his assistants, a two-year study of it. The report is now in the hands of the Canadian Government for printing. We summarize it here.

The soft native brown of ovibos wool is at present so fashionable a color that nothing better can be desired; but, should the fashion change, the wool can be bleached economically without injury to the fibre and can be dyed any color desired. It is softer than cashmere, has approximately the heat-retaining power of merino, and good wearing qualities.

But commercially the most important of all the qualities of ovibos wool is that it will not shrink. This unique merit, when

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added to the many others, should make it the most prized of all the world's many types of wool.

If we accept the opinion of the grazing experts of the United States Department of Agriculture as applied to Arctic Alaska, and extend its implications to the rest of the northern world, we may assume that the Arctic grasslands are capable of supporting about 100,000,000 reindeer, equal in meat-producing power to 200,000,000 or 250,000,000 sheep. That is a lot, but by no means enough to meet the shortage which will come when all the arable grasslands of the various tropical and sub-tropical countries are turned into the production of cereals, fruits, and vegetables. If there were no other meat in the world than reindeer, steaks would be as rare as quail, if not as rare as caviar.

In the reindeer estimate we are assuming that the North can support, the year round, only the number of animals that will find enough lichens to eat in winter. That leaves for the ovibos a surplus of grasses, sedges, and the like that would feed five or six times as many head of them as there are reindeer, or, let us say, 500,000,000 ovibos, equal in meat-producing power to 2,000,000,000 domestic sheep.

There are said to be 1,800,000,000 people in the world to-day. If the population increases at the rate estimated by the average statistician, we would expect to have, say, 3,000,000,000 a hundred years from now. Not any sooner than that could we breed up five hundred million ovibos. With 100,000,000 reindeer we could butcher 25,000,000 per year, giving us about 5,000,000,000 pounds of reindeer beef. The corresponding estimate would give us, say, 50,000,000,000 pounds of ovibos meat. If we assume next that the sub-tropical and tropical countries that are too dry for farming might produce twice as much meat again, we would have 100,000,000,000 more pounds. Then there might be some meat as a by-product of dairies that would be kept in well-watered farming countries for reasons of conservatism or good health, and doubtless some more meat produced to satisfy the rich, as strawberries are now cultivated in hothouses. Altogether a 300,000,000,000 pound production of all meats in the world seems a liberal estimate for the year 2025 A.D. That would mean that a strictly per capita distribution would give each of our descendants that year a daily ration of, say, five ounces of meat, and only two or three

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ounces in 2125. Then will the meat eaters bless the vegetarians, of whom there should be by that time a goodly number, considering the efficacy of their present propaganda. In that propaganda lies our only hope that any meat-desiring great-grandchildren of ours will be able to get their fill of meat whenever they are willing or able to pay for it. Whatever they get will come chiefly from the lands of the South that are too dry for wheat and the lands of the North that are too cold for wheat.

It will be said by those who are trying to hurry the Malthusian doom upon us, that my offer of fifty billion pounds of Arctic beef per year is only a twenty day ration for a three billion population, if they lived on meat only. In that they are quite right. But I have offered so far only what can be produced on the prairies north of the wheat belt. Turn into meadow the forests north of the same line, as our forefathers have done with the woods of Michigan and Germany, and you double or treble the ground. On much of that cleared land, too, rye and potatoes and many other things can be produced. All these potentialities of the North have been neglected by most of our statisticians-in-a-hurry.

With it all, tropical development, sea farming, and many other things are better safety valves than the Arctic. In the chemists we have assurance beyond them all. They will make food for us out of the air and the Malthusian doom will be averted. But (except for wars, famines, or birth-control) a more gruesome tragedy will come a few centuries or millenniums later when our globe is at last compelled to hang out the sign of "Standing room only". For the astronomers give us no hope that we shall ever be able to colonize the planets or the stars.

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CANADA, U. S. A.?

WHY NOT?

ASKS Mr. Seitz, who seems to believe that our British neighbor is merely waiting for an invitation to become a part of us. "The lure is strong," he says, "and we will all welcome Our Lady of the Snows."

WHY SO?

Retorts Mr. Gibbs. Just because the United States is drunk with prosperity is no reason why Canada should follow suit. Having shown evidence of thrift, courage, and a capacity for spiritual self-expression, it is entirely possible that she may prefer to determine her own future, despite the hospitality of Mr. Seitz and the brass bands of Wall Street.

I—CANADA COMING?

DON SEITZ

VISITING the thriving city of Toronto not long ago, I was taken on a sightseeing tour by a Canadian friend of long standing. In the course of the interesting trip about the handsome, well-made town, we took in the new $50,000,000 harbor, equipped with docks and breakwaters, but devoid of shipping. Posted in a bit of greensward, with their muzzles pointed toward Rochester, was a battery of ancient guns.

"Waiting for us to come?" I asked amiably.

"Yes," he said. "You know you didn't behave very well the last time you were here."

I recalled that our raiders had burned the place during the War of 1812, and dropped the subject. He was silent for some moments as we rode along the beautiful prospect, and then inquired, in a tone lowered so that the chauffeur could not hear: "When is the United States going to take over Canada?"

No thought was further from my mind than this. I was amazed, but replied: "Not until Canada wants to come."

"Well, it will have to come soon. Canada cannot carry on much longer alone."

To an outsider, the offhand thought in response to this would be to regard it as unduly pessimistic, but is it? Having elected to

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be independent of Great Britain in all but a very shadowy relationship, — confined wholly to paying the salary of a Governor-General appointed by the Crown, but according him no other attention, she leans upon the United States. They border each other for three thousand miles, upon which there is neither fort nor soldier. In kinship they are far more connected than with the parent country. The great Northwest of Canada is strongly American, and some six million Canucks have come across the line to live in the United States, — as many as can be said to dwell in their own land.

Such a vast flow to the southward means that Canada cannot compete with the States in affording occupations to its people, hard as she strives. In this effort she has become enormously involved in Government undertakings, the railway loss alone being some $400,000,000, which will have to be charged off, while of the Government-owned lines two thousand miles lie within the United States, without which the home mileage would be worth nothing at all.

To market the wheat of the Yankee farmers in Alberta, the Government has made a huge investment, yet the farmers have almost ceased to come. That many more were expected is seen in the elaborate preparations made to receive them. The region, however, remains one of the possibilities. It is the only one wherein the reproductive can be relied upon as an asset to attract more population. So far as the great mineral deposits are concerned, their utilization is destructive of values. The output of silver, nickel, and iron leaves Canada potentially poorer each year. Furs and forests remain. Both are being fairly conserved. They do not, however, mean population, or provide great employment.

Two of the fairest parts of Canada languish and fade. New Brunswick and Nova Scotia are nearly as large as New England, besides possessing a fairer climate. Yet between them they have but one million people, a bare fourth of the population of Massachusetts.

Both have moldered ever since they joined the Federation, three quarters of a century ago. Always lymphatic, they have become more so since they came under a Government centred a thousand miles away. New England strips the Provinces of their

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young men and women. But for rented salmon streams, and a little timber export, they would fare ill. The operation of the Nova Scotia coal mines has introduced industrial poverty on a large scale. Markets they have none, save apple shipments to England and some sale of codfish.

Quebec is a petrified relic of Louis XIV. The three million French people are solid and a mystery to their Anglo-Saxon fellow citizens, who do not know what they are thinking. Perhaps they are not thinking at all. The Volstead act and the automobile have lightened the taxes of the Province, but have not expanded its industries or legitimate commerce. It has become one vast saloon.

Moved by the success of its sister in securing tax relief through the bootleg route, Ontario has softened the severities of its dry law and tapped the beer keg once more. Buffalo and Detroit are expected to come across liberally to share the foam. Incidentally, the law only aimed at spirits and for the elimination of the dram shop. It was passed by farmers, many of whom in the lake region raise fine grapes. These they turn into wine. It was neatly arranged that wine could be had, but not in quantities less than four gallons. An express money order brought the vintage home. The wine could not be bought in hotels or restaurants. Grape farmers alone prospered, and those who raised barley, much of which went to the U. S. A. before Prohibition, suffered. The return of beer will partly remedy this, which explains the change in heart on the part of the Ontario Legislature. The liquor profits to the Provinces come mainly from the United States. These affect Alberta and British Columbia, as well as Ontario and Quebec. Rigid enforcement may kill them off. It may also produce complications and create clashes between the Governments. But for the traffic, taxes would be unbearable in the Dominion. The several recessions in Prohibition were forced by economic conditions. Cut off from this, revenue returns would be deplorable indeed, and might serve to hasten the union.

Why is this delayed?

I think the reason, unexpressed though it be, is that Canadians don't want to abandon Mother England in distress. It would not be the right thing to do, and Canadians are keen for doing the right thing.

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The lure is strong. Take the bait of Detroit, for example. The country from the Niagara to the St Clair, over which the Canada Southern runs, is an inviting plain. Yet its towns are scanty and its farmers few. Windsor, opposite the automobile capital, looks like a shrunken apple in comparison. Detroit, a city of splendors, throws a shadow across the stream, under which Windsor withers. It is so all along the St Lawrence. The Canadian towns are sombre and dull. Those on the American side are bright and "going". Contrast Ogdensburg with Prescott for example. An hour in Halifax will chill the stoutest heart.

Uncle Sam regards Canada amiably, not covetously, but a heap of his money is invested there. In a crisis he would become Canada's defender. The day cannot be far distant when she will want to sit in the old gentleman's lap and play with his whiskers.

We will all welcome our Lady of the Snows. As for Mother? Well, she has raised her family!

II — BIDE A WEE!

ARTHUR HAMILTON GIBBS

WITH true journalistic acumen Mr. Seitz puts into the mouth of a Canadian the question: "When is the United States going to take over Canada?" The "lowered tone" of the question and the amazement of Mr. Seitz are delightful touches of naïve drama à la Park Row. Neither the question nor the amazement carries conviction, however, and the paper passes from what may be called a headline approach to a comic strip ending with the following truly remarkable lines: "The day cannot be far distant when she (Canada) will want to sit in the old gentleman's lap and play with his whiskers . . . As for Mother? (England) Well, she has raised her family!"

Would any country want to be taken over by *that!* or is it that Mr. Seitz realizes that the question is so absurd anyway that he has to treat it absurdly? It dawns upon me that such must be the

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case; otherwise why should the United States be anxious, as Mr. Seitz suggests, to welcome what he makes out to be almost a pauper country, — a pauper country in which, curiously enough, "Uncle Sam" has "a heap of money invested"? Under that loose phrase Mr. Seitz camouflages the fact that Canada is the second best foreign market for American produce and manufactures and has the highest per capita consumption of American goods; and that of the four and a half billion dollars invested in Canada by other countries at the beginning of 1924, the United States held more than fifty per cent.

It would seem that readiness to "welcome Canada" expresses a well-known historic philosophy, that is, to leap in and exploit intensively, in the manner of all great powers towards the "backward" peoples. By inference, and not very well-disguised inference at that, Mr. Seitz would label the Canadians a backward people. He points the contrast, for example, between Detroit, "the automobile capital", "a city of splendors", and Windsor which looks "like a shrunken apple in comparison". He then asserts that to the Canadian mind "the lure is strong", that the "city of splendors" is a bait!

One is reminded of the drunkard urging the other fellow to get drunk with him. For Mr. Seitz advances no other argument towards the hypothetical question of Canada's joining America than that of money-grubbing. It is manifest that his philosophy is bounded on the one hand by "big business", and on the other by mass production. His imagination cannot encompass the possibility of the Canadians caring for tradition, for culture, for spiritual self-expression; that their approach to life may be from another angle than that of the be-all and end-all of the almighty dollar; that by their separate signing of the League of Nations, and their independent vote in the Assembly thereof, they may have acquired a national entity and an international sense not wholly confined to the prospect of immediate financial returns; that although it may be true in vulgar parlance that "Mother has raised her family", it is also true, for a reason which Mr. Seitz could never fathom, that Canada left sixty thousand dead in France and brought back two hundred thousand wounded.

The Scots, of whom the proportion in Canada is tremendous, are a Bible loving people. It is possible that the Canadians are still

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so backward that they find a real meaning in: "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul?" That Canada has a soul has never been in question to intelligent people, *quorum pars* is Mr. Seitz, although he endeavors to claim all the credit for the fact there is "neither fort nor soldier" on the entire length of the three thousand mile border. Since the United States is the stronger nation, however, it seems to me obvious that any need for forts would have been felt by the weaker side. The fact that there are none can only be interpreted in one way. In further proof of that quality which I have called soul, it is refreshing to read the closing lines of the latest official history text-book, authorized by the Minister of Education for Ontario, — "It is now the task of her people (Canada's) by thrift and hard work to recover from their exhaustion. War can never be anything else than a curse, for it brings not only the tragedy and sorrow of death and disease, but the ruin of property. Its one compensation is in the spirit of courage and sacrifice which it stimulates. In that spirit Canada can without dismay face the future."

Thrift, hard work, courage, and sacrifice versus the "lure", the "bait" of big business and mass production!

Something new in history is about to be tried out, unless the phrase "The British Commonwealth of Nations" is nothing but a piece of political verbiage. Time will tell; but meanwhile Canada's "shadowy relationship" with England is not that of a resentful child being told to do this and not to do that. It is the relationship of a grown-up son, received with honor in the family home, and whose opinions in the matter of the family welfare are listened to with attention and respect. Families of that kind rarely disrupt. It would seem to me therefore, without undue optimism, that so long as that relationship continues, Canada can without dismay face the future.

For all I know, Wall Street, as indicated by Mr. Seitz, may be all ready with brass bands and red carpets for what would undoubtedly be called "Welcome Day". If such be the case, I offer only one word of counsel, — bide a wee!

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THE CALL TO CHRISTIAN UNITY

WILLIAM THOMAS MANNING
Bishop of New York

THROUGHOUT the present year the FORUM *will publish, as it did in 1886, the first year of its existence, the confessions of faith of eminent clergymen and laymen of the more prominent Christian sects, as well as the confession of one well-known unbeliever. In no case is the writer speaking officially for his sect, but giving expression to the personal convictions and urges that led him to embrace one faith rather than another. The first paper, contributed by Mr. Chesterton, follows Bishop Manning's appeal to Christians of all denominations, which is to be read as a general preface to the whole series.*

THE Christian Church has to-day the greatest opportunity in all its history. Never since Christ came to this earth has the world been so ready to receive His message. All over the world men's hearts are stirred with a new longing for fellowship and for that realization of justice and brotherhood in all human relations which Chritsianity alone has power to accomplish.

But in the face of this present unprecedented opportunity the Church stands with her life enfeebled, her witness weakened, her message in part discredited by her own differences and divisions. The practical evils resulting from the divisions in the Church are serious enough, — the waste, the rivalries, the squandering of energy and resources, — but the spiritual consequences of our divisions are infinitely more serious. The faith of the whole body of Christians is weakened and impaired by them. Amid the controversies of the Churches men cannot hear the divine message of the Church. Great numbers of those who were brought up in the different religious communions are adrift without clear religious belief or definite conviction. Many whose parents were earnest Christians, and whose family names have long been on the records of the Church are to be found in the ranks of the apparently indifferent. In the battle against the evil that is in human life, against the anti-Christian forces at work in the intellectual

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world, against the spirit of paganism now evident in our literature, in our art, in the present lack of high standards in our social life, we need the testimony and the power of a united Christianity.

Our divisions are giving the forces of evil and unbelief a terrible advantage. If Christ cannot bring His own followers together in fellowship and brotherhood, how can men believe in His power? If Christians are unable to agree among themselves as to the essential truth of the Gospel, is it surprising if the world is unconvinced, or if men conclude that all questions of belief are unimportant?

The time has come for the Churches to repent of their schisms and divisions and to find the way to fellowship and reunion. It is time for Christians of all names, — Catholics and Protestants, — to resolve that the present situation shall not continue, but that through the promised help of the Holy Spirit the way shall be found for the healing of our divisions, and for the manifestation to the world of our fellowship in Jesus Christ.

The question which the world is now asking is not as to any secondary or minor matter, but as to whether Christianity is from above, as to whether Jesus Christ still lives among us, and whether He has power to save the world. It is this question which must be answered with the full power of a united testimony.

What is needed now is a Reunited Church so faithful to the Gospel, so free in the exercise of Christian liberty, so filled with the spirit of love and fellowship that in it the presence and glory of Christ shall be made manifest. We shall find the way to union not by surrender, or compromise of Christian Truth, but by emphasis on Christian Brotherhood. What we all need is closer fellowship with Christ. This is the path which will lead us to unity. It is lack of holiness in the lives of Christians which is the chief obstacle to the unity of the Church. If all of us were truly converted to Christ, the way to unity would speedily be found. Our faith in Christ, if it is real, will draw us into fellowship not only with our fellow Christians of all names but with men of all faiths and all races, realizing that we are all the children of the one Father Who is in Heaven.

We may not compromise our convictions or sacrifice what we believe to be essential to Christ's Gospel. No true Christian

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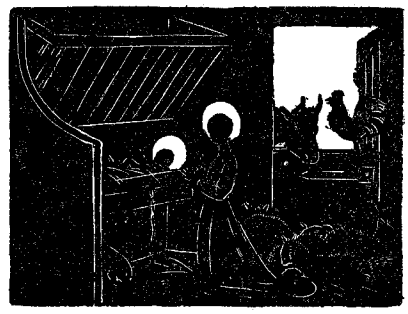
would want another to do that. But we Christians, of all names, must emphasize more the fact of our brotherhood in Christ. We must keep more in view the things in which we are at one. This attitude and spirit shown by all of us will do much to hasten the day of our reunion. It will soften our prejudices, enlarge our hearts, widen our outlook and strengthen in us the spirit of brotherhood. Let us realize that the things which unite us are greater than the things which divide us. We are one in the life that joins us to Christ, and, more fully than we recognize, we are one in our faith in Him. We believe that it was God Himself Who came in the Person of Jesus Christ to dwell among men, and that He still ministers to us in His Church on earth, still saves and blesses us with His living touch. Catholics and Protestants, Easterns and Anglicans,—we are all one in this. And this is the heart of the Christian Gospel. From this follows all else that we believe. With this in common, it must be possible for us to find the way to full and visible fellowship. The whole situation in the world is calling upon us to heal our differences and make manifest our fellowship in Christ.

It is the duty of every Christian to do what he can in this cause. For the call to unity is from Christ Himself. It is Christ's will that is being thwarted, it is Christ's power that is being weakened, it is Christ's promises that are being discredited by the present divided condition of His Church.



From a woodcut by Clare Leighton

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THE ROMAN CATHOLIC HIERARCHY

A Compendium of Significant Facts and Figures

THE Roman Catholic Church is that branch of the Christian Church which acknowledges the Pope, or Bishop of Rome, as its head. It claims to be the only legitimate inheritance by an unbroken tradition of twenty centuries of the commission and powers conferred by Christ upon the Apostles. It may be divided historically into two periods, the first beginning before the Council of Trent (1545–563), with an assembly which initiated a fresh attack on the Pope's authority, and extending from about 1431 to 1789; the second reaching from the French Revolution to the present.

After the Reformation in the sixteenth century the Central European nations which had separated themselves from the central unity of the Church prospered materially. The mercantile freedom acquired by Holland, the waning power of Venice and Genoa, the colonial enterprise of Protestant England, the growth of Russia (ultimately involving destruction of the Catholic Kingdom of Poland), the rise of Prussia as a great Protestant State by the side of Catholic Austria, — all these causes tended to restrict the influence of the Roman See.

The seventeenth century saw forces at work within the Church. The number of students in Jesuit colleges alone increased before 1700 to nearly 200,000. The first half of the nineteenth century saw a gradual disappearance of bitter prejudice. In England, removal of legal disabilities was the prelude to restoration of the English hierarchy in 1850. In Germany, Catholic revival has been marked. In 1905 the French Government repudiated the Concordat made in 1801 by Pius VII and Napoleon.

At the head of the Roman Catholic Church is the supreme Pontiff Pius XI, Achille Ratti, formerly Archbishop of Milan, elected as successor to Benedict XV and crowned February 12, 1922. The College of Cardinals, made up of seventy members, is the Senate of the Roman Church.

There are at present four American Cardinals: William O'Connell, Archbishop of Boston, Dennis J. Dougherty, Archbishop of Philadelphia, Patrick J. Hayes, Archbishop of New York, George W. Mundelein, Archbishop of Chicago. There are 17 Archbishops in the Roman Catholic Hierarchy of the United States, 98 Catholic Bishops, and 23,159 Priests. Other American Catholic statistics are as follows: churches, 17,146; seminaries, 105; colleges for men, 218; academies for girls, 716; parish schools, 6,388 with 1,988,376 pupils; orphan asylums, 316; homes for the aged, 121. In the World War 814,768 American Catholics were in service, of whom over 16,000 were killed.

The estimated total Catholic population in the United States is 18,559,787. It is of interest to contrast this figure with the totals in other countries as shown in the following table compiled by the Atlas Hierarchicus of Streit in 1913:

Catholic population of Europe	*186,196,342*
" " " *America*	*86,855,097*
" " " *Asia and Africa*	*13,279,811*
" " " *Australia*	*1,313,610*
Total	*267,644,860*

At present the Catholic population of the world is estimated as 324,328,408.

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WHY I AM A CATHOLIC

GILBERT KEITH CHESTERTON

Confessions of Faith — I

THE difficulty of explaining "why I am a Catholic" is that there are ten thousand reasons all amounting to one reason: that Catholicism is true. I could fill all my space with separate sentences each beginning with the words, "It is the only thing that . . ." As, for instance, (1) It is the only thing that really prevents a sin from being a secret. (2) It is the only thing in which the superior cannot be superior; in the sense of supercilious. (3) It is the only thing that frees a man from the degrading slavery of being a child of his age. (4) It is the only thing that talks as if it were the truth; as if it were a real messenger refusing to tamper with a real message. (5) It is the only type of Christianity that really contains every type of man; even the respectable man. (6) It is the only large attempt to change the world from the inside; working through wills and not laws; and so on.

Or I might treat the matter personally and describe my own conversion; but I happen to have a strong feeling that this method makes the business look much smaller than it really is. Numbers of much better men have been sincerely converted to much worse religions. I would much prefer to attempt to say here of the Catholic Church precisely the things that cannot be said even of its very respectable rivals. In short, I would say chiefly of the Catholic Church that it is catholic. I would rather try to suggest that it is not only larger than me, but larger than anything in the world; that it is indeed larger than the world. But since in this short space I can only take a section, I will consider it in its capacity of a guardian of the truth.

The other day a well-known writer, otherwise quite well-informed, said that the Catholic Church is always the enemy of new ideas. It probably did not occur to him that his own remark was not exactly in the nature of a new idea. It is one of the notions that Catholics have to be continually refuting, because it is such a very old idea. Indeed, those who complain that

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Catholicism cannot say anything new, seldom think it necessary to say anything new about Catholicism. As a matter of fact, a real study of history will show it to be curiously contrary to the fact. In so far as the ideas really are ideas, and in so far as any such ideas can be new, Catholics have continually suffered through supporting them when they were really new; when they were much too new to find any other support. The Catholic was not only first in the field but alone in the field; and there was as yet nobody to understand what he had found there.

Thus, for instance, nearly two hundred years before the Declaration of Independence and the French Revolution, in an age devoted to the pride and praise of princes, Cardinal Bellarmine and Suarez the Spaniard laid down lucidly the whole theory of real democracy. But in that age of Divine Right they only produced the impression of being sophistical and sanguinary Jesuits, creeping about with daggers to effect the murder of kings. So, again, the Casuists of the Catholic schools said all that can really be said for the problem plays and problem novels of our own time, two hundred years before they were written. They said that there really are problems of moral conduct; but they had the misfortune to say it two hundred years too soon. In a time of tub-thumping fanaticism and free and easy vituperation, they merely got themselves called liars and shufflers for being psychologists before psychology was the fashion. It would be easy to give any number of other examples down to the present day, and the case of ideas that are still too new to be understood. There are passages in Pope Leo's *Encyclical on Labor* which are only now beginning to be used as hints for social movements much newer than socialism. And when Mr. Belloc wrote about the Servile State, he advanced an economic theory so original that hardly anybody has yet realized what it is. A few centuries hence, other people will probably repeat it, and repeat it wrong. And then, if Catholics object, their protest will be easily explained by the well-known fact that Catholics never care for new ideas.

Nevertheless, the man who made that remark about Catholics meant something; and it is only fair to him to understand it rather more clearly than he stated it. What he meant was that, in the modern world, the Catholic Church is in fact the enemy of

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many influential fashions; most of which still claim to be new, though many of them are beginning to be a little stale. In other words, in so far as he meant that the Church often attacks what the world at any given moment supports, he was perfectly right. The Church does often set herself against the fashion of this world that passes away; and she has experience enough to know how very rapidly it does pass away. But to understand exactly what is involved, it is necessary to take a rather larger view and consider the ultimate nature of the ideas in question, to consider, so to speak, the idea of the idea.

Nine out of ten of what we call new ideas are simply old mistakes. The Catholic Church has for one of her chief duties that of preventing people from making those old mistakes; from making them over and over again forever, as people always do if they are left to themselves. The truth about the Catholic attitude towards heresy, or as some would say, towards liberty, can best be expressed perhaps by the metaphor of a map. The Catholic Church carries a sort of map of the mind which looks like the map of a maze, but which is in fact a guide to the maze. It has been compiled from knowledge which, even considered as human knowledge, is quite without any human parallel. There is no other case of one continuous intelligent institution that has been thinking about thinking for two thousand years. Its experience naturally covers nearly all experiences; and especially nearly all errors. The result is a map in which all the blind alleys and bad roads are clearly marked, all the ways that have been shown to be worthless by the best of all evidence: the evidence of those who have gone down them.

On this map of the mind the errors are marked as exceptions. The greater part of it consists of playgrounds and happy hunting-fields, where the mind may have as much liberty as it likes; not to mention any number of intellectual battle-fields in which the battle is indefinitely open and undecided. But it does definitely take the responsibility of marking certain roads as leading nowhere or leading to destruction, to a blank wall, or a sheer precipice. By this means, it does prevent men from wasting their time or losing their lives upon paths that have been found futile or disastrous again and again in the past, but which might otherwise entrap travelers again and again in the future. The

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Church does make herself responsible for warning her people against these; and upon these the real issue of the case depends. She does dogmatically defend humanity from its worst foes, those hoary and horrible and devouring monsters of the old mistakes.

Now all these false issues have a way of looking quite fresh, especially to a fresh generation. Their first statement always sounds harmless and plausible. I will give only two examples. It sounds harmless to say, as most modern people have said: "Actions are only wrong if they are bad for society." Follow it out, and sooner or later you will have the inhumanity of a hive or a heathen city, establishing slavery as the cheapest and most certain means of production, torturing the slaves for evidence because the individual is nothing to the State, declaring that an innocent man must die for the people, as did the murderers of Christ. Then, perhaps, you will go back to Catholic definitions, and find that the Church, while she also says it is our duty to work for society, says other things also which forbid individual injustice. Or again, it sounds quite pious to say, "Our moral conflict should end with a victory of the spiritual over the material." Follow it out, and you may end in the madness of the Manicheans, saying that a suicide is good because it is a sacrifice, that a sexual perversion is good because it produces no life, that the devil made the sun and moon because they are material. Then you may begin to guess why Catholicism insists that there are evil spirits as well as good; and that materials also may be sacred, as in the Incarnation or the Mass, in the sacrament of marriage or the resurrection of the body.

Now there is no other corporate mind in the world that is thus on the watch to prevent minds from going wrong. The policeman comes too late, when he tries to prevent men from going wrong. The doctor comes too late, for he only comes to lock up a madman, not to advise a sane man on how not to go mad. And all other sects and schools are inadequate for the purpose. This is not because each of them may not contain a truth, but precisely because each of them does contain a truth; and is content to contain a truth. None of the others really pretends to contain the truth. None of the others, that is, really pretends to be looking out in all directions at once. The Church is not merely

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armed against the heresies of the past or even of the present, but equally against those of the future, that may be the exact opposite of those of the present. Catholicism is not ritualism; it may in the future be fighting some sort of superstitious and idolatrous exaggeration of ritual. Catholicism is not asceticism; it has again and again in the past repressed fanatical and cruel exaggerations of asceticism. Catholicism is not mere mysticism; it is even now defending human reason against the mere mysticism of the Pragmatists. Thus, when the world went Puritan in the seventeenth century, the Church was charged with pushing charity to the point of sophistry, with making everything easy with the laxity of the confessional. Now that the world is not going Puritan but Pagan, it is the Church that is everywhere protesting against a Pagan laxity in dress or manners. It is doing what the Puritans wanted done when it is really wanted. In all probability, all that is best in Protestantism will only survive in Catholicism; and in that sense all Catholics will still be Puritans when all Puritans are Pagans.

Thus, for instance, Catholicism, in a sense little understood, stands outside a quarrel like that of Darwinism at Dayton. It stands outside it because it stands all around it, as a house stands all around two incongruous pieces of furniture. It is no sectarian boast to say it is before and after and beyond all these things in all directions. It is impartial in a fight between the Fundamentalist and the theory of the Origin of Species, because it goes back to an origin before that Origin; because it is more fundamental than Fundamentalism. It knows where the Bible came from. It also knows where most of the theories of Evolution go to. It knows there were many other Gospels besides the Four Gospels, and that the others were only eliminated by the authority of the Catholic Church. It knows there are many other evolutionary theories besides the Darwinian theory; and that the latter is quite likely to be eliminated by later science. It does not, in the conventional phrase, accept the conclusions of science, for the simple reason that science has not concluded. To conclude is to shut up; and the man of science is not at all likely to shut up. It does not, in the conventional phrase, believe what the Bible says, for the simple reason that the Bible does not say anything. You cannot put a book in the witness-box and ask it what it

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really means. The Fundamentalist controversy itself destroys Fundamentalism. The Bible by itself cannot be a basis of agreement when it is a cause of disagreement; it cannot be the common ground of Christians when some take it allegorically and some literally. The Catholic refers it to something that can say something, to the living, consistent, and continuous mind of which I have spoken; the highest mind of man guided by God.

Every moment increases for us the mortal necessity for such an immortal mind. We must have something that will hold the four corners of the world still, while we make our social experiments or build our Utopias. For instance, we must have a final agreement, if only on the truism of human brotherhood, that will resist some reaction of human brutality. Nothing is more likely just now than that the corruption of representative government will lead to the rich breaking loose altogether, and trampling on all the traditions of equality with mere pagan pride. We must have the truisms everywhere recognized as true. We must prevent mere reaction and the dreary repetition of the old mistakes. We must make the intellectual world safe for democracy. But in the conditions of modern mental anarchy, neither that nor any other ideal is safe. Just as Protestants appealed from priests to the Bible, and did not realize that the Bible also could be questioned, so republicans appealed from kings to the people, and did not realize that the people also could be defied. There is no end to the dissolution of ideas, the destruction of all tests of truth, that has become possible since men abandoned the attempt to keep a central and civilized Truth, to contain all truths and trace out and refute all errors. Since then, each group has taken one truth at a time and spent the time in turning it into a falsehood. We have had nothing but movements; or in other words, monomanias. But the Church is not a movement but a meeting-place; the trysting-place of all the truths in the world.

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DR. BEN FRANKLIN

PHILIP GUEDALLA

Forum Americana Series — 1

Drawings by E. H. Suydam

THERE is, as all people except inventors delight to say, nothing new under the sun. Under it, a few years back, the embarrassed Agent-General of Mr. Kipling's imagination, — "a patient and expostulating person, visibly torn between the pulling Devil of a rampant Colony, and the placid Baker of a largely uninterested England," — discoursed to an exasperated Colonial (since renamed Dominion) Premier those "agent-generalities," which singularly failed to soothe him. And under it, one hundred and forty years earlier, Dr. Franklin, Agent of the provinces of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Georgia, and Massachusetts Bay, hovered, a somewhat uncertain dove, over the troubled waters of the American question. He found, alas! no rest for the sole of his foot. Ruffled in every feather by the Lords of the Committee for Plantation Affairs, he became almost un-dovelike, perched for a moment on the awful shoulder of Lord Chatham himself; and then, circling warily over the lobby of the House of Lords and Mrs. Howe's in Grafton Street,

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he headed for home. The flood had not abated. So far as a pair of sharp eyes could observe it from lodgings in Craven Street, Strand, there was nothing in the temper of the King's ministers to encourage a joyous return, olive branch in hand, across the Atlantic to the laboring ark of Colonial policy. And when the Pennsylvania packet *Captain Osborne* dropped anchor in the Delaware on a May evening in 1775, it brought home a strange emblem of the new National consciousness, aged sixty-nine and with hair that was wearing a little thin now, equally prepared (in the words of a lyric composed for the occasion) to

"fan the flame which Liberty inspires,
Or fix the grand conductor, which shall guide
The tempest back, and 'lectrify their pride,"

the friend, as the poet observed, of his country and mankind; but a sad warning to Agents-General. No Agent-General, one feels, should become a national hero. Yet that was the mournful destiny of Dr. Franklin. Perhaps his England was a shade less placid than Mr. Kipling's; perhaps his colony was a thought more rampant. But the problem of that nice adjustment between homeland and colony, which, for all his adroitness, he had failed to effect, remained until yesterday. It was left, indeed, for a less logical generation to discover that for empires, as for philosophers, the golden rule is that there is no golden rule, that the solution of their problem is that it should be left unsolved.

That failure (or that success) is the tall pillar upon which the friendly little figure of Dr. Franklin was raised to starry eminence. Before it, he was merely the sly tradesman with a turn for repartee, who once wrote a tombstone for

The Body
Of
Benjamin Franklin,
Printer
(Like the cover of an old book,
Its contents torn out,
And stript of its lettering and gilding).

But after it he became that universal hero, who filled a hundred patriotic perorations, a thousand manuals of self-help; who in-

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spired Lord Brougham to the measured panegyric, which never fails judicial persons upon subjects with which they are imperfectly acquainted; who so pervades a continent that his rapt biographer, observing "few counties in the Union which have not a town named Franklin," has looked closer into the detail of his glory and can exclaim that "few towns of any magnitude . . . do not possess a Franklin street or a Franklin square, a Franklin hotel, a Franklin bank, a Franklin fire-engine, a Franklin lyceum, a Franklin lodge, or a Franklin charitable association." It is a sobering thought, which might well check a retiring man upon the threshold of a career of public usefulness. But Franklin, if he foresaw, persisted; and so became, by his singular achievement, a patron saint of the republic, a parent added to the grave company of parents which history had already provided for that gigantic daughter of the West.

Yet this engaging blend of Ulysses and Uncle Ponderevo was remarkably unlike his age. He seems to stray, a little out of place, across the elegant scene of the Eighteenth Century. The lights were lowered; the curtain rose; and as the violins fell silent, a trim garden came to view, in which a gentleman from Philadelphia made a strange appearance. The stout figure, the little jokes, the chuckle, the homespun air contrasted oddly with the formal perfection of that background. Slim gentlemen paraded gravely through life on red heels, absorbed in the solemn business of existing; and Mr. Franklin bustled cheerfully beside them, a sort of universal provider, equally ready to oblige with an Almanac, a printing order, a scientific discovery, or a revolution. It was an age of general accomplishment, when young ladies embroidered with a strange perfection, and even baronets struck the tuneful lyre.

Franklin positively was so far influenced by the prevalence of the Muses as to confess a sedate familiarity with the harp, the violin, and the violoncello, and even (with a wilder fancy) to offer instruction to the mother of Leigh Hunt upon the more passionate guitar.

But competence, one feels, was rather his mark than virtuosity. For he casts, in that age of artifice, a solid shadow. Even his piety seems to belong to an earlier or to a later time. The sober qualities of the Eighteenth Century, the sudden

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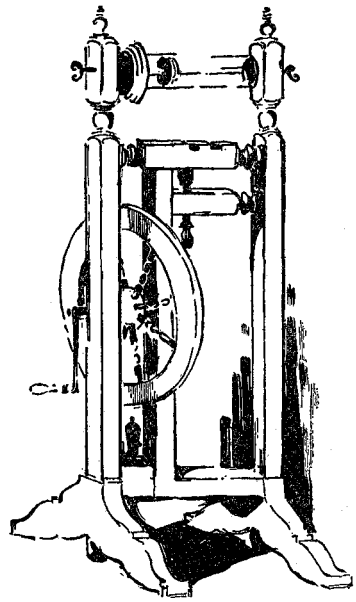

Part of machine used by Franklin in his electrical demonstrations

interruption of that bright brocade with broadcloth, must always appear a strange diversion of the stream. Perhaps they were a throw-back to the Seventeenth, possibly an anticipation of the Nineteenth Century. At any rate they have far more in common with either Cromwell or Queen Victoria than with Mr. Walpole. In this decorous department of his time Franklin played a part. It was a seemly rôle, in which he appeared successively as the thoughtful compositer of Bartholomew Close; the seeker after truth who presented Mr. J. R. in a *Dissertation on Liberty and Necessity, Pleasure and Pain*, with his "*present* Thoughts of the *general State of Things* in the Universe," listed the virtues, and composed a creed; the respected citizen, disseminating useful knowledge or pouring upon his fellow townsmen from a capacious cornucopia the mingled blessings of subscription libraries, street paving, and fire-brigades; the diplomat in broadcloth, who walked sedately through the gleaming scene where France was governed among the gilt and mirrors of Versailles. Seen in this solemn aspect he seems to stand in queer contrast to his age, a wren among peacocks.

Untrue to his time, he was yet amazingly congruous with his place. In an age when minds took little color from their place of birth and manners were international, when Prussian kings knew little German and Englishmen chopped French and Frenchmen had English airs, Franklin was almost unbelievably American. Even his minor tastes reflected his distant origin. Did not an anxious wife provide a busy Colonial Agent beyond the seas in London with those remote, those unforgettable hickory nuts, dried peaches, cranberries, and Indian meal, which told him of wider skies? Bewildered cooks in Craven Street wrestled with the insoluble problem of buckwheat cakes, like English ministers

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with the problem of taxation; and friendly hostesses received unexpected gifts of American apples, whilst American nuts were bestowed upon their husbands to provoke thoughts of conciliation over the port, and colonial rights were duly safeguarded by the judicious reservation that this tribute was "small indeed, but *voluntary*." Below the surface the whole tone of his mind was un-European. It had a quality for which it was not easy to find a name in 1770; since the world had not yet learnt to call it American.

The poise of his humor, the dry chuckle of *Poor Richard*, the grave, unwinking comedy of the epitaph, the solemn insistence (extended, with a glorious wealth of measured exaggeration, over four years) upon the mythical death of a rival pamphleteer, these things, which seem as personal as the tone of a voice, can all be rediscovered in the latter development of his country's comic literature. It may well be his foremost distinction that, politics and electricity apart, Franklin was the father of American humor. Has not a master of that elusive mode detected as its leading form "the humor based on that freedom from traditional ideas and conventional views, characteristic of a new country"? By that light American humorists progressed to the clear-eyed simplicity of Hosea Biglow, the calm judgments of untraveled *Innocents*, and the inexhaustible enjoyment afforded by protracted horse-trades. And in the first circles of its illumination Franklin sat writing his Almanacs, with his unmoving features and the slow kindling of his amused, his *goguenard* eye. *Poor Richard* is surely the earliest incarnation of *David Harum;* and his creator spoke with the voice which was to come more fully from the lips of *Tom Sawyer*, Artemus Ward, and the sweet singer of

> "*John P.*
> *Robinson, he . . .* "

One catches the note in a dozen aphorisms: in "Three may keep a secret, if two of them are dead," or "Sal laughs at everything you say, why? because she has fine teeth," in the commercial shrewdness of "Three Removes is as bad as a Fire," or that dispassionate diagnosis of the habit of disputation, "Persons of good sense, I have since observed, seldom fall into it, except

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lawyers, university men, and men of all sorts that have been bred at Edinburgh." Each of his dry jokes is a bold variation upon an old theme, an innovation upon English humor, a Declaration of Independence in miniature.

But there is a more significant particular in which his strange quality as a forerunner of American tendencies is manifest. That patient cultivation of the commercial virtues; those "proverbial sentences, chiefly such as indicated industry and frugality as the means of procuring wealth"; the guide to conduct, which insisted that "no qualities were so likely to make a poor man's fortune as those of probity and integrity"; all this side of Franklin's busy mind must surely enthrone him as the first high-priest of the religion of efficiency. The flavor of that modern incense penetrates every happy page of the radiant *Autobiography*, in which he held the mirror up to Samuel Smiles. How true to our own tradition is the ostentatious wheelbarrow of 1730: "To show that I was not above my business, I sometimes brought home the paper I purchased at the stores thro' the streets on a wheelbarrow. Thus being esteem'd an industrious, thriving young man, and paying duly for what I bought, the merchants who imported stationery solicited my custom; others proposed supplying me with books, and I went on swimmingly." That is a wheelbarrow equally, one feels, at home in Philadelphia, the Five Towns, or even Zenith. No Success Editor could pass it by; no correspondence course should omit it. And what modern pen would disdain his judicious advocacy of book-keeping as a feminine accomplishment "likely to be of more use to them and their children, in case of widowhood, than either music or dancing, by preserving them from losses by imposition of crafty men, and enabling them to continue, perhaps, a profitable mercantile house, with establish'd correspondence, till a son is grown up fit to undertake and go on with it, to the lasting advantage and enriching of the family?" That has the authentic contemporary ring of our own preparation for life, of a hundred courses of business training, a thousand handbooks of commercial efficiency.

More modern still (and still more true to his environment) was Franklin's taste for friends in council. Its first seed was sown in the Society of the Free and Easy and in that United Party for Virtue which he longed to form. But its flowering was in the

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Junto, that delight of Philadelphia Friday evenings, supplemented in the right season by a monthly meeting at "some proper place across the river for bodily exercise." Twelve members wrestled with first principles in debate, explored philosophy, and even turned an attentive eye on physics. But a still closer bond united the philosophers; since a standing question on the club's order-paper inquired "In what manner can the Junto, or any of them, assist you in any of your honourable designs?" The answer, perhaps, lay in that contract for printing forty sheets of the history of the Quakers, which an original member of the Junto procured for the house of Franklin and Meredith. The objects of the club included "the promotion of our particular interests in business by more extensive recommendation," all its members "exerting themselves in recommending business to us." It was the parent-lodge of a stupendous brood; and, across the gulf of time, one acclaims Franklin as the first Rotarian.

His career for forty years was a model of self-improvement, a steady climb up the long hill that leads to affluence. From the days when a small apprentice delivered damp copies of the New England Courant up and down Boston to the closing dignity of his long retirement, Franklin pursued an even course. The Muses beckoned; a dozen hobbies tempted; romance was hovering somewhere out of sight; the universe pressed for an answer to its riddle. But the printer's apprentice printed indefatigably on. He served his time at Boston and again at Philadelphia, plying a busy stick and avoiding, so far as possible, in his life (as on the printed page) those "great *errata*," which he notes so patiently. His principles were sometimes queer. When he worked in London, they called him, from his blameless habits, the "Water-American" in the printing-house near Lincoln's Inn Fields, where an alehouse boy was in per-

Doorway of the Franklin Inn Club, Philadelphia

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petual attendance, and his neighbor at the press required five pints in the course of a normal working day.

But Franklin was never a bigot. His austere refusal to subscribe five shillings for the general beer faded before an inexplicable outbreak of misprints in his work, "all ascribed to the chappel ghost, which they said ever haunted those not regularly admitted." So he paid, "convinc'd of the folly of being on ill terms with those one is to live with continually." Equally reasonable was his vegetarianism, which finally succumbed to a delicious *bouquet* of frying cod on shipboard. The day was calm; and "it smelt admirably well. I balanc'd some time between principle and inclination, till I recollected that, when the fish were opened, I saw smaller fish taken out of their stomachs; then thought I, 'If you eat one another, I don't see why we many't eat you.' So I din'd upon cod very heartily. . . . So convenient a thing it is to be a *reasonable creature*, since it enables one to find or make a reason for everything one has a mind to do."

Once, when in England, he was almost deflected from his course by the graceful accomplishment of swimming. He swam from Chelsea to Blackfriars; enchanted the company by "many feats of activity, both upon and under water"; and, introducing to their notice a novel style which aimed "at the graceful and easy as well as the useful," might have become a swimming-master to the sons of a baronet. Perhaps in Limbo, where Napoleon escapes his fate and is (as he so nearly was) a British sailor, Franklin instructs the nobility in the art of swimming. But he returned to print; and Philadelphia soon recovered a busy citizen. At first trade left him with little time for civic virtue; although in a pamphlet on *The Nature and Necessity of a Paper Currency* he displayed enthusiasm (natural in a printer) for inflation by a free use of the printing-press. But soon romance had brushed him with her wing. He knew a glazier with an absorbing passion for mathematics. The glazier had a young female relation, "in herself very deserving." Inflamed at length by frequent family suppers, Franklin demanded her hand and something in the neighborhood of one hundred pounds. Her saddened relatives replied that money in such quantities was not available. But the impetuous suitor suggested that "they might mortgage their house in the loan-office." His hopes, alas! were unfulfilled.

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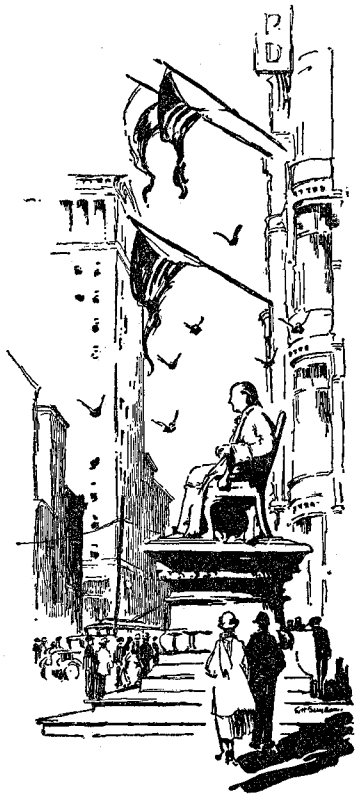
The bright vision faded; and, after similar experiments in other directions, the lovesick youth was left with a sad conviction that "the business of a printer being generally thought a poor one, I was not to expect money with a wife, unless with such a one as I should not otherwise think agreeable." But romance died hard; and the impulsive printer, remembering an early love whom he had too lightly left, married at last.

Business progressed; and he attacked, in spare moments, the riddle of the universe, evolving a home-made religion with strictly commercial virtues. Morality having been rendered unduly difficult by the wide range of the perfection which it customarily exacted, he "judg'd it would be well not to distract my attention by attempting the whole at once, but to fix it on one of them at a time; and when I should be master of that, then to proceed to another." He even evolved a system of moral book-keeping by double entry, a sort of spiritual audit, which would enable the judicious trader to strike his balances with the Great Accountant. But gradually he was absorbed in civic life. Public activities crowded upon his busy imagination, poured in a wild profusion from the disorderly cornucopia of Daniel Defoe, of whom he was a zealous reader. Hospitals, meeting-houses, street lamps, and schools engaged his active mind. He went from strength to strength, raising fire companies, reforming the watch, exploring that paradise of the amateur, the field of education; until at last, Clerk to the General Assembly of Pennsylvania, he moved in a happy blend of public spirit and government contracts. The tedium of debate was enlivened by the privilege of printing the proceedings, "and other occasional jobbs for



Franklin Statue, Chestnut Street, Philadelphia

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the public, that, on the whole, were very profitable." At length prosperity, the long pursuit of science, and civic duty, impelled him to retire from trade; and when he left the printing-house in middle life, the public claimed him unresisting.

This singular being made contact at two points with the life of his time. His trace on its letters, although he wrote incessantly, was slight. In prose he was merely workmanlike; and the anthologists have shown little favor to his verse, from the heroic manner of his youth,

> *"Come all you jolly sailors,*
> *You are so stout and brave;*
> *Come, hearken, and I'll tell you*
> *What happened on the wave. . . . "*

in which he celebrated the pirate Blackbeard in broadsheet ballads, to the gnomic perfection of his prime, when he

> *"governed his passions with absolute sway,"*

and versified good advice in Almanacs, or even ingeminated in a less tranquil mood,

> *"Oh! no!*
> *Not so!*
> *For honest souls know,*
> *Friends and a bottle still bear the bell."*

But in science and politics his impact was considerable. From his early inventions in the patient manner of the White Knight to his more serious extension of electrical knowledge, his researches disclose the same unpretending, busy person who once hurried about Philadelphia in pursuit of a printing order. It was an age when science had not yet escaped from an agreeable haze of general ideas into the hard light of specialized investigation; and the scientist could still assume the solemn airs appropriate to the pursuit of the philosopher's stone. But Franklin had little taste for deportment; and the long pursuit of knowledge was conducted without false solemnity. Even his electricity was unassuming. The mildest Ajax that ever defied the lightning, he rode sedately on the storm. His work was done without affectation, because it interested him; just as it interested him to de-

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vise, when he saw a stove, a better stove; to design, as he passed a lighthouse, a more ingenious lighthouse; to project, whilst he watched the House of Commons, a better ventilated House of Commons.

That busy mind found still more to do in politics. He had learnt in General Braddock's camp, where the red-coats lounged in the spring sunshine of 1755, the mysterious distinction between "your raw American militia" and the King's troops. A queer, distorting mist was slowly rising between the King's Englishmen and his Colonials. First as a leading man in his Province, and later in London, Franklin was sent to grope in it. That his quest for an Anglo-American understanding was, on the whole, sincere is manifest from the positively imperialist ring of his sentiments. Was he not opposed to the restoration of Canada to foreign hands on the strength of a John Bull conviction "that the foundations of the future grandeur and stability of the British Empire lie in America"? He drafted a basis for conciliation with Lord Chatham, no enemy of his country. As the dispute developed, he prescribed "Rules for Reducing a Great Empire to a Small One" with the full bitterness of disappointment; and even when taxation was in the air, when

> "*We have an old mother that peevish has grown;*
> *She snubs us like children that scarce walk alone;*
> *She forgets we're grown up and have sense of our own,*"

Franklin could still sing in a loud British voice:

> "*Know too, ye bad neighbors, who aim to di'ide*
> *The sons from the mother, that still she's our pride;*
> *And if ye attack her we're all on her side,*
> *Which nobody can deny, deny,*
> *Which nobody can deny.*"

Deny, alas! they could and did; and some part of the denial was to come from Franklin himself. For his diplomacy in London was hardly equal to the strain; and, in the outcome, events moved faster than argument. Perhaps the absence of the electric telegraph was fatal, or perhaps that majestic movement of British policy, — *vera incessu patuit dea*, — which made with due deliberation in 1769 the concessions which would, which must have

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been adequate in 1766, and finally permitted Lord North to introduce his measure of conciliation ten days after a Franco-American alliance had rendered conciliation impossible.

That singular marriage of the young republic to the French monarchy was the last, and perhaps the greatest, achievement of the old printer. The bride was fair; but, with an experienced bridegroom and no hope of a *dot*, the indomitable matchmaker must sometimes have felt the altar to be almost incredibly distant. The sloop *Reprisal* had run through rough weather from the Delaware to Quiberon Bay in the closing weeks of 1776. They crowded on sail as the King's cruisers chased the rebel through the November gales. But Dr. Franklin kept below; except when his eternal thirst for knowledge brought him on deck to take the ocean temperature and to verify, by these opportune observations, his opinions upon the Gulf Stream. He was in Paris before New Year, after a brisk encounter with Mr. Gibbon on the road, in which the historian declined to "have any conversation with a revolted subject" and the offended philosopher offered to furnish him with material for composing "the *decline and fall* of the British Empire." The salons buzzed with expectation; Madame du Deffand communicated her polite fever to Mr. Walpole; and even at Versailles there was a gentle thrill. The portent drove in by the mail from Nantes and descended at lodgings in the Rue de l'Université. The world stared; and how well its stare was rewarded. For, with an uncanny prevision of its demands, Dr. Franklin corresponded in almost every particular with the best contemporary taste. The vogue was all for learning; and here, — his spectacles alone proclaimed it, — was a philosopher of seventy, whom thunderstorms obeyed and learned societies hastened to honor.

But he had a higher claim. The world, in 1776, was young and growing younger. It babbled of green fields and played at peasants; it ached for simple virtues; and it adored a noble savage. In an Old World turning eagerly back to its own youth the New World was exquisitely modish; and when its ambassador came upon the town in a plain suit and a fur cap, his vogue was electrical. *Le grand Franklin* was made. No classical allusion came amiss; he was Cato, Fabius, Solon, Diogenes, even Pythagoras. Painters and sculptors, engravers and print-sellers put his like-

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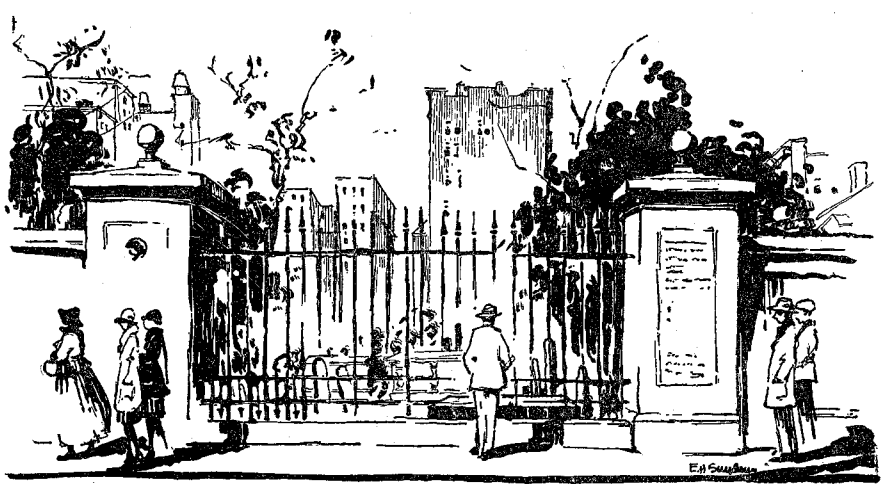
ness on every wall, in rings, on snuff-box lids; whilst an angry tyrant beyond the Channel removed his lightning-rods from the Queen's House and sulkily erected some of a rival pattern. But French policy was still detained by the litigious delights of an ingenious neutrality. Franklin escaped to Passy; and for a year he struggled to elevate Franco-American relations from the dubious plane of gun-running to a more exalted atmosphere of formal alliance. Diplomacy (and the news of Saratoga) prevailed at last. The new republic had its first ally, and when Dr. Franklin signed, he wore the suit of Manchester velvet which he had put on in Craven Street five years before for his ordeal in the Committee for Plantation Affairs.

The war and Franklin's triumph went slowly on. He saw the Queen at play; he saw Voltaire; he read a paper upon the Aurora Borealis; he listened to innumerable songs in praise of Benjamin and Louis; until at last the gunfire died away, and he set his name to a second treaty. His work was done; and at the end of it all, justly honored among printers, scientists, Rotarians, and men of letters, he could say with quiet pride that "tho' I did not think that I should ever literally *stand before kings* . . . I have stood before *five*, and even had the honour of sitting down with one, the King of Denmark, to dinner." For he was the first American.



Franklin's grave, Christ Church Burying Ground, Philadelphia

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PRESIDENT CALLES'S FIRST YEAR

ERNEST GRUENING

DESPITE the evil inheritance of one hundred years of misrule which has rendered difficult the task of the new President of Mexico, more real advance has been made during the first twelve months of office than in any equal period in the history of the country. Calles has "moralized" the custom service, reduced the budget, and fundamentally reorganized the sources of income. He has shown what honesty, good-will, and the energy of a hard-headed business man can hope to accomplish,—even in Mexico.

WHEN Plutarco Elias Calles assumed the Presidency on December 1, 1924, conditions in Mexico were at low ebb. Most of the reconstructive efforts of the Obregón administration had been swept away by the De la Huerta rebellion. Surviving rebel detachments and bandit groups, which in Mexico invariably spring up in the wake of civil disorder, made certain sections of the country unsafe. The transportation system of the country had broken down. The national treasury was bankrupt. It owed forty seven million pesos as pressing internal obligations. Federal school teachers had gone unpaid for weeks. The renewed service on the foreign debt, after one payment, had been suspended. Mexico's standing in the financial marts of the world was nil.

President Calles took office with the situation heavily loaded against him. Profound dejection filled the minds of the Mexican people, a feeling aggravated by the return of civil war after three years of peace had seemed to promise an end of internal warfare. A corresponding skepticism was reflected outside of Mexico in those fields of enterprise which in this day link nations together for their mutual advantage.

In business circles there was much apprehension of what Calles would do. He had never taken the trouble to deny the slanders of his political enemies. He returned from a three months' absence in Europe just before his taking of office. He made a few speeches. He uttered no glowing prophecies. He went to work unostentatiously. His immediately evident purpose was to balance the budget. Mexican administrations during the preceding fourteen revolutionary years had fallen into the bad habit of living well beyond their income.

Overshadowing all else was the need of insuring order and

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peace. President Calles faced the problem squarely. For over a hundred years the Mexican army has been at the bottom of most civil strife. Undisciplined and unwelded, its heterogeneous units generally owned allegiance to local commanders motivated almost wholly by thoughts of personal advantage. Under Porfirio Diaz the rank and file was made up of convicts, — in those days men were "sentenced" to the army, — or of wholly ignorant peons impressed into service. Above them towered a corrupt and brutal Praetorian guaid of officers resplendent in peacock and bird-of-paradise uniforms, fattening out of dishonest disposal of supplies, or extortions within its sphere of power. The army's purpose was to maintain Don Porfirio's despotism, to suppress political dissent, and ruthlessly to shoot down workers when they attempted feebly to better their galley-slave existence.

When Diaz fell, the armed forces emerging to fight for ill-defined political and social aspirations preserved the traditional "*caudillismo*". There was an Obregón army in the Northwest, a Villa army in the North, a Zapata army in the southwest, a Pablo Gonzalez army and countless lesser contingents. Loyalty was personal and readily shifted. By victory in the field and by elimination chiefly on a basis of treason, the Obregón army survived. Apparently it had become the national army. But the deep-rooted habits of a century remained implanted as the De la Huerta rebellion convincingly showed. The strength of this revolt lay in the military power of a number of "*jefes de operaciones*" and scores of lesser generals who "turned", as the Mexicans express it, with the troops under them. The motive for their treason, however bedaubed with high-sounding verbiage, was loot. The most corrupt elements in the army integrated the rebellion. Their elimination by defeat was the one redeeming feature of that otherwise costly episode.

Obregón had made considerable improvement in the morale and discipline of the army. Obviously he had not gone far enough. Calles quietly put an end to the traditional, though already much diminished, custom of allowing the generals perquisites outside their regular pay. He met their tendency toward caciqueism by dexterously shifting commands, — for military corruption in the past had always grown out of the continued presence of an army chieftain in a given locality. Division com-

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manders were moved without their staffs, colonels were sent to new commands. The service record of every officer was reviewed and many whose claim to a given rank was spurious were retired. Over seven hundred officers were eliminated for unfitness. A rigid discipline came into effect. Intoxication and misconduct were promptly punished by cashiering.

Along with these essential disciplinary measures, Calles himself is preaching a new spirit of loyalty to the nation, a propaganda carried on not only with the generals and higher officers but with the rank and file. Schools have been established in barracks, sports of every kind promoted. Baseball and football have become part of the life in the service. The private, admitted as a volunteer, is changing from a slave to a free man.

On September 16, the national holiday, I saw twelve thousand troops parade through the capital, clad in neat khaki, homogeneous in equipment, a finely disciplined lot. The military attaché of the American embassy, Lieutenant-Colonel Russell, told me afterwards, that he had never seen Mexican troops in any way comparable. The changed external appearance is chiefly important in the way it reflects the new army attitude.

A concomitant result is the great economy that has been effected. The budgets for the last eight years are revealing.

1918	$120,758,153
1919	114,226,660
1920	113,073,952
1921	134,161,545
1922	135,589,075
1923	113,305,332
1924	136,495,220
1925	84,778,589

Nor do these figures tell the whole story, for in past years many extras, — "gratifications" to generals, gifts and emoluments of various kinds, — did not show in the budgets. These have now been eliminated. Thus the past average expenditure of about a hundred and twenty-five million pesos annually has been cut to eighty-five million, a reduction of about one third, and next year's budget plans a still further cut. The country is at peace.

Does this mean that all abuses have stopped, that the present Mexican army is wholly disciplined, one hundred per cent loyal, revolt-proof in any emergency? It does not. How could the evil

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inheritance of one hundred years be surely destroyed in one? Some individuals with notoriously bad records still hold high commands. The proportion of generals and high officers is still ten times what the present army of 54,000 men needs. A colonel now commands but five hundred men. (Yet what a change this, from the recent revolutionary days when certain detachments actually had more officers than men and a "general" commanded from a dozen up!) Nevertheless, the changes effected in twelve months have been epoch-making. For the first time in Mexican history, a national army is in formation aiming to serve the country as an army should, for the maintenance of order and national defense. Only a thorough understanding of Mexican history will make clear the transcendent nature of this reform, how essential it has been and how necessary it will be to carry it through unflinchingly.

Perhaps the most important single change sought by the revolution initiated by Madero and carried on under the leadership of Obregón and Calles, is land reform. In principle the need for it, is, after ten years, pretty generally admitted and approved by all but a few irreconcilables. But its execution from its early defective legislation in 1915 has been execrable. At first this was largely due to the rampant hostility of the landowners. Later when this resistance lessened somewhat, the program was subordinated to every kind of political consideration and hopelessly enmeshed in bad faith, dishonesty, and violence, — on both sides. The net result was that after nearly a decade, the chief crops of agrarianism were disillusion, bitterness, bloodshed, unrest, and diminished production.

In the ten years up to 1925 some seven hundred and thirty-two *pueblos* received land amounting to 1,045,946 hectares and the average cost to the nation of this distribution was approximately nineteen pesos per hectare.

In the first ten months of the Calles régime some three hundred and sixteen "definitive possessions" had been granted to some 545,554 hectares. Reduced to figures, 43 per cent of what had been achieved in nearly ten years was accomplished in as many months and comparing the actual areas involved the percentage rises to fifty-two. Moreover, the cost of this much more efficient work was reduced to an average of 5.10 pesos per hectare, —

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a trifle over one fourth of the previous cost. So much for the fulfilment of revolutionary and pre-election pledges.

On the other hand there has been a steady diminution of acts of illegality and violence. I heard President Calles recently say, in addressing a group of *campesinos* in the state of Veracruz:

> "I cannot impress upon you too strongly, and I shall not weary of repeating it, that the period of agitation is over, that the era of reconstruction has begun. Progress can only be hindered by agitation, by departure from the realm of strict legality. Work and coöperation are the only paths for you to follow."

Only by comparing the present situation with the past chaos in the attempted agrarian reform is the improvement appreciable. Much remains to be done and in certain States, under the unfortunate autonomy that the Mexican Constitution and customs provide, the problem is still unsolved. The separate commonwealths in the Mexican Union, when directed by worthless executives, have the power seriously to embarrass the national government, — a situation somewhat analogous to that in the United States when some of our sovereign States legislate (as have some of the Pacific States) in direct contravention to international obligations entered into by our Federal government.

But the most considerable and radical reform effected by President Calles has been in the realm of finance. There are to-day 18,911 fewer employes in the Government service than there were a year ago, a courageous and unprecedented operation in a country whose public service has always been the objective of the greater part of the literate population. Economy and efficiency was the rule which the President purposed for every government bureau. In the revenue producing departments, — within the Ministry of the Treasury, — he met with notable success. Under his own watchful eye came daily the reports of the previous day's income from each customs collector's office. From his own desk went forth each day a sharp telegraphic inquiry to those offices which showed a diminution in income. He thus put to superb use the Mexican psychology, — or is it universal? — of aiming to please the chief. The service was thoroughly "moralized" as they say in Mexico. In a country where power and perquisites have always gone hand in hand, the President himself insisted that his own family should be rigidly subject to

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the payments of custom duties, — overruling officials who sought to maintain the time-honored exemptions. And when a relative and member of the official family, following a previously formed habit, sought to bring construction material for a house he was building in the capital across the border free of duty, the President forbade it telegraphically.

It is unnecessary to give more than passing mention to the fundamental reorganization of the Mexican sources of income which has already produced tangible results and is in process of further development. The Mexican financial structure was a wilderness of weeds grown from the habit of seizing revenue when and wherever it became visible, with an eye to the immediate object and wholly without consideration for or understanding of the national economic welfare. "Nuisance" stamp taxes, excessive import duties on the essentials of life, unnecessary imposts, many of them largely unproductive, burdened the nation. A commission to study the nation's economic needs scientifically was established, and its effects were not long in making themselves felt.

Figures best tell the story. These were the successive balances in the Treasury of the Nation.

November	30	$342,463
December	31	347,586
January	31	9,977,834
February	28	8,209,845
March	31	11,029,225
April	30	23,697,598
May	31	28,792,400
June	30	31,483,113
July	31	36,299,771
August	31	44,650,607

In the first thirty days there was no appreciable saving. Then the mercury began to mount steadily. By August 31 not only were forty-four million pesos at hand, with all current expenses paid, but a debt approximately as large, — composed of salaries in arrears, loans from merchants, and unpaid bills inherited from the previous administration, — had been paid.

With these savings was established on September 1, the National Bank of Mexico. At the beginning of the Calles administration the Monetary Commission, a government banking in-

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stitution, had been reorganized. It had been a cesspool of corruption. Nine months of efficient and honest administration enabled it to accumulate a reserve of some twenty-four million pesos. This sum added to the surplus in the Treasury, a total of sixty-eight million pesos, became the gold reserve of the new bank. For years the foundation of this bank, known to be a national necessity, both in view of the usurious rates (up to 35 per cent annually) charged by the private banks in Mexico, and because of the inconvenience of the purely metallic currency, had been discussed. Nine months after Calles had taken office it was established.

Founded on the basis of the most rigid financial conservatism and directed by men conspicuously known for their integrity and familiarity with their task, the Banco de Méjico proved an instant success. Only small bills were issued first and these found ready and enthusiastic acceptance. Two months later the issuance of bills up to a denomination of a thousand pesos followed logically.

In October the Mexican government arranged with the International Bankers Committee for the resumption of payments on the foreign debt on January 1, 1926, and for the return of the railroads taken over during the Revolution, a decade ago, to their American and British owners.

Thus in one year the Calles administration has lifted the country from bankruptcy to solvency, — without recourse to deceptive "refunding" devices, or by further loans unloading the burden on future generations. It has conclusively shown what honesty, good-will, and energy can do. It has given the Mexican people a glimpse of what good government means.

One of the greatest Mexican deserts is in the realm of public health. Probably no country on earth has furnished a greater contrast between nature's gift of a beneficent climate and man-made habits in matters of hygiene. Some ten years ago, Alberto J. Pani, now Secretary of the Treasury and an engineer by profession, in a volume entitled *Hygiene in Mexico* graphically pictured the devastating conditions under which the vast majority of the Mexican people live. He revealed that the capital's death rate was the highest of any city of its size on earth, exceeding that of Madras and Cairo, and approximately tripling that of European capitals of about the same population. Perhaps this book is

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the most useful single literary and scientific contribution to a revolution which has had virtually no literature. It had a definite reformist purpose, — to call attention to the failure of Mexican society and of previous administrations to face this life and death problem. As Mr. Pani well said in his foreword "there exists a precise and direct proportion between the sum of civilization acquired by a country and the degree of perfection reached in its administration and stewardship of the public health."

Two years ago I asked Mr. Pani whether the eight years since his factual indictment had brought any improvement in public health conditions. He replied that they had not, — stating a truth that was tragically evident to the most casual observer.

The Department of Public Health alone was exempted from the general retrenchment of the Calles program. But the increased appropriation, — a small fraction of what it would be if the budget permitted it, — is less important than the energy newly evidenced. "Hitherto the only activity displayed by the Department of Health has been political." This is the opinion of a Mexican physician of standing.

Now for the first time Mexico City is beginning to have something like an adequate milk inspection. Vaccination fallen into disuse had brought its inevitable local small-pox epidemics. Vaccine inoculations are now taking place by the hundreds of thousands under compulsion. A determined war is being waged on venereal disease. Of course only the merest beginning has been made in the effort to clean the Augean stable of Mexican ill-health, but that very beginning establishes a precedent. President Calles himself has told me more than once that in matters of health he is a firm believer in dictatorship, and the political and mercenary influences which formerly rose to block efforts to protect the health and life of the Mexican people are no longer tolerated.

This then is the summary of President Calles's first year. It takes no note of many undertakings begun, and projected, — roads, schools, irrigation works, — of the slender beginnings of a coöperative movement, of tendencies still undefined toward democratization, toward political and social emancipation. It has been the practical achievement of a hard-headed business man, who before indulging in frills and theory has sought to

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meet the nation's immediate daily bread-and-butter problem. Figures of bank balances and obligations paid may be unpicturesque, but they are the only foundation on which the superstructure of Mexican social progress can hope to rest securely. On the basis of the demonstrable it is no exaggeration to say that the last year has shown more advance than any other equal period in Mexican history, that Calles has done more than the most hopeful optimists expected of him, that he has done as much as any one human being could do, and that he is the only man in Mexico who could have done it.

What then is the reverse of the medal? To answer this adequately it is necessary to look beyond Calles at the crushing burden he inherited not merely from fourteen years of revolutionary chaos but from a hundred years of misgovernment and semi-anarchy since the beginning of Mexico's independence, and back of that from three centuries of colonial misrule. It is necessary to weigh current achievement against the ambitious and idealistic program of lifting the Mexican millions from their submerged state of ignorance and wretchedness into the position of a self-governing, happy, prosperous, and enlightened people.

The weakness of the Calles administration is that he has had to do it all himself. The ideas that he has put into effect are his own. The impulse and energy to carry them out he has himself supplied. The human material which has been developed or rather which has not developed out of the long continued atrophy of self-government and on which he must count for collaboration is painfully inadequate. Despite the tremendous improvement, some of the government ministries are scarcely functioning. The efforts of the President to restore the credit of the nation are damaged by the shiftlessness and inefficiency of department heads and subordinates. Substantial business men whose aid the government should welcome are allowed to cool their heels in ministerial ante-chambers until they throw up their hands in disgust. "Graft" still exists in some Federal departments and is unabated in many States. President Calles feels keenly the lack of men to fill important places, men who combine ability and honesty with an enlightened social outlook. But he probably has not made the best use of the material available. His judgment has been impaired at times by personal loyalty. Unfit men still retain

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high office. Nor has President Calles abandoned the custom of "letting down easily" into a diplomatic post or luxuriant foreign mission, offenders who, were they lower in the official scale, would be merely dismissed. Outside of the Federal official family are the State governors who could effect within their own province and on a corresponding scale the same kind of vigorous reconstruction that President Calles has in the national government. Only three or four are even making the attempt. President Calles, Calles the teacher, tries hopefully to breathe life into these mummies. They listen respectfully and perhaps start back with good intentions, but there the matter ends.

It is a tragic irony that a Mexican President who realizes that the political structure must rest evenly distributed on many piles and is supremely desirous of delegating authority and apportioning responsibility has so far, with a few notable exceptions, been unable to do so. This is one of his great problems during the remaining years of his administration. As it is, he is now the hardest working man in the Republic, cheerfully violating the constitutional proviso that calls for an eight-hour day and one day's rest in seven. I have seen him at the end of fourteen hours of continuous grind leaning back in his chair with utter physical exhaustion imprinted on his rugged features. His responsibilities have aged him visibly. Yet he is wholly optimistic, always serene, dedicated solely to his task, eschewing as far as he can public ceremonies and gala functions, the trappings of his high position. He deserves success if ever a man did. He is the first Mexican President to whom the supreme office has ceased to mean anything but an opportunity for service. In one short year he has won universal respect and the warm affection of all those who have come to know him personally. I venture to prophesy that he will go down in Mexican history as "Calles the Reconstructor."

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EDUCATION TOSSES IN ITS SLEEP

RICHARD MOTT GUMMERE

TEACHING has been defined as the vilest of trades and the noblest of professions. The writer of this paper inherited not only a passion for books and classical learning, but a passion and a gift for sharing his enthusiasms. In commenting upon the changing educational standards, he has in mind a notable series of essays that appeared in the FORUM *forty years ago, a series which will be more specifically contrasted in a new symposium to be published in the forthcoming March Anniversary issue.*

NO one who read the FORUM educational symposium of 1886 can fail to discern a tremendous difference between the type of education presented in the "thirties" and the system of to-day. The authors of "How I Was Educated" wrote at a time when the United States Bureau had begun to issue significant statistics, at a half-way point in the evolution of our nation-wide system, and in a spirit of impatience with the bungling district methods in which many of them had been brought up. As one turns its pages, one notes an almost unanimous chorus of "Teachers do not make the scholar," "the tomfoolery of the Lancastrian system then in vogue," "tumbling about in a library is best," "I did not like school and derived almost everything that is good from my mother's careful teaching." Except for a few institutions like the Hartford Grammar and the Boston Latin Schools, the "system" of the thirties comes off badly. Parental inspiration, an occasional great spirit, boyish debating societies, and the world of nature seem to have been the chief factors in the development of these leaders in college thought. Practically all of them independently and classically trained, they rebelled against a rote system which, in the hands of crude leaders, made them parrots in question and answer: "What is a city? — A city is a large town containing many inhabitants, incorporated with peculiar privileges, and governed by a mayor, aldermen, and other officers."

Unlike the children of to-day, these men were brought up either in small and homogeneous groups where culture was prevalent, or in isolated communities where one had to struggle to get a liberal education. They were automatically above or below the "median." Carter, Hall, Mann, and their successors had not yet reduced the number of Ichabod Cranes by good courses in

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teacher-training; psychology had not yet shown that it is possible to be both interesting and strict; the pioneer spirit was in their youth producing great experimenters in a new country and automatically consigning ninety per cent of all children at an early age to the farm, the sea, the western clearing. It was probably better so: better that they should adventure in the face of chilling fact than that they should theorize while the West remained unoccupied, the railroads unbuilt, and the telegraph uninvented. The cream of the colleges and the old academies, with penetration and thoroughness, were turning out leaders and instructing boys in background and fundamentals, but they caught only those who were in a position to make the most of their offerings; the great majority suffered from the extremes of heat and cold, — both physically and mentally.

In the late eighties and early nineties the diffusion of learning had become general, with a distinct change in the atmosphere of the schoolroom. Small boys like myself, whether in public or private institutions, took their education as their elders took the whole system of living, in a manner that was comfortable, static, and perhaps dull. The corporate pace of things was deliberate; the energetic individual had a clear field. Children, who nowadays go at their work with a communal zest, took their group training in a spirit of narcotic consent. Our own schoolroom was happy and full of flowers; a company of boys and girls, mostly from academic and professional families, remained awake during the morning, gorged heavy meals of meat and potatoes, hammered down much as a gardener pats a terrace with his shovel, and returned on the run to drowse from half-past one to three, — when *ennui* vanished under the spell of afternoon entertainment in a semi-country district where skating, bicycle-riding, and impromptu games of all sorts could be organized at a moment's notice. The teacher was refined and had sympathy with the individual trends of the pupils. Monthly essays on William Penn and Benjamin Franklin, copied carefully, tied up in blue ribbon, and deposited with affectionate solicitude in one's mother's mahogany desk, bore witness to elementary accuracy. And, happily, much water had flowed under the bridge of American pedagogy since the youth of the late W. T. Harris who, in the FORUM essays of 1886, revealed the weakness of the rote system that called for the ques-

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tion and answer above-mentioned: "What is a city? — A city is a large town, and so forth." I think that perhaps the life-work of Dr. Harris may be ascribed to a revolt from this sort of thing, just as Lincoln's national policy dated from his vision of the slave market.

At home the atmosphere more than supplemented the school. Since 1781, from father to son each head of our family had successfully entangled at least one child in the permanent meshes of pedagogy. Neurobiologists have noticed among naval officers a trend called "thalassophilia" or love of the sea: it is found also among Nantucketers who have given many a life to the heavy-plunging foam and written whole trilogies of sorrow on their tomb stones. Even so our forebears have ever manifested a mania for instructing others. Happily, however, it has been comedy rather than tragedy, — *Much Ado* or *Love's Labor's Lost*. Bibliophilia was ours, for better or worse. And if we overdid the abstract, it was done with a will and in high spirits.

Our evenings at home were cumulatively enjoyable. Juvenile stuff read rapidly: the Troy and Rome stories; Tales from Shakespeare, Scott, and Dickens; The Household Book of Poetry (edited by a pupil of my grandfather's and dedicated to his college); and ballads without end, — these all whirled us at a moment's notice into a realm which retained and increased its flavor with the passing years. To this day I cannot hear

"The king sits in Dunfermline town,
Drinking the bluid-red wine,"

without a choke in the throat and the recollection of a rich barytone recitative sounding through a Viking-like moustache, before an open fire. The printed word was thus a sacred thing; I find myself even now indulging the delightful but dangerous habit of translating books into life rather than life into books. Is it, however, so silly, this inverted imagination, this mental cart-before-the-horse, which gives one a real passion for reading and reflection, and makes an evening in an armchair a pleasure rather than a torture? Even old B—— the gardener, a New Bedford whaleboat steerer in the days when sailors wore side-whiskers and brown derbies, impressed us as a walking Cooper novel; he was one of our best sellers, though in pretty dilapidated binding.

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It was this home reinforcement of the first six grades, the period of childhood when so much more can be done to-day in waking the spirit of curiosity, that gave us an abiding love for reading, just as mountains or sea or farmland have taken shape for many a child who was more "eye-minded" than ourselves. When a scoffing cousin asked me "what the deuce I cared about all those fellows in Troy who went around sticking each other with spears," I simply asked him why he kept his grandfather's Civil War cavalry sabre over the mantelpiece. We looked on such tales as living things: at the death of the horse in *The Lady of the Lake*, three small boys who did not wish to show their feelings rose with one accord to let Rover in.

Honesty leads me to confess that at my next school the Latin teacher was the joy of life, a drill-master with inspiration also, laying the foundation of love for the whole Roman element, if not the Latin element in our western civilization. If only the reading habit could be imbued in children by the age of twelve, carrying the home method into the schoolroom at a time when the glories of history, literature, and art lie ready for the asking in their "wonder-book" form! And if only, when a youth starts his Latin, he can be brought to see at an early stage what it all means, the report of the American Classical League ten years from now will show an even greater proportion of pupils studying that fundamental language in the schools of America.

During and after a long illness that followed my thirteenth year, an Englishman who came in every morning for two hours bribed me to learn *Lycidas*, Gray's *Elegy*, and huge gobbets of Shakespeare by heart, — a treasure which could not be valued too highly. The next fifteen months were spent abroad roaming through picture galleries and neglecting everything except the Greek and Latin; for the Primitives soon palled, and I worked up Cicero and Xenophon on camp-stools in various *palazzi* while the elders nosed about with their Baedekers. At Oxford for seven months a Balliol tutor who damned Mathematics equally with myself unfolded Homer and Virgil wholesale, took us punting up the Cherwell, and would hurl a ball of twine through the open study window at his pet black cat every time I made a false quantity. This was the golden age of youth, this the garden of Epicurus. Our tutor rowed on his college crew, played half-back on the

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Oxford Varsity soccer team, had been to Vienna on a football tour, and would, in his summer holiday, tramp six miles each way to and from the links with his golf clubs over his shoulder. Such was the whole tenor of my Oxford experience. I came into close contact with men who refused to formalize the learning that required so much grinding to master, who kept it an intimate and individual matter, and who spoke of their "reading" as most Englishmen to-day talk of the war, — with reserve. They did not reckon it statistically; they valued it for the by-products which it brought them.

This extra-curricular joy went always with me throughout my scattered schooling. The only things I have really missed in the round of training are such beneficial courses as my friend M—— gives in Mathematics, — so completely thorough and rounded that they are interesting because of their very directness and solidity. Public speaking was also neglected, — a loss which it is hard to make up. Apart from these two, the other things in school life which did not come my way are no loss to me: they are simply the "frills, skills, and thrills" which look so well in the modern educational shop-window. They do not satisfy, because of their light sketchiness,

> "*The gleams and glooms that dart*
> *Across the schoolboy's brain.*"

I must confess frankly that I have taken keen joy in this random style of study, in the romance of getting up early in a Swiss *pension* and watching the rose glow spread over the Dent de Jaman while I prepared an exercise in Sidgwick for a Cambridge ex-Don who ran a small school in Montreux. And I recall with an inward chuckle his last words as I left him for England: "Thank Heaven, G——, you're leaving at the Easter holidays. I've sat up till midnight and nearly broken my health correcting your damned exercises. Good luck to you!"

All this program of wandering studies produced a lop-sided early specialist, saved from being a young prig only by a strong constitution, a love for athletics, and a parental training that made the *petits chevaux* in the Kursaal and the wildish life of the Helvetized Britons with whom I came in contact a ridiculous superfluity.

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Men from Haverford and Harvard are apt to be grumblingly in love with both these institutions. They speak of them as the widow at Huckleberry Finn's first "sivilized" meal spoke of the food: "She tucked down her head and grumbled a little over the vittles, though there warn't really nothing the matter with them." They love them as Oxford men love the "city with its dreaming spires." I will not speak of them in detail, except to say that the former furnished growth and the latter a certain critical attitude which carries a graduate through and over many shams and errors. Gone are the cosines and tangents, gone Gresham's *Law of Debased Coinage*, gone the dry routine of preparation for the technique of a Doctor's degree in classics. But never will Haverfordians of two decades ago forget the afternoons in the Elizabethan garden on the campus, stretched on their stomachs under an arbor-vitae tree, murdering Euripides and Plautus in ten-page assignments; nor can a Harvard graduate scholar dismiss from his mind the beneficial weariness of a shying Pegasus who was put at the linguistic fence again and again until somehow or other he jumped it, — to depart with a respect for *Veritas* and a love for outspokenness.

It was by such a course and with such preliminaries that the fifth educator of his family was turned loose upon the unsuspecting youth, unworthy of his forebears but full of hereditary enthusiasm. He had learned that sometimes there is more life in the majestic dead than in the moribund living.

The only excuses for retailing to FORUM readers my joyous and ramshackle education are first, that an editor whose word is law asks me to do so, and second, that a few suggestions may be shared with those upon whose shoulders rests the responsibility of making the private school more of a vital factor in our American life. Here you have heard a story told, by one who was taught to love the quest for knowledge, — however botched in the search, — by one who believes that we need a background of the past if we would effectively train leaders for the present and the future, by one who feels that private foundations are necessary as experimental laboratories, — at times forging ahead of the community, at times holding back a rush into questionable policies. There is no conflict between progressive education, — the policies of Sanderson or Eugene Smith, — and the really scientific

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study of Latin or Geometry or Art or Music. The old quarrel between culture and vocationalism only obscured the real issue. One has no complaint to make regarding the half-dozen major experiments, public or private, that are described in our school journals. We merely want to produce in our country more downright and fundamental men, who, starting with the seeds of such ambition as the men of 1840 reveal in the face of obstacles, can germinate their ideas in greater volume and number *because of* rather than *in spite of* their schooling.

Nous avons changé tout cela. Children now "play family" in the first grade and "play city" in the second. Their day is a happy one. They have "projects"; they enact the laboratory system in miniature. Webster's spelling-book is replaced by phonetic and other methods. Clinics, physical measurements, intelligence tests, proper lighting and sanitation, with rural consolidation in the far-away districts, — all these have brought light out of darkness. In certain public schools, under the "Work-Play-Study" plan the A school goes into class for academic work at eight-thirty, while the B school enters, one-third the auditorium, one-third the playground, and one-third the shops, laboratories, drawing and music rooms. At the end of a period when physical boredom begins to predominate, presto! the B school goes into winter-quarters, so to speak, and the A school shifts into the three-fold system above-mentioned. The growth in proportionate numbers of public-school children who may have these privileges is marvelous.

Even more striking is the increase in numbers of children securing public secondary education. In 1890, 2526 public high schools reported their statistics to the Bureau of Education (60% of all secondary schools); in 1910, 10,213 (85%); in 1922 14,056 (87%). In 1890 there were 9120 teachers, 202,963 pupils, and a total population of 62,622,250. In 1910 the same figures ran 41,667; 915,061; and 91,972,266. In 1922, — 113,680; 2,229,407; and 109,248,393. The percentage of all high school grade pupils in public institutions was in 1890, 68.1%; in 1922 it was 92.3%. There is thus no doubt that, until "work" begins to sing its siren song to the sixteen-year boy (I am limiting myself to the masculine gender, though the statistics cover both), the American tax-supported school is proportionally well attended, is pleasant in its appeal, and balances the point of view of the

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community far more comfortably than the barracks of 1840. Consequently the mission of the private school is more clearly indicated than ever before.

"But," as the old Greeks used to say, "what has this to do with Dionysus?" Simply this, — that we are improving the average of instruction but are neglecting our leaders, our future statesmen, scholars, diplomatists, inventors, business pioneers. We have done enough to help the "community centre" educationally, and our equipment is far ahead of our ideas. The situation is like Prohibition: the median of sobriety is higher, though the lurid spots are more conspicuous. It is like politics: bossed gangs of hoodlum proletariat are dwindling; one finds more intelligent voters, but a far smaller number of inspiring leaders who can afford to be themselves. Lastly, it is like the church: much movement, more frankness, few high adventurers whose convictions follow a truth-at-all-costs policy. If I may borrow Dr. Stewart Paton's opinion and apply it to our educational system, it seems to me that the "kleronomic" or reflexive and instinctive channels are well marked and charted, but that the "embiontic" channels which exercise the higher intellectual functions and associations are being neglected.

Professor Dallas Lore Sharp need not feel alarmed at any social snobbery in properly managed non-public schools. They have hardly increased at all, numerically, in the last thirty years. Alongside the statistics already quoted of our secondary tax-supported institutions we may set the following: 1632 private high schools reporting in 1890 to the U. S. Bureau, with 7209 teachers and 94,931 students; 1963 in 1922, with 14,237 teachers and 186,641 students. Nor need the "conscript fathers" in Oregon, whose legislation against private ventures has happily been declared unconstitutional, allow any ungrounded fears for Catholic domination (owing to the increase from 280 parochial institutions in 1895 to the 949 of 1922) to smother the danger of a rubber-stamp, council-dictated, cultureless and leaderless system for their children, trade-marked "Babbitt" and contracted for as Four-in-Hand Fosbrooke used to contract for the book-backs in his study, — by the yard.

We have been complicating our children's education by making it follow the community patchwork too closely. The children of

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one hundred years ago, in order to become leaders, had to get far ahead of the community. The children of now are pulled up to a good average but find it hard to go over it. We have forgotten that learning possesses joy in and of itself. It is possible to teach our pupils the subjects which colleges require, and at the same time offer them as a part of the consecutive curriculum a twenty per cent proportion of the hobby or profession which may be theirs in the future, — not split into miscellaneous bits of half-yearly courses. In History, Literature, Drawing, Music, Science, Nature-study, Mechanics, Latin, or Chinese, it is possible that at a boy's eleventh year he may be exposed to all or most of these subjects, and after finding one which calls him as with a trumpet, may continue *crescendo* until graduation. We know boys who are expert ornithologists at sixteen, who can read papers at bird-clubs before entering college: why are they left mostly to themselves in developing this knowledge? And if ornithologists, Latin-lovers, and artists in manual training can be thus developed, why not statesmen and business leaders? A great landscape artist tells me that the self-urge is all that gave him his mastery. Must the school forever confess that it cannot aid and abet this mastery in its curriculum?

One is tempted therefore to hope that all these "shining morning-faces" who racket their daily way towards learning, will be blessed, as the years roll on, with fewer parents who are absorbed in poker, cocktails, bridge, and dancing, and with more who rally them round the fireside to read aloud or talk over their little problems. We find ourselves envying the boys and girls who, when ideas catch up with machinery, and when the value of the past is understood in its true proportions, will live in an age which will make the ages of Pericles, the Medici, or Elizabeth, seem in comparison like Neanderthal. We think of teachers who take Butcher's word for it that teaching is the "vilest of trades and the noblest of professions," and in calling up memories of our own experiences we recall the warmth and vitality of certain ideas and certain persons who came into expectant lives and lingered there, as the old French song hath it,

> "*Comme un cristal qui vibre encore*
> *Longtemps après qu'on l'a touché.*"

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MUSIC IN THE UNIVERSITIES

LAURENCE ADLER

MANY university graduates are unable to distinguish the tune of Yankee Doodle from the Doxology. This is an unnecessary if not inexcusable disability. Musical taste is too often regarded as the exclusive possession of the specially gifted. As a matter of fact there is no reason why any educated layman should not grasp the basic principles of melody, harmony, rhythm. And it should be the province of the universities to offer courses that will quicken latent appreciative faculties and produce "creative listeners".

THIS is the day of specialization in education. Our colleges and universities, while admittedly recognizing the necessity of cultural "sweetness and light" as a leaven, are nevertheless being rapidly swept into the vortex of commercialism. For we have lost the cloistered monastic conception of the university as a place of learning and meditation, — the rich tradition of the past is giving way to a more modern interpretation of the university as the efficiency power plant of the industrial and professional life of the day. Now it is obvious that any educative system is unworthy of its name which disregards the superlative claims of beauty to become an integral, even though subconscious, influence in the life of every student. The terms "beauty" and "culture", however, are difficult to define, and the practical educator, averse to delving into the subtleties of definition, has a much more immediate problem to consider, that of economic stress and bread and butter. And so he has allowed expertism and the needs of the specialist more and more to become guiding factors in curriculum planning. Is this obvious disregard of the more subtle values purposeful or merely culpable shortsightedness on the part of our directors of education? That it is prevalent in many of our universities, especially in the State institutions, is a matter of common knowledge.

What does the average college or university regard as the essentials of a course in fine arts and music? Above all, does the creating of a general art consciousness rather than the producing of specialists hold first place in the plans of educators? The actual study of music in colleges, as well as the study of fine arts, suffers from being excessively conventionalized. The subject in many cases is arbitrarily divided into too many elements,

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such as Music History, Appreciation, Harmony; and these various phases of music instruction are dogmatically offered without any connecting link or ideal pattern. The student blindly chooses one or more courses, but to what degree does he penetrate the secret beauty of his art? The specialist, to be sure, who is at least supposed to know what he wants, may choose and reject with some measure of discretion. But what of the average college student, and what especially of the cynic who regards music as a superfluous "high-brow proposition"? For him as well as the most casual layman, some appeal must be devised which shall be entirely convincing, and fire even the confirmed doubter's enthusiasm.

Not that the specialist's needs should be neglected or set aside. There is no reason why schools of art or music, like schools of engineering, should not flourish as integral parts of a college or university. But along with the opportunity for specialization, compulsory or elective courses in all the fields of the arts should be offered. These courses should be presented in so vital and compelling a fashion as to arouse the latent art impulse present in almost every young person. The special object of such presentation should be not merely to awaken and vivify an appreciation of beauty in the terms of emotional generalities, but to develop truly discriminating art lovers and critics by a process simultaneously synthetic and analytical.

Not essentially by courses in art and musical history can such insight be developed. For too often these subjects are approached from one angle only, — either from the emotional reaction point of view, or from the standpoint of technical pedantry. Every discriminating critic, however, absorbs his art emotionally and intellectually at the same time. The enjoyment of a musical masterpiece takes cognizance of the essential qualities of melodic and harmonic elements as well as structural symmetry, and strives above all constantly to envisage the naked soul of the composer. It is this power to reach down into the roots of musical consciousness and phenomena that is lacking, not only among college students but in the general art-loving public.

Turning our attention then to one special department, how are we to engineer courses in music so as to achieve these results,

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and make our university students discriminating connoisseurs rather than unenlightened amateurs? The educative process, it is recognized, has become far too enmeshed in the wheels of pedagogic machinery. Art cannot flourish in a university or elsewhere unless it is free and untrammeled, and unless its interpreters are unfettered.

In the first place, it is quite evident that our music directors in the colleges must be vivid and quickening spirits, guardians and at the same time distributors of the sacred fire. They should dismiss the idea that they are first of all pedagogues and only incidentally artists. To a large extent let them depend upon their own skill and their own artistry in presentation. Above all they should be creators, — creators of art forms in however modest a fashion, — and capable of developing their students into what Robert Haven Schauffler has termed "creative listeners". And this fine result most emphatically cannot be obtained by mechanical means. The phonograph and mechanical piano have invaded the field of legitimate art too aggressively. They may still serve as auxiliaries in courses of music appreciation; but a professor who places his whole dependence on such means of illustration is scarcely true to his calling. He must at least possess the originality and power of passing on to others the overtones of his own imagination, — and such echoes are rarely transferable by mechanical means.

A serious musician will first try to awaken in the musical consciousness of his students a groping satisfaction in such overtones. Without this preliminary equipment the student will be somewhat at a loss, and will in vain seek to comprehend the subtleties of the harmonic color palette, the intrinsic qualities and levels of melody, the irregularity and *tempo rubato* of rhythm. It is not enough to develop structural knowledge so that sophisticated students may be able to differentiate between a Bach Fugue and a Chopin Valse. This, if not the result, is the actual object of many courses under that misleading title "Musical Appreciation". Musical sophistication may indeed follow on such knowledge. But what is our real aim? A glimpse at least, is it not, of the eternal verities of one art, and a sense of the transcendent beauty that binds together all the arts? Certainly this rather sublimated clairvoyance cannot be achieved simply through

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emotional response. An intuitive understanding of all the elements that go to make up beauty is necessary, — in music we have to consider form, rhythm, melody, harmony; in painting, color, draughtsmanship, design; in poetry and literature, rhythm, versification, structure, vocabulary.

For only when a student is to some degree cognizant, even though subconsciously, of these elements, will he derive a full emotional response from the work of art. In fact, it is perhaps not overstating the case to say that music suffers a perversion and loses its element of divinity if it produces in the hearer merely a state of emotional or intellectual excitement. Such, unfortunately, is the effect of more than one product of the over-neuroticized and ultra-modern school of to-day. Symmetry of design, of harmony and melody are sacrificed for the evanescent thrill of an ephemeral sensation, and a state of merely chaotic stimulation is the result. And for the earnest student above all others who in his finer moments is seeking from art an answer to the riddle of life, shall music remain but a half-opened book? And shall we regard the fuller comprehension of the art that begins where speech leaves off merely as a beguiling adventure? How can we tell but that a deeper study of the arts will not serve indirectly in answering problems that mathematics, science, and the kindred conventional studies of the curriculum have failed to solve? But if we are content with the superficial over-academic and over-specialized treatment that music has generally received at the hands of directors of college education, we shall be merely subscribing to the Philistine conception of art as a super-luxury rather than as bound inextricably to the roots of all life.

How, then, shall our music director, gifted with a vital power of dynamic and communicative interpretation, proceed with the fulfilment of his task? Above all, he will try to awaken a creative consciousness of beauty through singing. Song is the most natural form of musical expression and emotionally the most direct. But singing in the colleges is, with a few notable exceptions, at a rather low ebb. University Glee Clubs and Singing Societies as a rule confine their attention on the one hand to the old-fashioned rah-rah college songs, and on the other to the time-honored cantatas and oratorios, which all the important civic choral organizations throughout the country have made their

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pièces de résistance, and which in many cases have all but outworn their usefulness. Meanwhile there are hundreds of folk-songs of all nations, songs of untarnished beauty, that remain unsung. And it is through the folk-song especially that we may gain a clearer glimpse of the sources of musical art with, at the same time, a more fundamental comprehension of the psychology of other nations.

To create an understanding of all the currents and phenomena that go to make up a musical masterpiece is a task of serious dimensions. As musical courses and curricula are generally mapped out in universities and even in conservatories no one course or combination of courses can develop this fuller understanding, this intimate and revealing consciousness.

How, then, should an ideal course in musical appreciation and analysis be worked out so as to fulfil this superlative end? In the first place, the layman must have the opportunity of hearing music frequently rendered with the utmost sincerity and at the same time the utmost artistry. Combined with the frequent hearing of musical masterpieces there should be a wise system of guidance in the study of the elements of craftsmanship. It would be best in such a course to divide the students into two sections, the first for the absolutely uninitiated layman, the second for the music student who possesses the advantage of at least some background of knowledge. The advanced music student, possessing this vocabulary of musical procedure and a rudimentary acquaintance with technique, will have the advantage of being able to go into the subject in somewhat greater detail and in more scientific fashion. But the manner of procedure will otherwise be almost equivalent for both sections. It would be well for many students of music, as well as for the absolute laymen, to recognize the fact that, musically speaking, they are color-blind. Unless they have made a somewhat exhaustive study of harmony and ear training they cannot recognize the chords and tints of the musical palette any more than a person actually color-blind recognizes the color used in an oil canvas. But the inner ear can be trained to recognize these musical colors, and this is accomplished, as already intimated, by a process simultaneously analytical and synthetic.

In the first place then, chords and chord combinations should

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be studied and analyzed for their actual color value, and this analyzation should be carried on with constant reference to the actual harmonic procedure of masters of all styles and schools. At the same time various kinds of melodies are analyzed, and their levels determined, and the psycho-emotional effect produced by the composer is measured by the kind of melodic line he employs. In addition, the rhythmic currents and under-currents are noted and compared. The principle of contrast is one of the most important in all the arts, and contrast should be studied not as a mere musical device, but as part of a universal phenomenon. What is consonance and dissonance but a passage from light to shade? What is major and minor but a further nuance of the same process? And it is necessary for students to grasp these principles intuitively in order to obtain a real sense of musical appreciation. It is not sufficient to know phenomena as isolated examples or facts to realize that Wagner uses chromaticism in *Tristan and Isolde* in order to portray constant emotional unrest and striving, or that Debussy shadows the horizon line of the border-world with the hollow harmonies of the whole-toned scale. The student must learn to grasp these harmonic and other elements as merely expression of the composer's soul groping toward the perfection of his own particular conception at the moment. Too often in the study of harmony and harmonic procedure the chord becomes colorfully important for its own value rather than for its fuller interpretative significance. To absorb the meaning of technique in this larger sense, then, is the obligation that should be devolved upon the student by a true course in musical appreciation. The emotional message of the music must come directly as an unquestioned experience. The structural or technical details by means of which this message enters musical consciousness will be more readily grasped by the student when the two processes, synthesis and analysis, are ever coördinate in presentation. Technical pedantry cannot enter into the question when the emotional significance is ever before us like a beacon, pointing out the direction that musical consciousness must travel.

Too often the question of design becomes a *bête noire* to students for the reason that it is studied as a sort of experiment in labeling. Even a Beethoven sonata may be easily reduced to mathematics, — first theme, subsidiary theme, development

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theme, — convenient memory tags. But is it not wiser to give the student the instinctive sense of the natural outgrowth of a theme as the branch of a tree grows from the main stem and as the smaller twigs grow out from the branches? And this natural realization of design, color, and melodic line, as well as rhythm, will come as a natural development in virtue of the student's process of assimilation and sense perception.

In the last analysis, the only successful way for the layman to gain musical insight and become a "creative listener" is to hear music frequently rendered, and passively as well as actively to allow what he has heard to become part of the structure and fabric of his being. And when, with somewhat the attitude of the connoisseur, he begins to understand the significance of the underlying principles of music he will as a logical consequence begin to grasp correlative elements in the sister arts. The rhythms of music and poetry have deeply intertwined truths. The draughtsmanship of painting and the design of music and poetry are but the technical expressions of similar impulses. There is no reason why, for example, the romantic and classic, as well as the modern, periods of literature and music should not be studied correlatively and comparatively. The same underlying currents of thought and emotion flower into the forms of the different arts. Debussy's *Preludes* may throw light upon Turner's canvases, and Beethoven's symphonies may help us better to comprehend the Sistine frescoes of Michael Angelo. If we have the open ear, as well as the open mind, there should be no closed avenues of artistic experience, and Contrast, that goddess of ever-changing nature, will reveal many of the secrets of the deep-hidden soul of all art.

THE DROVER

LIKE sheep whose lips are sprent with dew
The stars are nibbling in the fields of blue,
And blythely o'er an eastern hill there comes
Blue-smocked, blue-shod,
The drover moon.

—*A. E. Johnson*

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THE ROUNDHEADS

GEORGE BENTON MALLOCH

CHARLES Augustus Everard John Maclachlan, Lord Wimple, heir to the House of Kilbagie, was strolling down the road with his hands in his pockets, a straw hat on the back of his head, and an air of profound boredom intended to convey to the world the contempt of an Eton man for the rustic solitudes which surrounded him. What was a man of thirteen to do in such a place? The problem was complicated for Charles Augustus by a sternly repressed desire to join in incredibly foolish pastimes of the Scottish rural youth, who at present, led by an impossible bounder named Cromwell Macgregor, son of the village schoolmaster, appeared to be obsessed by a passion for playing at soldiers. Cromwell Macgregor scarcely knew one end of a cricket bat from the other and had never played a game of tennis in his life: and most of his followers were in the same case. Yet one must do something, and those village kids did seem to get some fun out of their absurd games. But a man had to think of his dignity, and the heir of Kilbagie was on his way to the Wimple Glen, where the burn after pouring itself over a high fall ran between steep rocky banks on either side of a small boat-shaped island, known as the Green Island.

The Green Island was a delectable retreat. It was covered with bracken and wild raspberry canes and a dozen trees found root on it, providing a pleasant shade. There one could lie for hours lulled by the sound of falling water, reading forbidden books or smoking the paternal tobacco, secure from interruption. One could fish and one could cook at the campfire, and there was a choice of wigwams constructed of poles lashed together and covered with bracken. The sole approach consisted of a plank stretched over a moderately deep pool, fortified at the island end by a rampart of stones

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and logs, of which fortification its constructor, young Rupert Blanecapple, was absurdly proud. But Rupert was still a kid — only twelve. The one drawback to the Island was that it belonged to Rupert to whom it had been given by his father as a birthday present.

Thus meditating, Lord Wimple became aware of a figure seated on the stile which he was approaching. It was young Rupert, and young Rupert, like his friend, wore an aspect of profound gloom. His hands were thrust deep in his pockets, and his freckled face surmounted by a disreputable cricket cap was sunk upon his bosom. A bicycle lay at his feet. Lord Wimple surveyed him with an air of detachment.

"What's the grouch?" he asked with a yawn.

Young Rupert did not start or betray any sign of emotion at this unexpected address. He was well schooled in Fenimore Cooper and this summer was understudying the part of the Last of the Mohicans.

"It's that fellow Cromwell Macgregor," he replied. "Something ought to be done about him."

"What's his latest freak?"

"You know that half-crown he won off you at tossing?"

"I do," said Lord Wimple with some feeling.

"Well, he took a lot of kids from his father's school down to the barbers, and had their heads practically shaved, and got some wood and made swords for them, and now he's marching them about saying that they're Roundheads and that he's Cromwell."

"Incredible ass!" said the Etonian.

"Yes," pursued Rupert, "but he says that he has conquered the entire country and that Cavaliers like Wimple and Blanecapple are afraid to meet him on the field of battle."

"Oh, does he?"

"Yes, and this morning he sent a keelie to me to say that he intends to reduce the last stronghold of the ill-fated Cavaliers by taking the Green Island. Said I'd better raise an army to defend it if I wanted to keep it."

At this moment a strange sound smote upon their ears, the sound of youthful voices raised in song.

"What on earth's that?" said Lord Wimple looking round in astonishment. "Sounds like a Presbyterian psalm."

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"It is a psalm," said Rupert gloomily. "He makes his Roundheads sing psalms. They're coming this way."

And even as he spoke, round the bend of the road the Roundhead army appeared, marching in a dense column of twelve. All had close-cropped heads topped with paper helmets, and each man carried a wooden sword. They sang mournfully but with intense enjoyment. At the head of the column marched Cromwell Macgregor.

"Hullo, Macgregor — starting a circus, are you?" asked Lord Wimple, pretending to smother a yawn.

"Halt!" thundered Cromwell. The column halted so suddenly that some confusion arose owing to collision between the front and rear. Cromwell strode round it uttering sharp words of command and had it properly dressed before he vouchsafed any reply to the taunt. Then leaning on his sword and turning a gloomy countenance upon the two Cavaliers, he spoke.

"Ill-fated Charles, and you rash Rupert, we are marching to your doom. We are going to Marston Moor."

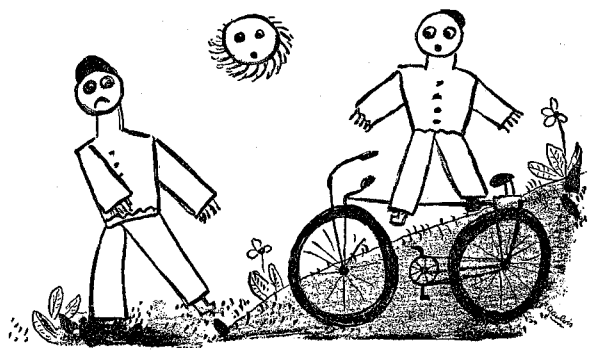
"You've a long way to go," said ill-fated Charles.

"Oh no, we haven't. It's in your Home Park. I am going to drill my Ironsides there to defy you."

"Infernal cheek! You mean you're taking these scarecrows up to Kilbagie?"

"I do. Perhaps that will rouse your craven spirits. If you don't want us there gather your forces and turn us out, that's all. March!"

And the column resumed its march and its doleful singing. Cromwell turned once to call out, "I'll stop there for an hour." And putting his fingers to his nose by way of farewell, he went on.



This last touch roused the sleeping spirit of the Kilbagies. Lord Wimple became a man of action.

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"Dashed if I'll put up with that," he said. "Hop on to your bike, Rupert, and nip round to Doctor Brown's. Get Tom and Donald and any one else you can think of. Try the Manse, too,—young Duffie's game, I think."

Young Rupert obeyed with alacrity. He felt that it was time some one struck a blow for the Crown and the ancient aristocracy of Scotland. Lord Wimple so far forgot his dignity as to leap the stile and run by a short cut over the fields to Kilbagie.

The Lady Flora Maclachlan was feeding her two pet calves in the Home Park and gazing with mingled feelings of distaste and admiration at the manoeuvres of the Roundhead Army.

The calves, while enjoying the cabbage leaves with which the Lady Flora was regaling them, were inclined to vary the diet by an occasional nibble at the two plaits of golden hair which fell round their mistress's youthful shoulders, and while she was engaged in disentangling these ornaments from their mouths her ladyship did not notice the approach of the Lord Protector till he was at her side. But the proximity of so great a character did not inspire her with any fitting sense of reverence.

"Hullo, Cromwell. What have you brought all those horrid little boys up here for?" she asked pleasantly.

"These are my Ironsides," replied Cromwell. "There is war in the land."

"I hope you're not going to attack me!"

"Lady Flora," said Cromwell with an air of mournful dignity, "we do not make war upon women. Rest assured that you shall be safe from all harm during these unhappy conflicts, yea, even when that son of Belial, the ill-fated Charles, is brought to the dust."

Lady Flora was secretly pleased by this ceremonious form of address: the ill-fated Charles was in the habit of calling her Floppie. But womanlike she resolved not to show it too plainly.

"What's that piece of black plaster stuck on your nose?" she asked.

"That's my wart. Cromwell had a wart on his nose. This is the field of Marston Moor, and I have challenged your brother and that cuddy Blanecapple to muster their forces and fight us within the hour. Afterwards, we are going to storm the Green Island and keep it for the rest of the holidays."

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"You're not going to go near our Green Island unless we give you permission," cried the lady indignantly. "I won't have all these wretched village boys messing about in our wigwams."

Cromwell smiled indulgently and thus sealed his doom. "Women were not meant to meddle with politics, Lady Flora. If Charles and Rupert don't funk it, the Battle of Marston Moor is about to take place."

"You'll be beaten, then!"

"We can't be. It's in the histories that Cromwell won. But look here, if you'll come for a walk with me, I'll send the army home."

This generous offer was scorned.

"I don't go for walks with people who have great black warts on their noses!"

Cromwell sighed. "Rash and misguided female," he said sternly, "then I must leave you to your fate."

And with these words he withdrew from the presence of a lady speechless with anger: none too soon, for at that moment the Cavalier army began to debouch from a neighboring shrubbery.

It was not an imposing force. What dignity and splendor it had lay in two of Lord Kilbagie's most cherished soft hats worn by the ill-fated Charles and young Rupert, from which drooped a couple of ostrich feathers abstracted from some unprotected wardrobe in the Castle. The rank and file comprised the Doctor's two boys, a couple of doughty sons of the Manse, and a few miscellaneous retainers gathered from the lodges. The force was armed with long and pliable willow wands, warranted to do

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deadly execution on the legs of the foemen. But the unscrupulous Cromwell opposed a species of musketry to these sword-like weapons. He had drawn up his forces at the foot of an incline beside a spring, which provided an unlimited supply of balls of soft mud; and if you impale a ball of mud on the point of a wooden sword and swing the sword violently, the projectile will travel with surprising force and accuracy.

A great shout went up from the embattled Ironsides at the appearance of the foe. It was followed by some distressingly good shooting under which the enthusiasm of the Cavalier ranks began to waver perceptibly. Young Rupert besought the ill-fated Charles to lead them in a charge; but the cautious Monarch pointed out that they were hopelessly outnumbered.

"Strategy," he said, "is the only thing." And at that moment his eyes fell upon the two calves munching cabbage leaves. "Look after the army for a jiffy, Rupert, — I'll be back in a minute."

And he bolted for the shrubbery. The voice of Cromwell was heard shouting taunts about a craven king, and Rupert had some trouble in maintaining discipline. There were two opposing schools of thought in the Cavalier ranks, — those who had received a ball of mud on the face or down the neck were all for a charge and fisticuffs: those who had not, counseled a retreat.

The arguments died down on the reappearance of Lord Wimple bearing a couple of long poles at the ends of which were suspended a couple of Mr. Macsiccar's best cabbages, secured from the kitchen garden while the worthy gardener was engaged elsewhere.

"I'll show you fellows how to deal with that rabble," he cried, and the words put new heart into his followers. "Floppie, we shall want the calves."

"You can't have them," said Floppie. "Poor Lily and Rose, — I won't have them hurt!"

But at that moment a stray shot landed with a splash upon the lady's frock. "Oh, all right," she said.

"You, Rupert, and you, Duffie, will mount these beasts and dangle the cabbages in front of their noses. That will make them trot. Take them right down on Cromwell, — fellows like that will never stand a cavalry charge. The infantry will follow you and complete the rout."

Every one but young Rupert and Duffie agreed that this was a

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brilliant idea. However, after some persuasion not unpunctuated with threats, they mounted. Lily and Rose were a little restive at first, but after being allowed a nibble of the cabbages, they became calmer and showed a readiness to follow those vegetables. The whole force was then arranged in a semi-circle round the cavalry to prevent them from breaking away. Having given whispered instructions, which did not reach the ears of Rupert and his companion, to those immediately behind them, Lord Wimple gave the word to advance, and stepped aside.

The army began to move down the hill. "Aren't you going to lead them, Charles?" demanded the Lady Flora indignantly.

"No," said Charles, seating himself comfortably to view the combat. "I belong to the governing class. They'll get in a frightful mess down there. The Crown is above civil disputes, you know." And he gave all his attention to the inspiring scene before him.

Lily and Rose, finding that they could not reach the cabbages by walking towards them, began to trot. In this they were aided by the fact that they were descending a steep slope and by the application of willow wands to their hindquarters, in accordance with the secret instructions given by Charles. The result was that the pace of the whole body quickened, and it acquired an irresistible momentum which even the concentrated fire of the Ironsides could not affect in the least degree. Finally Lily and Rose, feeling that somehow they were being cheated, broke into a wild rush, and as they headed straight for the embattled Roundheads, young Rupert raised a wild cry of "A Rupert! A Rupert!" and seemed about to do dreadful execution with his cabbage; while Duffie, swinging helplessly from Rose's neck, presented an almost terrifying spectacle on account of his hobnailed boots.

All was over in a moment. The Ironsides did not wait to sustain

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the impact of the cavalry, but casting down their weapons fled in all directions. Cromwell, finding himself abandoned, flung himself through a hedge. The only body left upon the field was that of Duffie, who found himself sitting in the spring, Rose having thoughtfully chosen a soft spot for him.

Having gathered the abandoned weapons of the enemy, the victors remounted the hill to receive the congratulations of Charles. And presently they saw the figure of Cromwell advancing with a white flag.

"Do you surrender?" inquired Charles.

"No. This is only a flag of truce, — I'm looking for my wart," said Cromwell. "Rupert's cabbage knocked it off. You look out for the Green Island when I've found it."

"But your army's just been routed," exclaimed young Rupert indignantly.

"Not at all," said Cromwell. "If you'd pay a little more attention to your history, you'd find out that it was only one wing of the Roundheads that was broken by Rupert's charge at Marston Moor. Cromwell remained on the field. I'm on the field and you've left it, so I've won." And before Charles or his courtiers could frame a suitable reply to this effrontery, Cromwell retrieved his wart from a clump of reeds and departed.

It says much for Cromwell's force of character and qualities as a leader of men that by four o'clock he had succeeded in rallying his fugitives and replacing the arms lost in the morning's disaster. As the Roundhead column, dispirited and perspiring, wound across the hot August fields there was some murmuring in the ranks; but their leader, an unconscious psychologist, relied upon their very discontent for the effect which he knew would be produced when they reached the edge of the Wimple Glen and looked down upon the idyllic peace and coolness of the Green Island. But he also relied upon the artillery which accompanied the army, having previously tested it with good effect upon some mutineers. He pointed out to the skeptical that the Cromwell of history had reduced many Scottish strongholds with a gun which accompanied his army. By his side staggered three Ironsides bearing a long and willowy plank which represented that renowned cannon, Mons Meg. When one end of this weapon was secured in the ground at a suitable angle, the other was bent backwards and a divot of

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turf placed on it. The artillerymen then let go, the plank flew up, and the divot was flung through the air in catapult fashion, descending with considerable force upon the selected area.

It was indeed an idyllic picture that greeted the tired Roundheads as they debouched upon the low cliffs above the Wimple burn. Below them lay, like a green and shady paradise, the Green Island, with waters murmuring at either side. A fire crackled cheerfully, surmounted by a kettle suspended from two sticks. The place was garrisoned, but Cromwell's heart gave a leap when he realized the full fatuity of the Cavalier garrison. For although sentries had been placed, they were all asleep at their posts. The ill-fated Charles and young Rupert lay at full length with their plumed hats over their faces; the beautiful Lady Flora was curled up on a rug evidently as fast asleep as the others. And best of all, the drawbridge which connected the island with the mainland had not been taken in but remained in position unguarded.

"The Lord has delivered them into our hands," said Cromwell with great unction to his second in command, Johnny Macdougal, the carter's son. "There is nothing to do but walk over that plank."

"A wadna be too sure," said the cautious Macdougal. "Yon Wimple's got a heid on him, mind ye. Ye saw the way he got the better o'ye the morn."

But Cromwell did not wish to be reminded of that. Issuing a command for complete silence, he stole quietly down to the banks of the burn with a chosen storming party.

Cromwell was right in theory: logically speaking, there was nothing to do but walk across the drawbridge and surprise the sleeping garrison. But he had omitted to consider the human element which so often upsets logical calculations; a fact of which Macdougal was to give him many crude reminders in days to come. That son of Belial, the ill-fated Charles, had caused the bridge to be sawn half way through on the under side.

The storming party with drawn swords, headed by Cromwell, was half-way over when the plank parted with a rending sound, according to plan, and the Roundheads found themselves wallowing in the burn. The garrison sprang to life miraculously and lined the defenses with grinning faces.

"That was a nice sell for you, Cromwell, wasn't it?" said Charles

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maliciously. For a moment Cromwell saw red: he forgot his army and his artillery, forgot everything but his burning desire to try conclusions personally with that idiot in the plumed hat. He splashed forward, got a footing on the island, and began to scale the rampart. Cromwell was a strong youth, and there was some trepidation among the Cavaliers as his head and shoulders appeared over the fortification. But it was then that the Lady Flora with singular heroism stooped down and scooping up some nice sticky mud deposited it with her own white hands full upon the close-cropped head of the Protector.

"You seem to want a crown, Cromwell," she said tartly. "Well, there's one for you!"

With a groan of anguish, Cromwell sank back into the stream. When he recovered a footing, he took advantage of his situation to cleanse his head.

"You wait till I get this mud out of my ears," he said, "and I'll turn Mons Meg on to you!"

"Now what on earth does he mean by that?" asked Charles of his officers.

"You'll soon see," shouted the retreating Cromwell. "It's artillery, that's what it is." And he scrambled back to the cliff top where his shaken army awaited him.

The triumph of the Cavaliers did not last very long. The engine of destruction was soon fixed in position in full sight of the garrison, who began to realize what was in store for them.

"Bright fellow, Cromwell," said Charles, as he disappeared into the strongest wigwam. "You fellows had better take cover. It doesn't matter about you, Floppie, even a Roundhead wouldn't fire shells at a lady."

"Coward!" said Floppie, unfurling a large umbrella as a means of protection.

The first shot flew right over the island and was greeted with jeers by the defenders. Cromwell made a slight adjustment of his plank and tried again. This time a large clod fell well and truly on one of the garrison. Another hit the campfire and scattered it among the dry grass, which began to smoulder. A third took the kettle.

"Aim for that umbrella!" commanded Cromwell.

"But that's her young leddyship," Macdougal remonstrated.

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"I didn't hear you, Macdougal," said Cromwell. "My ears are still full of mud. Fire!"

And they fired, and the missile fell right through the umbrella. They heard a cry of "Cromwell, you brute!"

"Fire!" said Cromwell. After the second hit, the lady flung down the umbrella and went to consult with her brother Charles. She urged various considerations upon him, and her arguments were opportunely seconded by the partial collapse of the wigwam under the skilful shooting of the hostile artillery.

"Well," said the ill-fated Charles, "out of consideration for my unfortunate followers, perhaps. I say, the bracken's on fire, too!"

It was. Detailing some of the rank and file to stamp out the fire, Charles waved a white handkerchief at the end of a stick, keeping his person well concealed the while.

A shout of triumph went up from the enemy. Cromwell suspended fire and came down to the bank.

"Do you surrender?"

"Not at all," said Charles. "This is only a sort of armistice to prevent a useless massacre. And," he added as an afterthought, "because there is a woman in peril."

"Nothing doing," said Cromwell.

"Oh, all right then," sighed Charles. "Wait till I push out the plank."

Cromwell accompanied by a bodyguard entered the fortifications. The first thing his eye fell upon was the demurely submissive figure of the Lady Flora. His face grew dark.

"Take away that bauble!" he thundered to his terrified followers, who did not stir a finger.

"Oh, Cromwell, how brave and clever you are!" faltered the fair captive.

"You clapped a lot of mud on my hair," said Cromwell, not quite so firmly.

"But if I hadn't you would have captured the island single-handed," said the culprit, wide-eyed.

"Will you go for a walk with me?" demanded the Protector.

"For God's sake go with him, — if you don't you'll be sorry," whispered the ill-fated Charles, accompanying the request with a vicious pinch.

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"Yes, I will, *now*," said the Lady Flora demurely. Charles now thought it time to take a hand.

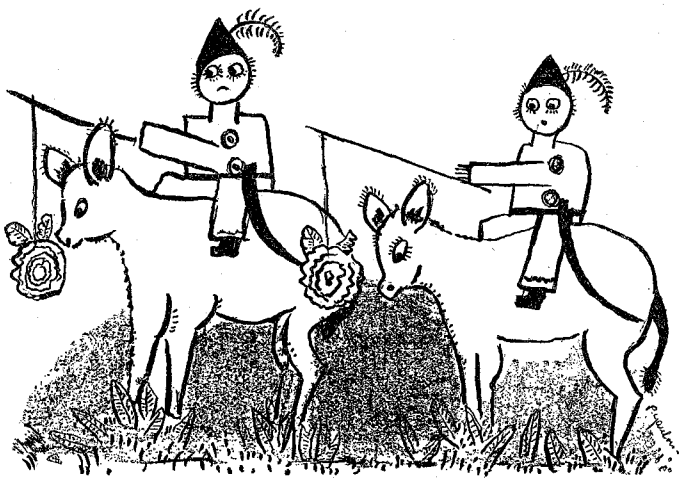
"Look here, Cromwell, the terms are that she goes for a walk with you and you leave the Green Island alone."

"All right," said Cromwell feebly. His followers, casting a look of scorn at him, made off to tell the main body how they had been betrayed and cheated of the fruits of victory.

"And you pay me back that half-crown you won at tossing."

"All right," repeated Cromwell.

"Then go and disband your army and come back to tea," said Charles graciously. And Cromwell went. His was a difficult task. He came back with a black eye and a bruised cheek which awakened the womanly concern of the Lady Flora, though Charles expressed no regret. But Cromwell felt, as he submitted to having his face bathed with an embroidered handkerchief, that he had won a greater victory than he had expected.



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WHAT THE SAILORS READ

ANNE BOSWORTH GREENE

THE world, nowadays, is growing very keen on adult education. Almost everybody on land has a chance to better himself, to widen his horizon, pull up the range of his interests, and train his sense of values; but until quite recently no one, in this connection, seems to have thought of the sailor. When someone did, "the idea was mooted," writes an English educator, "not on the high seas, but in an Oxfordshire garden," where a college student happened to ask, "Why can't something be done for seamen?" These Englishmen at once held an enthusiastic week-end conference; for, in the face of the success of the Tutorial Classes, in England, — even among miners and quarrymen, who have shown themselves willing to settle down to real study after a day's work, — it seemed odd indeed that the sailor should have been overlooked. If a coal-miner has this thirst for education, why not a seaman? The seaman has far fewer amusements, fewer ways of spending his free hours than the land worker; the result being that he is chiefly concerned in killing time. "Some knit, or carve wood; one man bought an old sewing-machine and converted it first into a fretwork machine, then into a pencil sharpener, then into a tobacco-chopper, and finally into a mousetrap."

Once you are "fed up" with it, indeed, there is no blanker, homesicker place than a ship, — especially if you live down in its dusky lower regions; and the various seaman's representatives at the week-end conference agreed as to a "real, though latent, demand for education" among those who make their livelihood from the sea. For as Collingwood, the great seaman, wrote in a letter to his wife, as far back as June, 1806, about his shipmates: "How it would enlarge their minds if they should acquire a sufficient knowledge . . . to give them an idea of the beauty and wonders of the creation! . . . Whenever they have that, nothing on this side the moon will give them much uneasiness of mind."

Bright visions, these; but the project was not an easy one to get started. The "pain of a new idea" had everywhere to be overcome; ship-owners had to be persuaded and won over. Their

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first actual convert was the *Aeneas* of the Blue Funnel Line. This ship proved a most fortunate godmother to the whole scheme. The owners "gave every assistance to the work," says a grateful report, "paying for the books placed on board; instructing the master's clerk to act as librarian, and to secure the maximum use of the library as an educational instrument," also (very nobly), leaving the selection of the books completely in the hands of the originators of the idea.

All honor to the *Aeneas!* I am looking at a postcard portrait of her, in tints; with frisky waves at her bow, a misty watercolor sky, and a rainbow, stretching apparently from one of her top-masts down into the clouded horizon. It seems to be flinging a blessing on her as she steams gallantly out Australia-ward, under her one funnel, — phenomenally tall and very bright blue, with a band of black on which the artist has painted a streak of nice, pink highlight; and somewhere within her capable and kindly sides the first real crew's library ever set afloat on British seas.

"The experiment," simply concludes the report, "was a success" (how an Englishman does loathe being superlative about anything!); and now there are crew's libraries on a hundred ships. The books are distributed first very wisely to the much bored long-voyage men, then to the "short overseas voyage" men, last to the coastal or inshore men; a work which is done with truly British system, records being kept of every book, — for every one of these volumes (like a cow in a well-managed dairy!) must earn its board. If it does not, it is changed or withdrawn. The library is one-third fiction, two-thirds educational, and its size varies according to the number of the crew, — from three hundred books, down perhaps to fifty. On the long-voyage ships (those sailing to China or Australia) the books are changed after every trip; on short-voyage boats, where the crew have less time to read, the same selection "does" for four or five successive voyages.

These problems, and many more, are looked after by the Organizing Secretary, a canny but sympathetic little Scotchman, extremely keen on his job, whose shore quarters are tucked away in a bookish nook not far from the British Museum. On all the ships, for instance, there is the very real puzzle of where to put the books, almost every inch of space being previously taken

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DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

up. On one boat they were in the passengers' smoking-room, — "not a good arrangement, because the passengers wanted to borrow them all the time!" On another, in the lower Gyro room, — "way down, ye know!" dramatized the Organizer, pointing profoundly between his boots. But usually a nook is found somewhere in the "working alleyway; not always a good place either." There is too much traffic, and a draft from the gangway. "They put up their own bookcases, a twelve-inch bookcase, wi' doors; and if they put 'em on the wall of the passage, when the doors are opened they're in the way!" But at any rate the books are accessible to the men, in that alley, — and a clean, light alley it usually is; so with a zealous librarian all can be well.

For there is always the great question of the ship's librarian. As a report gravely says, "A library is of little educational use unless the person in charge coöperates with the scheme as a whole." Yet the Organizer often has to take not whom he would like, but whom he can get. A man must be found who is willing to give some of his time, — an hour a day, or more, — free, to the work; who has some glimmering of interest in it and in the welfare of the crew. A night steward has often proved a good man; also the ship's carpenter. The baggage steward has considerable leisure, — and sometimes the other necessary qualifications; while on board a first-class steamer sailing to China, the librarian was a splendid lad who had been a Flying Officer in Mesopotamia. Occasionally the Master's Clerk can be secured, and on one ship the First Officer kindly volunteered his time; but the scheme did not work well. Being of so superior a rating, he could not descend to getting the confidence of the men; besides, he was often busy, when the care of the library would be given over to one of the cadets, — "and a cadet, ye know," as the Scotchman said to me, with his shrewd twinkle, "is varry keen on discipline. Varry, what ye might call, *sneefy*, wi' the men."

One fine new Australian ship had already been stocked with books, but, as my Scotchman ruefully remarked, "The next thing was the librarian. I had the three Departments to choose from, — Engine, Deck, and Stewards'; but 'twas their first trip, — they were in dock, loading; full up wi' their little bits of things; and down went poor I into the meeddle o' that. . . . Weel, I got one. A night-steward; aboot the best we ever had. He's time, ye

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see; just a cup of coffee to the bridge now and again; and he's certainly luck wi' the books. They're used all the time. An' come back to us in fine condeetion too. 'No man on this ship,' he says to me, 'tak's a book wi'out washin' his hands;'" and the Organizer made a hasty dart for a sample. *Auld Lycht Idylls* and *The Black Tulip*, used by sailors at sea for over three years, yet their pages were cleaner than those of most volumes one finds in the politest of circulating libraries. On the cover of *The Black Tulip*, to be sure, was a teary-looking splash; one was touched by the look of fatherly feeling in the Scotchman's eyes as he murmured, quickly, "Salt watter! *That's* not to be helped, ye know!"

On the P. and O. steamers, the baggage steward is usually librarian, as between ports, — and it's a long between, — he is at leisure. These boats, especially the cargo-carriers, have largely Indian crews; to one small ship of the line just fifty books were assigned, for the use of twelve white quartermasters, all the rest of the crew being Lascars. The English quartermasters, I dare say, were doubly thankful for their allowance of reading matter; but the Lascars had a literature of their own. The Organizer, peering down into the gloomy fo'castle of the little cargo-boat one day, saw them all silently squatted there, under the dim swinging light of an oil lantern, listening to a recital of the Koran.

Although it is harder to get the men to read on some ships, — tramp steamers, for example, — than on others, yet even on such as these the presence of the library has had interesting results. A wandering oil tanker came along; she had sailed from New Orleans to Havre and Rouen, back to Colon again, through the canal to Frisco; across to Shanghai and a list of Chinese ports (the mere mention of which sends "go-feelings" over one!); then, via Singapore and Suez, ultimately back to Rotterdam. A dizzy route! The men had to ship for eighteen months, and, "you can't," said the captain, "get the best ones to do that." They had scarcely any shore leave, — the ship lying only about twenty hours in port, with oil being swiftly piped off and on her again; there was, "offeecially at least," no smoking on board; in short, an awful dreariness had always brooded over that ill-favored crew. The captain did his best for them; gave them, as

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he said, "an hour and a half's dinner-leave, to go to a restaurant five minutes' walk away; and then, two hours later, I'd have to have them hauled on board, dead drunk . . ."

So everybody would have had on this trip, as usual, a rather ugly time had it not been for the newly installed crew's library, "open every day when at sea." The men began reading; things smoothed out; presently the "hard cases" were reading as much as any of them. Many read educational books. A deck-hand found immense interest in the Greek Period and followed it exhaustively; another, fired by narratives he had read, developed a desire for books on English, — wishing to study the art of short-story writing! And a priceless fund of stuff for it he probably had in his head.

The deck-hand who was so thrilled with the Greek Period went on with his study of it even after he left the ship, for the Service follows up these men, gladly sends them the books they need for shore use, or starts them on Correspondence courses. "If a seaman," agreeably suggests the booklet, "wants to take up astronomy, or geography, or poetry, or any other subject, he should write . . . asking for advice, and courses of study, and lectures on shore between courses;" for then education at sea "will soon be as good in its way as anything that can be got on land." On the good *Aeneas*, a study circle was formed; while one master's clerk gave lessons to an A. B. who could neither read nor write. Then too, educationists in Australian ports give a warm welcome and all possible help to the seafaring students when they arrive, so that, "in this way, the time spent in port may be used . . . to inspire them with a new enthusiasm for reading on the homeward voyage."

A very complete analysis was made by one librarian on a long-voyage ship, showing the reading done by his shipmates. During the four-months' trip they took out 1042 volumes. "The Victualing department showed the keenest interest in poetry; the Deck department was easily first in the reading of scientific works; while the Engine department made the biggest demand for the sixty-nine volumes of history, geography, sociology, and travel. . . . There were eighteen firemen among the users of the library, four of whom read ten or more volumes each; twelve trimmers, one of whom read thirteen and another fourteen books; and six

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greasers, one of whom read sixteen and another eleven volumes. Here is a fine list of borrowings by a trimmer:

Mackenzie	*Health and Disease*
Loane	*Selected English Essays*
Selous	*Romance of the Animal World*
Everyman's *Encyclopedia, Vol. I.*	
Waterton	*Wanderings in South America*
Quennell	*History of Everyday Things, Vol. 2*
Holderness	*Peoples and Problems of India*
Hill	*Round the British Empire*
Gardiner	*"Alpha of the Plough" Essays*
Bullen	*Creatures of the Sea*
Kipling	*Barrack Room Ballads*
"	*The Day's Work*
Smollett	*Roderick Random, 2 vols.*

"The chief engineer borrowed the largest number of books, forty-two volumes in all, his choice being mainly scientific works, or fiction, though he deviated into poetry and history the latter part of the voyage; while the chef was a great and catholic reader," devouring eighteen books of wildly varying sorts, from Wells's *Outline of History* to Dumas's *The Vicomte de Bragelonne.*

"The captain read twelve books, — and a most attractive dozen they were," — part fiction, part educational; and though "the bell boy naturally made for fiction, his list is as excellent in its way as his Captain's:

Hardy	*Tess of the d'Urbervilles*
Conan Doyle	*The Refugees*
Hope	*Rupert of Hentzau*
Ballantyne	*Rover of the Andes*
Merriman	*In Kedar's Tents*
Lever	*Harry Lorrequer*
Marryat	*The Three Midshipmen*
Hogarth	*The Ancient East.*

Of course it is the heart's desire of the Service not only to provide this sort of entertainment for the men, but to stimulate their interest in educational subjects (and in what one of the night-stewards calls "original" reading); and it is amazing how much of this kind of reading, even among the humblest and least literate, has been set going. On board one of the C. R. P. liners, for instance, a "wiper", — one of those poor creatures, rather tattered, not even entitled to an A. B.'s uniform, who goes sloppily about with a bucket and cloth, miscellaneously wiping

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the duskier and less noticeable parts of the boat, — during one voyage read:

Froude	*Life and Letters of Erasmus*
Kipling	*Captains Courageous*
Russell	*Selected Essays*
Hazlitt	*Table Talk*
Shakespeare	*Histories*
Tennyson	*Works*
Coleridge	*Works*

An incredible list! For he didn't start bravely in and then decline, but apparently kept right on.

The question of fiction, both as to kind and number, is sometimes a vexed one. Good fiction of course hurts nobody; often acts, indeed, as incentive toward some suggested course of study. Dumas is very popular, also Farnol and W. W. Jacobs; while our *Tom Sawyer* is a prime favorite. The men like stories of the sea; do not "bounce back" as much as might be expected, to the contrast of domestic tales, but seem to enjoy their own element mightily. Conrad, however, though considerably read, is too psychological to be immensely popular; his charming here-and-there method of narration, also, the seamen find a bit puzzling. As the Organizer put it, "a story showing the back of a man's head is all very well; but they like a straight tale."

More about the fiction problem one heard deep down in the heart of a long-voyage ship, where the Organizer and I were visiting his libraries. The bookish little "Scotchie" was well-liked, one observed, among his seadogs; a certain invariable twinkle came into the British or Australian eyes that greeted him. "Leetle matters of nationality," he whimsically complained, as we made our elaborate way among the gates and bridges of enormous docks, "they are fond of rubbing in to me. 'Did ye ever hear about the horse in Union Street, Aberdeen?' they ask me. 'He wouldn't go; his driver tried everything, but the beast wouldn't move, sideways or frontwards. Finally, they hitched two draw horses onto him; when they started him, they found he had his hoof on a saxpence!'. . . . But let's get across this draw, now, before they raise it."

So across it we hastened, and up the well-guarded solidness of King George's dock. Lofty Cunarders lay there, and canny merchant marines; at high tide they come in, the gates are shut,

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and there, floating in the necessary depth they stay, while outside the famous but insufficient Thames does its spasmodic rising and falling. Our ship was busy unloading; but the Australian night-steward, an enthusiastic six-footer with merry gray eyes, led us through a spotless working alleyway, all in shiny buff and cream-color, to his beloved bookcases. "He's a terrible fellow, this librarian!" I had been proudly informed; "Swings poor me round his head, an' tells me I don't know anything about the Australian seaman!"

A great success on the last voyage, the Australian reported. On the first one, four hundred and eighty-one books were issued; on the second, eleven hundred and sixty-five; and on the fourth, nineteen hundred! "Increase my fiction to one hundred and fifty," he demanded, "and see what we will do next trip!" For fiction, this enthusiast is convinced, starts the men reading.

"You tell me," he cried, turning a gleeful and potent eye on his friend, "that seamen are shriekin' to be educated. They're not. They want to be amused." (Alas, the same old T. B. M. story!) "At first they do; then after a while they get tired of it, and come to me for something they want to know, a bit of history or science that what they've read has set them thinking about. It's funny what they pick out, though, when they begin. One fellow came to me: 'Want somethin' loight.' Well, I showed him two or three, — they wouldn't do. Finally he goes off with *The Three Musketeers* under his arm. . . . Now," said our friend, with a look of rueful reality, "I call *The Three Musketeers* hard readin'! Dickens is hard readin'. But you never can tell what they'll like. . . . The way I do, I take three volumes of Dickens along, and change them every trip; they like to look at fresh ones."

"Human beings are like sheep," said one night-steward. "One man says a book is good, and all the rest want it. Noticing this, I put up lists, stating that the following books were in greatest demand during the previous week, with the result that they were immediately rushed. As a matter of fact, the lists put up were *not* popular books, but those that had been hanging fire and should have been issued but were not." (Land-librarians, please note this new and beautiful device!)

Most of the men had a fair amount of time for reading, as among all of them, except the stewards, the eight-hour day,

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though somewhat scissored up into watches, prevails; so that the wipers, the trimmers, and greasers, the A. B.'s, O. S.'s, and others, have their sixteen hours off duty. One had fancied that requirements on shipboard, in this respect, were harder than those on land; but apparently the agricultural laborer's ideal, rendered in the couplet

> "*Eight hours' work and eight hours' play;*
> *Eight hours' sleep and eight shillin's a day*"

(though I am not sure about the shillings) is now realized on the seas.

The crew read mostly in their bunks. On the cover of one of the booklets is a very jolly and atmospheric little woodcut of a sailor in oilskins, seated on a coil of rope under a swinging lantern, with a huge tome on his knees; but as a matter of fact the men don't have to acquire their literature in quite such pictorial spots. Their messrooms, to be sure, are rather uncomfortable, — "with only a form to sit on, and a look of food just off the table"; so they prefer the comfort, — however dim the light,— of their own cabins. The lowest ratings are lodged nineteen or twenty to a room; fewer of them are put together, as they go up in rank, till "We fellows," the night-steward said with satisfaction, "are only four in a room. We've each got a light wired into our bunks, and when we all get lighted up it's like a Great White Way in there!" An encouraging atmosphere, surely, for literary pursuits. This librarian, indeed, told us a significant fact: that in the more crowded rooms he found it difficult "to get any heavy books going, — the men can't concentrate;" while in the quieter, less populous rooms they "always got to studyin' something."

But it is not only on big liners, plying to New Zealand or Australia, that the libraries are so successful; there is a wee little ship, one of the many small ones that prowl about the Scottish coast, or take short cargo-voyages over the Atlantic, which has had astonishing results. It was her first crew's library, of fifty books, and of these there were 375 issues! Two books, — Stork's *Confessions of a Tenderfoot* (non-fiction) and Parry's *Spirit of the Old Folks*, — were read thirteen times; Thackeray's *Henry Esmond* and Lubbock's *China Clippers*, twelve times (and if our night-steward considered Dumas and Dickens "hard

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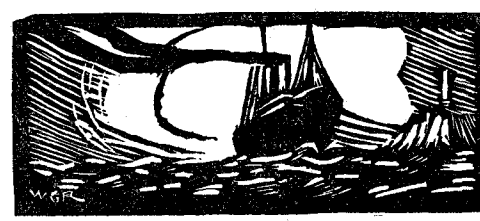
readin'", how about the mentality of a crew thus avid for the grave beauty of a classic like *Esmond?*). Eight volumes, including *The Fight with France for North America*, Hyrst's *Adventures in Arctic Regions*, Kipling's *The Day's Work*, Jacobs's *Deep Waters*, and Victor Hugo's *Toilers of the Sea* (which last, as we all know, takes time), were read eleven times each. A grand little ship!

Not every one of her readers, of course, fared so well. One fireman, likewise a timid A. B., made an identical start on *Androcles and the Lion*, and apparently gave up at once, — that being their sole book-venture of the trip.

A cadet read twenty-five volumes, including Keats's poems and Chesterton's *All Things Considered;* while R. Soo, laundryman, bless his heart, most astonishingly borrowed twenty-four of these ship's "bookes, bound in black and red." They may have been green and purple and blue, to be sure, but his happiness in them was none the less; and I shall never again see a liner or a cargo-boat ploughing her way past a cliffed, heather-topped, lighthouse-guarded Scottish coast, or cresting the steady seas outside Belle Isle, — where a solemn blue iceburg teeters in the middle distance, — without, as I watch her, a quite new and fervent feeling of satisfaction and well-being (if I were in eastern waters and saw the blue funnel of the *Aeneas*, I don't know what I *should* do!).

For the visions of those English educators seem to be coming true. To-day our night-steward sails for Australia with a glorious stock of new books (how his eyes shone when he saw them!) and fresh aspirations for a perfectly tremendous issue of them to his men. Sailors may appear to be shut up in a moving concavity of wood or iron, — but the means of expansion, at last, is with them: any evening, fair or stormy, from a twelve-inch case in the working alley, they can carry off in their own hands a whole cloth-bound world of interest and learning.



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FOX FOLK

SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR.

Drawings by Herman Palmer

HOW many wild foxes have you ever seen? Probably you can count them on the fingers, if not on the thumb of one hand. Yet, like flying-squirrels, blarinas, and raccoons, they are far more common than we suspect.

When I was a boy and spent most of my time out-of-doors I never saw but one fox. That day I was following an old pasture road down Pond Hill when from out of the hardhack bushes ahead of me burst a beautiful lithe, straw-colored animal, with black-tipped ears and a white-tipped brush, who went skimming down the hill like a swallow, — and I stood fascinated at my first sight of a wild fox. Several times, however, I heard them, for like bad children, foxes are more often heard than seen. One dark night, — it was several years ago, — I was coming home past the Half-Moon Lot. From over by Boundary Elm, a vast tree that marked the corners of four farms, I suddenly heard a long, eerie, squalling note, which quavered up and down and seemed to be rapidly coming nearer. It was enough. I had studied *Frank in the Wood*, *The*

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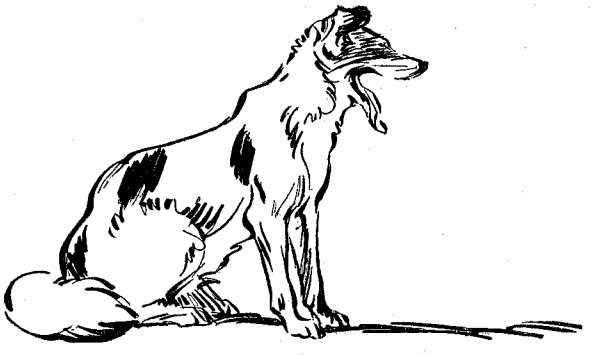
Scalp Hunters and other similar authorities too carefully not to recognize the screech of a panther.

Not having with me a rifle, a tomahawk, nor even the long keen hunting-knife with which all of the heroes of Harry Castleman's and Mayne Reed's works were invariably armed, I was somewhat at a disadvantage. In fact a hurried examination of my pockets showed nothing more deadly than a slate pencil and two grubby lozenges. However, I did not lose my presence of mind. Realizing instantly that flight was what the situation required, I flew. At least I do not remember touching the ground until I crossed the bridge over the brook at the foot of the hill a quarter of a mile away. At the time I considered it a very narrow escape. Later, however, I learned that the panther was only a vixen squalling.

Sometimes a dog-fox will bark, but the bark has a certain yapping quality which always distinguishes it from the bark of a dog. It was Burroughs, I think, who said that a fox barks like a dog which is just learning how. The vixen squalls and squawks like a heron. A few times in a lifetime one may hear a fox scream, probably the most sinister, unearthly wild-animal note that can be heard in North America. The howl of the wolf and the screech of the wildcat are all weird sounds, to say nothing of the dreadful shriek which the great horned owl sometimes gives, but none of them begins to be so fearsome as the scream of a dog-fox. The sound is as rare and dreadful as that screech of the wounded horse which frightened even Hawkeys and Chingachuck. Not long ago a naturalist friend of mine at Lee in the Berkshires told me of hearing a scream one night so fearful that all the neighbors near his house locked and barred their doors and windows, a most unusual proceeding in that peaceful hamlet. From his description I am positive that he had heard the scream of a fox. My friend, Walter Prichard Eaton, who lives at Sheffield, a town or so north of Lee, tells me of hearing



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the same scream early one evening at his place, "Under-the-Mountain", so dreadful that a small boy who was visiting at his home and who evidently had not confined his reading to Mr. Eaton's pure English undefiled, broke into wild sobbing, convinced that an "Indian Devil" was loose in the woods and rapidly approaching the house.

I once heard the sound in Cornwall, Connecticut, one frosty evening in the fall of 1919. Although I was indoors at the time, the scream brought me to my feet with every muscle tense, even though I recognized almost immediately what it was. If there ever was a sound which is the essence of pure horror it is the scream of a fox. The last time I heard one perform was a year or so ago. A number of us were stopping at a camp built in a pine grove near the river. After supper a friend and myself followed a dim path through the woods to a bluff above the stream which showed a dusky silver among the deep lavender shadows. As we walked, the white mist came to meet us like a ghost and below we could hear the faint splash of the deer crossing the stream. Then, so distant that it sounded like a pin-point of sound pricked through the silence, came the hoot of a great horned owl, with its doubled second note as he hunted here and there for rabbits among the scrub-oaks. Suddenly, the silence was broken by a perfectly appalling scream, coming through the darkness from the farther bank of the river. My companion, although a veteran naturalist, gripped my arm so tightly that his finger-prints showed black against the skin next day. He claimed afterwards that he only did so to call my attention to the sound, — a quite unnecessary proceeding.

Only in recent years when I had lived in a built-up suburb of a large city have I learned to know the fox more intimately and find out how close those shy wild-folk live to us. It was on a Christmas Day that I first went fox-hunting in Haverford, eight miles from Philadelphia. I was armed to the teeth, or rather to the eyes, with a pair of field-glasses. They are cheaper than a horse and a pack of hounds, which is the only other legal way in which foxes can be hunted in my county. Moreover, I take fences better with them. Twenty minutes after I left my house I turned from Old Darby Road, which was opened in 1701, and passed into a meadow that stretched away into a little valley that ran for a

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mile between two tiny bare hills. Ahead of me the dry grass showed a pale gold and once I saw the crest and plumage of a cardinal grosbeak blood-red against the snow. In a swamp-maple I found the deserted nest of a goldfinch all silver-gray made entirely of strips of the pods of milk-weed hackled by the bird's beak into a very good substitute for flax, and lined with the fine inner floss of the milk-weed.

Then something happened which quite eclipsed all those very mild bird-adventures of that Christmas Day. As I left the path and turned into a beech-wood I caught a glimpse of an animal moving against the snow, and there not fifty yards away stood a magnificent red fox. He was a beautiful study in color. Golden-yellow, pink, orange, old-gold, dull-silver, ebony-black, — all those tints were his. He wore black boots and black tips to his ears, and his throat, breast, and belly were of a soft white. We both saw each other at the same time, and he swaggered away up the little valley with an effortless gait which had in it a certain dignity and a suggestion of restraint quite unlike the frantic bounds of a frightened rabbit or the squattering rush of a woodchuck. The fox always seems to pride himself upon never losing his dignity.

It takes a good trapper to catch a fox. No matter how carefully the trap may be hidden nor how temptingly baited, it will usually be discovered and either avoided or contemptuously sprung. Dear old Fred Dean, who used to live on the Barrack in Cornwall, a great fox-hunter and trapper in his day, once told me a few of his secrets. Sometimes he would set his trap under water in a shallow stream and cover the panel of the trap with a patch of green moss, so that it looked exactly like a stone just showing above the water. Then, using smoked gloves, he would fasten a chicken-head from a branch above the water near the trap. A fox never likes to wet his feet, and if one crossed the stream to examine the bait he would be very apt to jump to what seemed to be a crossing-stone.

Again he would drive oxen all around in a clearing in the woods and drop bits of bread and meat and paper, as if from his lunch, and among the tracks set a trap, as a fox is apt to sniff around where men have been working on the chance of picking up scraps.

Another method was to bury a rabbit under a big rock and set a trap near the place, since a fox always tries to find and carry off

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anything that seems to be hidden. His most deadly plan, however, was to plough a long furrow in a lonely upland meadow. This he would fill with chaff from some old barn, smelling of the mice that had lived there. In the middle of the furrow, under the litter, he would set a trap which had first been carefully smoked and handled with smoked gloves. Again and again a hunting fox would trot down the furrow nosing through the mousey chaff and get caught.

In the county where I now live it is unlawful to trap a fox or shoot a fox or kill a fox in any way except with a horse and a pack of hounds. Consequently foxes are on the increase, for the average fox is wiser and more cunning than the average fox-hound. It was different in Cornwall where foxes were hunted to the death and every farmer kept a dog. I can remember waking of a moonlight night and hearing far away across the Cobble and beyond Rattlesnake Mountain the baying of the hounds who were off hunting foxes on their own hook through the night. Far away as the stars the sound would come echoing and chiming through the night like death-bells. Then, incredibly lonely and mournful, it would die away only to come back again, as in a great circle the grim black hounds would circle mountain after mountain, a sound to make little boys curl up in their warm beds and feel glad that they were not being hunted around and around the hills through the dark night. Sometimes the dogs would catch the fox. Usually he got away. Sometimes he would get a long lead on the hounds and then turn and rush back directly toward them and, just before coming in sight, give a great spring into some thicket and hide until they passed hot on the scent, when he would double back on the track along which they had come. Wading in shallow brooks, running along the top of stone walls or

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through a flock of sheep and in winter following the hard track of a sleigh along the road, — all these were tricks used by Connecticut foxes, undoubtedly the smartest of their race. One fox actually jumped into the back of a sleigh, crouched down, and rode back unseen through the pack before the driver discovered him.

It was in Haverford that I found my first fox-family. All that May day long I had been trying to break my record of birds seen and heard between dawn and dusk. Toward the end of the gray afternoon an accommodating Canadian warbler, wearing a black necklace across his yellow breast, carried me past last year's mark, and I started for home in great contentment. My path wound in and out among the bare white boles of a beech-wood all feathery with new green-sanguine leaves. Always as I enter that wood I have a sense of a sudden silence, and I walk softly, that I may catch perhaps a last word or so of what they are saying.

That day, as I moved without a sound among the trees, suddenly, not fifty feet away, loping wearily down the opposite slope came a gaunt red fox and a cub. With her head down, she looked like the picture of the wolf in Red Riding-Hood. The little cub was all woolly, like a lamb. His back was a reddish brown, and he had long stripes of gray across his breast and around his small belly, and his sly little face was so comical that I laughed at the very first sight of it. What wind there was blew from them to me, and my khaki clothes blended with the coloring around me.

As I watched them, another cub trotted down the hill. The first one suddenly yapped at him, with a snarling little bark quite different from that of a dog; the other paid no attention, but stalked sullenly into a burrow which for the first time I noticed among the roots of a white-oak tree. Back of the burrow lay a large chestnut log which evidently served as a watch-tower for the fox-family. To this the mother fox went, and climbing up on top of it, lay down and, with her head on her paws and her magnificent brush dangling down beside the log, went to sleep.

The little cub that was left trotted to the entrance of the burrow and for a while played by himself like a puppy or kitten. First he snapped at some blades of grass and chewed them up fiercely. Then, seeing a leaf that had stuck in the wool on his back, he whirled around and around snapping at it with his little jaws. Failing to catch it, he rolled over and over in the dirt until

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he had brushed it off. Then he proceeded to stalk the battered carcass of an old black crow that lay in front of the burrow. Crouching and creeping up on it inch by inch, he suddenly sprang and caught that unsuspecting corpse and worried it ferociously, with fierce little snarls. All the time his wrinkled-up funny little face was so comical that I nearly laughed aloud every time he moved. At last he curled up in a round ball, with his chin on his fore-paws like his mother. There before me, at the end of the quiet spring afternoon, two of the wildest and shyest of all our native animals lay asleep. As I watched them sleeping I felt somehow that the wild-wood had taken me into her confidence and was trusting her children to my care; and I would no more have harmed them, than I would my own.

Then I had a great desire to creep up and pat that cub all curled up in a soft woolly ball. Leaving the hard path, I started to cover as silently as possible the fifty feet that lay between us. Before I had gone far, a leaf rustled underfoot, and in a second the cub was on his feet, wide awake, and staring down at me. With one foot in the air, I waited and waited until he settled down to sleep again. A minute later the same thing happened once more, only to be repeated at every step or so. It took me something like half an hour to reach a point within twenty feet of where he lay, and I looked straight into his eyes each time he stood up.

No wild animal can tell a man from a tree by sight alone if only he stands still. Suddenly, as the cub sprang up, perhaps for the

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tenth time, there, six feet to one side of him, stood the old mother fox. I had not heard a sound or seen a movement, but there she was. I was so close that I dared not move my head to look at the cub, but turned only my eyes. When I looked back the mother fox was gone. With no sudden movement that I could detect, almost before my eyes she had melted into the landscape.

I stood like a stone until the cub had lain down once more. This time he evidently was watching me out of his wrinkled-up eyes, for at my very first forward movement he got up, and with no appearance of haste, turned around and disappeared down in the burrow. The watch-tower log was vacant although I have no doubt that the mother fox was watching me from some unseen spot.

When I came to examine the den, I found that there were three burrows in a line, perhaps fifteen feet in length, with a hard-worn path leading from one to the other. The watch-log behind them was rubbed smooth and shiny, and reddish fox-hairs were caught in every crevice. Near the three burrows was a tiny one, which I think probably was dug as an air-hole; while in front I found a chicken, besides the remains of the crow aforesaid. How any fox, outside of the fable, could beguile a crow is a puzzle to me. All of these burrows were in plain sight, and I hunted for a long time to find the concealed one which is a part of every well-regulated fox-home. For a while I could find no trace of it. Finally I saw on the side of a stump one reddish hair that gave me a clue. Examining the stump carefully, I found that it was hollow and formed the entrance to the secret exit from the three main burrows.

A week later I went again to look at the home of that fox-family; but it was deserted by them and now tenanted by a fat woodchuck, who would never have ventured near the den if the owners had not left it. Mrs. Fox had evidently feared the worst from my visit, and in the night had moved her whole family to some better hidden home. This was three years ago, and, although I visit the place every winter, no tell-tale tracks ever show that she has moved back.

Sometimes a fox and a dog will start up a strange friendship with each other. On my grandfather's farm in Cornwall there once lived a dog named Curly. He was a cow-dog by profession, but fondly fancied himself to be a hunting-dog and a courser, al-

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though he could run just about fast enough to catch woodchucks, which are too fat and round to run at all. Curly's duties were to bring the cows down late every afternoon from the upland pastures. The rest of the day he had to himself. Every Sunday he would go to meeting, trot sedately up the main aisle, and lie down in the family pew throughout the sermon. One Sunday morning in June, while on the way to church with the rest of the family, Curly spied, at the crest of Cream Hill, a red fox circling around a big woodchuck in the middle of the field. The old chuck was pivoting and clattering his big front teeth as he faced his enemy bravely.

At the sight of these two thieves, Curly forgot entirely that it was Sunday, and, with a tremendous volley of barks, sprang over the fence, and rushed at the fox, while the woodchuck waddled thankfully into the nearest stone wall. Round and round the lot they went, the fox keeping just ahead of Curly, who was running at top speed. Before long the latter, entirely winded, had to stop and rest, whereupon the fox stopped too, and sat down close beside him. As soon as Curly got his breath, he rushed at the fox again, and once more they scoured the lot until Curly was too tired to run any more, and reluctantly returned to the family, who had been watching the performance from the big four-seated wagon. As Curly dragged himself over the wall and lay down by the roadside to rest with his tongue hanging out, there was a rattle of stones, and there on the wall stood the fox looking down at him. When he saw the wagon-load of people, he went off like a flash across the pasture.

All the rest of that day Curly seemed to be in a thoughtful mood; and the next morning he trotted up the hill to the pasture where he had met the fox, jumped up on the stone-wall, and barked as if to challenge that fox to come out on a week-day when Curly could really let himself out. Suddenly, from the farther side of the lot came a faint yapping bark, and in a minute the fox appeared, leaping and curveting over the ground. Curly jumped down, and lumbered after him, and the hunt was on again.

The fox would keep teasingly just ahead of Curly. Sometimes he would stop entirely; and, as the dog rushed at him open-mouthed, would spring to one side, give him a nip on the flank, and skim off down the field like a swallow. When the dog sat down

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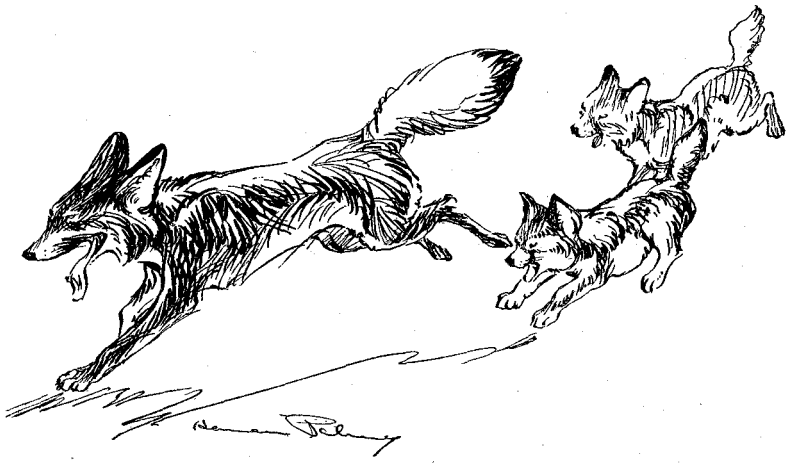
to rest, the fox sat down too a few feet away; and if ever a fox grinned, that one did. It ended at last in Curly's giving the fox a tremendous barking and going home to attend to more important business. As he went away, the fox scrambled up on the wall and watched him off.

The next day Curly was back again and so it went on all summer. Whenever Curly had any spare time, he went fox-hunting, firmly convinced that some day he would catch that fox. If for any reason he did not appear, the fox would climb up on the wall and bark until he came.

One crisp day in late September, Curly went to the pasture and barked as usual, but no one answered. All over the field he trotted disconsolately, for really he had learned to think a great deal of that teasing fox. The next day he came, and the next; and every day that fall until the snow flew, he would travel to the Half-Moon Lot and bark; but his playmate never came again.



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UNCOVERING THE FIRST AMERICANS

E. B. Renaud

IN 1539, when the first Spanish explorers ventured north from Mexico into what is now the southwestern part of the United States, they found the country in the possession of the Pueblo Indians, the same race long famous as the "Cliff Dwellers". Indeed, the first "white man" to enter that country, — he was, in fact, a Spanish-speaking Negro named Esteban, — was captured and killed at one of the stone-built cities in which these Pueblo people dwelt, for these Americans of so long ago were the inventors of the apartment house idea, the first people in the world to build their dwellings piled one on top of the other like the tiers of modern flats.

But these Pueblos were not the first Americans; not even the first ones we know about. Long, long before the Spanish times, the Pueblos themselves had been invaders into the Southwest. Underneath the ruins of the oldest of their stone cities modern scientists began, some years ago, to find signs of a still earlier habitation; records of a race that had occupied the land perhaps as much as four thousand years ago, a race which the ancestors of the Pueblos seem to have conquered and displaced.

Because the chief art of these very ancient people was the making of good basketry they have come to be called the "Basket Makers". Traces of them have been found at numerous sites, notably in the San Juan Valley, in Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, and Utah. The splendid reports of Alfred Vincent Kidder and of S. J. Guernsey have revealed to us in fine detail the principal arts and habits and characteristics of these most primitive Americans whom we know.

But, if the archeologists have done much for the recovery of the material culture of these ancient people, the physical anthropologists have lagged. So far, practically nothing has been published to give us any accurate idea of their physical appearance and racial type. We begin to know a good deal of what they produced, of how they lived, of their skill in various industrial arts, even of their artistic and creative impulses. We have not yet endeavored, very seriously, to find out how they looked, to

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what tribes and races they were related, their possible origins and migrations; to discover, in a word, what manner of men and women they were.

It was in the hope of learning something of these matters that I began my study of four skulls which once belonged to individuals of this Basket Maker race and which are now preserved in the State Museum at Denver, a part of the collections of the State Historical and Natural History Society of Colorado. Two of these skulls were found in southwestern Colorado. The other two, one of them fragmentary, came to the museum from a site a little farther south, in New Mexico.

All four of these skulls differ from the skulls of the later Pueblo Indians, — the Pueblos of the stone cities, — in one very remarkable way. They are not deformed. This naturalness of shape is unknown among the Pueblos. All Pueblo babies were carried by their mothers strapped fast to a board. This custom forced the bones at the back of the head to grow in an abnormal, flattened fashion which is quite clearly evident in every Pueblo cranium recovered from the graveyards of the ancient cities. The preceding Basket Makers evidently lacked this custom. The four skulls of the Denver Museum, as well as other skulls believed to belong to the Basket Maker race and preserved in other museums, still have their natural shape undistorted by the cradle board or by any similar contrivance.

The most interesting feature of these four Basket Maker skulls is found in some suggestions which we are able to deduce as to their racial affinities. Without attempting to summarize from the scientific publications details of cranial, facial, and nasal indices, and similar diagnostic evidence, it may be said that the four skulls which we possess at Denver are quite similar in shape and in character to another series of Basket Maker skulls found in the San Juan Basin in Colorado, which series has been measured and studied by Dr. E. A. Hooton, of Harvard. Thanks are due to Dr. Hooton for kindly permitting me to use his measurements for comparison.

Still other skulls possessing the shapes and characters indicative of the Basket Maker race have been found at points in southern Colorado, in northwestern New Mexico, in northeastern Arizona, and in southern Utah. All these localities fall within a somewhat

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restricted area, which area may be considered, at least until we obtain further information, as the typical locality for this ancient race. It was in the river valleys of this part of our Southwest that the Basket Makers preceded the Pueblos. It is here that the ancient baskets and the bones of their makers are found to underlie the pottery and stone tools and, ultimately, the skeletons of those later apartment-dwellers who had already abandoned their cliff-perched abodes when Padre Escalante first explored that part of the country for the Spanish Dons.

But even outside this typical Basket Maker area of our Southwest, we have a few indications of an ancient American race which must have been, if not identical with the Basket Makers, at least very similar to them in appearance and bodily character. Among these localities wider afield there is, in particular, one in the Santa Barbara Islands and on the Pacific Coast. A large collection of skulls from this Pacific area is preserved in the Peabody Museum at Harvard. Another locality where excavators have found skulls resembling the Basket Maker type is in the state of Coahuila in Old Mexico. And finally, it appears that in parts of South America, such as the costal regions of Ecuador and Chile, in Patagonia and in Brazil, searchers have found skulls of very similar character to the others which we are discussing. Even among the remains of the former Iroquois and Algonkian Indians, in what is now the eastern part of the United States, Professor R. B. Dixon records the discovery of traces, perhaps referable to this same racial stock.

All this evidence points to the conclusion that the people of Basket Maker culture, having relatively long heads, always undeformed, represent an important type or stock antedating the more recent culture and physical type of the Pueblos, — a racial stock which was once widely scattered over the southwestern portion of North America. The evidence indicates, further, that the groups of Basket Maker prehistoric population, which have been identified definitely in the Colorado, New Mexico, and Arizona area, may not have been in reality as isolated as the paucity of remains might make us believe. It looks surprisingly as though the widely separated occurrences of undeformed, pre-Pueblo skulls were really parts of one general population which existed over a considerable part of the two Americas

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before the city-building Pueblos arrived to trouble the peace of the land.

Luck and systematic explorations may lead to important discoveries in coming years. Various considerations suggest that cultural relations must have been established, very early, between the Basket Maker area of the San Juan watershed and the Mexican country farther to the south, from which Mexican country the great American agricultural plant of Indian corn is believed to have come.

There is no doubt in my mind that southern Colorado, northwestern New Mexico, and possibly southwestern New Mexico, would be fertile fields for careful explorers searching out the Basket Maker remains. In addition, the typical Basket Maker sites which lie westward of the Colorado River may prove to be connecting links with the ancient populations of the same cranial type which once spread along the Pacific Coast and left their remains in the Santa Barbara area. Furthermore, the region between Coahuila in Old Mexico and the Santa Barbara area of southern California is very little known to archeologists and may hide other important burial caves, the contents of which will help us to reconstruct the picture of these ancient times. Perhaps as time goes on, and as the spades of the archeologists turn up more and more of the relic-laden soil, we will be able to fill in all the gaps, to trace the presence of these basket-making First Americans throughout all the countries the usufruct of which they once enjoyed.

Where did these First Americans come from? Were they really the very first in our continent, or must we look for other and different races now utterly lost which preceded them? These questions it is still too soon to answer. There is some most suggestive evidence, however, as to the possible racial affinities of the Basket Makers elsewhere in the world. These affinities point to Melanesia, to Papua, and to the other great islands of the southwestern Pacific, possibly to Australia itself.

If you were to show to any anthropologist the measurements of the four skulls in the Denver Museum and to ask him where in the present world you would be most likely to find a living individual whose skull would match these measurements, the anthropologist would not need to hesitate long for his answer.

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He would send you, undoubtedly, to Papua or to Australia. There you would find, the existing skull data indicate, a reasonable proportion of individuals whose bony head structure would resemble in most of the measurements, if not in all of them, the skulls that we have here in Denver and the similar skulls which Dr. Hooton and others have preserved and studied elsewhere.

While by no means conclusive, this similarity with the existing racial stocks of the southern Pacific is most suggestive. It seems plausible to imagine that adventurers from across the Pacific may have reached America and peopled it, more or less completely, far back in those forgotten days of four or five thousand years ago. A new and interesting discovery made by Dr. Paul Rivet, of Paris, reënforces this suggestion. The distinguished French savant finds what he believes to be clear resemblances between the vocabularies of the Malayo-Polynesian languages and the new Hokan group of North American languages. He finds also similarities between the Australian speech and the Tson language of South America.

The Hokan group of languages represents six dialects, believed by Dixon and Kroeber to belong to one common stock. One of these six dialects called the Chumash was spoken by the natives of the Santa Barbara Islands and of the facing California coast. That is the very place of origin of the Indian skulls identified (by Hooton) as being of the same general type as the skulls of the Basket Maker people from the typical area of the southwest. Furthermore, the Tson language of South America is spoken by a people believed to be related, as descendants, to the ancient South American population, also identified as Basket Maker type.

There is good hope, therefore, that linguistic studies will come to the aid of the anthropologists, and will help to strengthen the tentative conclusion which can be drawn from the study of the Basket Maker skulls, — the conclusion that the remote ancestors of the First Americans were related to peoples who still live in the Islands of Oceania. The original home of these people, the routes by which they migrated to America, the time when they came and settled, their history during the centuries before they were overwhelmed by the Pueblos,— these are some of the alluring problems which still await the industry and acumen of students of our mysterious southwest.

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ALONE

ROSE MACAULAY

TO be idle and alone, — here are two agreeable things. The first is easy; any one can be idle, provided he is willing to endure the consequent penury. The second is more difficult and by no means always to be attained, in this world of humanity, of the affections, of friendship, of family life, of Personally Conducted Tours. Yet, if you would have complete idleness, you must be alone. You will find, in the end, that there is only one person whose company entails no effort whatsoever. Only one person with whom, on a holiday, you need make no plans, discuss no arrangements, share no sandwiches, quarrel over no maps, lie in bed of a morning as long as you please, make no conversation and no sacrifices. Only one person with whom you need not trouble to keep your temper, whose taste in amusements and occupations is entirely as good as your own, whose opinion as to which road to take is as accurate as yours, who gets tired of walking or of sitting still at the same moment as you get tired yourself. However dull a person you may be, you will be good company to yourself. However good, entertaining, and beloved other company may be, be sure it will have its faults. Even if the worst of these should be wanting the map when you want it yourself, still, this is a bad fault.

There may, of course, be no question of maps on a holiday. A holiday may be spent at home, having sent the other occupants of the home away, with or without maps. But this kind of holiday is often more difficult to arrange. And people come to the door. They will not, if you are both cunning and firm, get beyond the door, but still it is disquieting to have the bell ringing. The best plan is to put some deterrent notice on your front door, such as "Illness. Do not ring", or "Leprosy. Go away", or "Beware of the hyena". But, whatever precautions you may take, you will be safer in a place where you are not already known.

Besides, it is more amusing to be away. The British and the Gypsies, alone among mankind, have that nomadic strain in them which makes them never so happy as when they are traveling abroad. To be at once abroad and alone, — this is true felicity.

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It would be the truest felicity of all to discover a place where others of one's race, and potentially therefore of one's acquaintance, did not congregate; but this may not be, for Britons go everywhere. They share with the Sappers the motto *Ubique*. Go whither you will, to the highest peak of Everest, the hottest desert of Africa, the coolest ice floe round the Poles, the remotest isle of the Pacific, and there you will find Britons. "*De chacune des Touamotou, des Nouvelles Hébrides, et des Bahamas, une Anglaise en chandail jaillissait au moindre appel!*" Go whither you will, and before you start, be sure that someone will say to you, "Look out for my friends the Andersons; they are staying there. . . ."

What, having looked out for and perceived the Andersons, you are then to do to them, what they to you, these kindly and unthinking conversationalists do not state. Presumably you are to accost them. You are to say, "I think you know the Browns." They will either lose their heads and own that this is the case, or they will retain their presence of mind and deny it, saying that you must have confused them with some one else of the same name. If they own to the Browns, you say (I presume), "So do I," — unless you in your turn have the presence of mind to reply, "Well, I don't." Let us suppose that you have both lost your nerve and owned to the Browns. What a link is here! You will both have to spend the rest of your time in this place loosening it. It is a wiser plan to look out for the Andersons, as requested, and, having perceived and located them, to turn your back to them whenever you meet, and put down a false or indecipherable name in the inn register, lest they too should have been bidden to look out for you. For this too is perpetrated: "I will write to them about you."

What is the meaning of these apparently inexplicable outrages? Do those who commit them really themselves enjoy meeting and having to talk to strangers on a holiday on the grounds that both know the same person or persons in England? It can scarcely be. Is the attack, then, the outcome of some secret and malevolent envy? Do these persons think, scarce knowing that they think it, "You and the Andersons will be away for a holiday, and I shall not, but at least I will do some small thing to mar the perfection of your holiday and theirs?"

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Rather would I attribute these curious outbreaks to more innocent and kindly motives, to the natural gregariousness of humankind, to the instinct which makes many of them at all times say, "Let us get together. Let us not be alone for a moment. Let us assemble together to play, to eat, to talk, to pray, to read. . . ." (For I have even known those who have started or joined what they call *reading-circles*, preferring to read whatever they are reading in company with others to reading it alone.) It is the same sociable instinct which made the explorer Stanley, meeting the explorer Livingstone wandering in the desert heart of Africa, pause and say, "Dr. Livingstone, I believe," instead of passing by with a nod, which would have been so much less trouble. Let us charitably attribute all these attempts to bring others together to this instinct, which perhaps dates from primeval days when to be alone in the jungle was even less safe than to be together there.

Be that as it may, you can, while abroad, with a little cunning, resolution, and skill, avoid both the friends of others and (though this is more difficult) your own. (Except if you go to Cornwall in August or the Riviera in spring, which is merely asking for it, and you deserve all you get.) In August, it is not a bad plan to try London. You will not be alone; you will still be thronged around with those slow-moving street crowds who always appear to be either following a hearse or crippled with rheumatism, so halting and deliberate is their gait; but you will not have to speak to them, and the odds are that those of them whom you know will either be away or, if in London, be having a holiday too.

Anyhow, and wherever we go, let us endeavor at intervals to be both idle and alone, remembering that

"Two paradises are in one
To dwell in paradise alone."

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MR. LODGE AND MR. WILSON

GEORGE HENRY PAYNE

AT a dinner given by Mr. Otto H. Kahn in Washington during the early winter of 1919 there were a number of the United States Senators, among them most of those known as the "irreconcilables". Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, if not the guest of honor, was the dominating figure. It was a gathering of Republicans, and the discussion of political matters, — and of personalities so far as they related to politics, — was full and frank.

Naturally, a great deal was said about President Wilson, whose illness then was a matter of some mystery, and the one who most freely discussed Mr. Wilson and his attitude on the League of Nations was Senator Lodge, as might be expected from the leader of the Senate and the chief figure in the fight against the covenant. Some of the Senators were very bitter over what they considered unjustifiable assumption of authority on the part of the President, but I shall always remember the extreme courtesy and consideration with which Senator Lodge discussed the man whose policies he was so strenuously opposing.

It was this attitude of Senator Lodge that has been little appreciated by his critics. I sat not long ago in a little church on Long Island, and heard a very cultured and scholarly divine refer to Senator Lodge as a terrible person, and was pained to think that among men who are usually urbane there was not more recognition of the rules of proper debate. I have referred to the dinner at which Senator Lodge might have spoken with bitterness if there had been any bitterness in him, because he has made the statement, — in his book just published, — that he never referred to President Wilson except in the most courteous terms, and that the President was "simply an element to be calmly and coolly considered in a great problem of international politics."

I do not think that, among those who have written literary or historical criticism, there will be many who will not admit that Senator Lodge has, in his book, kept well within the amenities. No qualified person that I know of has ever disputed his scholarship, and it is one of my pleasantest recollections that, when I

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was writing a history of American journalism, he turned aside from his arduous duties as leader of the Senate to assist in correcting an error that had been made by two such distinguished scholars and historians as John Bach McMaster and John Fiske. With the exception of Theodore Roosevelt, I know of no other man in American public life to whom an unknown and much younger man, engrossed in historical research, could have gone and have been as sympathetically and understandingly received. When, in his book, he discusses the question of Mr. Wilson's scholarship, he is on sure ground. Woodrow Wilson, he says, was "a man of unquestioned ability" and he wrote "excellent English"; but "he was not a scholar in the true sense at all, although the newspapers were fond of applying that term to him, as they are apt to apply it to any one who has held a position of educational importance."

In justification of this statement, Senator Lodge refers to the mistake made by President Wilson in his speech in October, 1913, at the re-dedication of Congress Hall in Philadelphia. Speaking of the necessity of getting away from Washington, and getting the "contacts" with the plain people, who asked for nothing and who "trust you without their personal counsel to do your duty", the President said, "he needs them as *Hercules* needed the touch of Mother Earth."

Familiar as Senator Lodge was with the writings and speeches of the President, he declared that this was the only classical allusion that he had ever noticed in any of Mr. Wilson's public utterances. "I need hardly say," the Senator continues, "that Hercules, who was the son of Jove and Alcmena, gained no strength from touching the earth, but in his wrestling contest with Antaeus, who was the son of Neptune and Terra, that is, of the ocean and the earth, he found that Antaeus gained strength every time he touched the earth and therefore, according to the story, Hercules held Antaeus in the air until the latter weakened for lack of contact with his mother earth so that Hercules was able to crush him to death. The story is as popular as it is old. It is in every classical dictionary and in all the books which boys used to read about the Greek mythology. But as Macaulay says in one of his essays, 'I have no desire to detain my reader with this fourth form learning.' The point is that it seems incredible

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that Mr. Wilson should have made a blunder of this sort, which not only would be impossible to a scholar but, one would think, impossible to an educated man."

Coming to the more serious and important parts of his vindication of his fight against the League of Nations,* Senator Lodge has written of his relations, both as an individual and as a party leader, with President Wilson, in a moderate, if critical spirit. To those who knew how Theodore Roosevelt felt and talked about Mr. Wilson's foreign policies, the severest strictures of Senator Lodge seem milk-and-watery. Ten days before Colonel Roosevelt died, I saw and talked with him in Roosevelt Hospital, and, when Senator Lodge says that, although the covenant of the League was not before the country, Roosevelt was in entire agreement with the policy that Lodge was pursuing, I know that he speaks the absolute truth. Not even yet has the time come to repeat all the things that Colonel Roosevelt said of Mr. Wilson's foreign policies. It is odd to read now and then, by some one who must necessarily have had only a most casual knowledge of Roosevelt's views, a statement that the Colonel, if alive, would have sympathized with the efforts to bring us into the League. It is generally conceded that, if he had lived, Roosevelt would have been selected by the Republican party as its Presidential candidate. It is hard to conceive of the man who all his life preached a robust nationalism taking a weaker stand than the mild and scholarly Lodge, and it is impossible to believe that Roosevelt's criticisms would have been couched in the urbane and courteous language that distinguished the discussion, both public and private, of the Massachusetts Senator.

Senator Lodge could have trusted to time to vindicate his own part in this memorable controversy, but he has made, in writing a vindication of the Senate, a contribution to the political history of our day, the importance of which cannot be overestimated. As the Senator says, the debate on the League was one of the most notable in the history of the Senate, and, when the rancor and the antagonisms have passed, the men who played their part in it will take high place in American history.

* THE SENATE AND THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS, by Henry Cabot Lodge. Charles Scribner's Sons. $4.00.

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FOOTPATH AND HIGHWAY

By the Pedestrian

CONVERSION

NOT long ago I startled a woman, who was apprehensive about the ways of her daughter, by saying that the young lady was not converted. In spite of my worldly appearance, she looked at me oddly, as an educated person might glance at a sectarian zealot. She was as astonished as my wife was when an old man, clasping a Bible at a street corner, put his hand on her arm and said rapturously, "Are you one of us, sister?"

Since then I have been asking myself what I meant by saying that the girl was not converted. Conversion ought to be available for secular purposes, but the religious folk seem to have appropriated the word as their peculiar, almost inalienable, property. In so doing they have nearly ruined it.

Not that we need to deny the fact or the efficacy of religious conversions, even if some of them do look like perversions and others like subversions. Nor can I see any ground for objecting to a man's changing churches; it would seem to be the best he can do so long as he is not allowed to belong to several at once. But we ought to object vigorously, I think, to the narrow meaning given a word which might have a broad, important meaning. And if we use the word in a secular sense, we ought to purify it, to cleanse it of its miraculous taint.

Religious conversion, quite possibly, may be miraculous and sudden. Concerning that I am not qualified to speak — God forbid! —

"I nam no divinistre" —

but genuine conversion of the secular variety is usually a slow process. It may seem sudden, even miraculous, because we have not noticed what is going on; but it has nothing of the tawdry glitter that attaches to the emotional trickery so common in religious "conversions" of the sudden, "miraculous" sort.

Yet the mystery abides. Conversion cannot be wholly rationalized. In fact, our very professional educators and psychologists

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have often gone wrong by trying to rationalize it into "adjustment." They treat persons so mechanically that, if they had their way, they would turn our schools and colleges into rendering companies; they would remake the mind and soul much as those companies "render" a carcass.

For conversion, when it is applied to persons, must mean a transformation, a new being. It is not just a sum of experiences, or a mechanical adjustment. J. Middleton Murry, in his essay on "The Essence of Art" in the October FORUM, is at pains to point out that the appreciation of art does not spring from the double exercise of thought and feeling, in the sense of adding these two faculties together, nor yet from a nice balance or mingling of the two, *as two*, but rather from a new, different faculty of perception, which is a *coalescence* of the two. Conversion, somewhat similarly, implies a coalescence, — a "consolidated character" rather than just a quantity or a mixture of knowledge and experience. It means that a man or a woman can understand, not merely see; can appreciate, not merely notice; can distinguish, not merely enumerate; has courage, not merely bravery; has faith, not merely hope. Above all, it means that he or she has accepted Adam's curse as a blessing.

Something of these qualities may be born in a person, but they always lack reality and endurance if they have not been re-born in him. The Quakers distinguish between "birthright members," those whose parents are Quakers and who thus by the mere fact of being born become Quakers, and "converts," those who deliberately choose to join the Society of Friends; and it has come to be a saying that the best Quaker is a "convert Quaker." A similar distinction may be made between those born into the manners of enlightenment and those who have put on the manners of enlightenment through the salutary process of conversion, — through being "born again," as it were.

Probably we do well to remember that it is a *process*, never quite complete. "To the philosophic eye," as Stevenson would have put it, no one may be called converted, but to the ordinary, terrestrial eye a good many have advanced so far in the process that we recognize a distinction between them and the "Philistines" and between them and the young barbarians at play. At least they have got to a stage where they distinguish between a

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collection of experiences and experience, between notions and ideas, between facts and truth.

To the furtherance of this blessedness not a little harm has been done by the assumption that the children of "sweetness and light" are the intellectuals. Matthew Arnold gave impetus to this error, far more than he really intended to, and Lowes Dickinson, in the same tradition, defines Culture as "Aristotle instead of Agriculture, Homer instead of Hygiene, Shakespeare instead of the Stock Exchange, Bacon instead of Banking, Plato instead of Paedagogics!" One might go with him gladly if these things were really exclusive of one another. But your convert knows that they are not. He resents the high-brow implication. He has a profound conviction that somehow blasphemous Jim Bludso was farther on the road to conversion than Cotton Mather, with all his learning. If enlightenment means only intellect, it were almost better to remain unregenerate.

Far worse, of course, is the stigma cast upon the more spiritual aspects of enlightenment by the youthful cynics, — as dogmatic in their unbelief as the traditionalists are dogmatic in their make-belief. For these youthful cynics, posing as the children of light, have somehow persuaded many people that disillusionment is a step towards secular conversion. It may be a necessary *side*-step for some, but it too often gets interpreted as a *forward* step. Life, to the pedestrian mind, is a complicated network of roads and paths, beaten thoroughfares, mountain trails, — *and blind alleys*. Now these young cynics, vociferous in some of our periodicals, are oftener than not up a blind alley. Surely there is no reason to suppose, just because you have reached the end of a blind alley and are shouting there, that you are any farther on your journey than the pathetic creatures who are wandering in circles in a vacant lot and whom you magnificently condemn, — from your alley!

Just how conversion may be accomplished I don't pretend to prescribe. The sectarian zealot may tell you what to do, and you may pass for a convert, but the quality of your regeneration cannot be measured in terms of what you think you are or of what you externally do. The same thing would appear to be true of secular conversion. As you go about, you meet people to whom fortitude, generosity, simplicity, enlightenment are identical with being, and you recognize that they have reached this point

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through transforming experience — through conversion. And you meet others who have only the exterior semblance of these things, who are "birthright members," but who have never been re-born. They are usually drearily solemn. If you are one of them, as I commonly am, you probably pass some profitable moments reflecting that in secular, as in religious, conversion, "the Lord helps them that help themselves." You may realize, too, that genuine conversion in its broadest and deepest sense, — not a multiplicity of laws and creeds, of leagues and organizations, but just growing up, — is the only thing that really makes the world go round.

For secular conversion is, after all, one with the more liberal view of religious conversion. If it means the permanent set of a man's life in one direction, it does not mean by this a silly optimism, or the abandonment of doubts and perplexities, or the refusal to listen (these are the earmarks of childishness and senility), but a toughened spiritual fibre, an eagerness to play his part, to join without condescension or fear in "that game of chance to which we all sit down, the hanger-back not least."

NARROW

Dull, lined-up days have narrowed her
  So have these elms this street
An arm, swung out, would strike each tree;
A jest, her hedged timidity.
But trees and days, in narrowing,
  Have formed a colonnade,
And where were storms and heat,
  One finds now calm and shade.

— *Violet Alleyn Storey*

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POETRY
EDITED BY WALTER S. HINCHMAN

EBB TIDE

DOWN within the cove lie old ships, gray ships,
Mastless, sparless, moored, or beached and dry,
Wistful in their patient, hopeless longing,
Waiting for the hour when the tide runs high.

Rusted are their bolts and warped their planking;
Weatherbeaten, stained and scarred, are stern and side;
Still they seem to dream there in the lapping ripples,
Musing on the thrill of their first flood tide;

Dreaming of the days when, lee-rails foaming,
Water white at bows and stretching blue away,
Manned by vanished skippers, broad men, brown men,
Proud and trim they burgeoned out beyond the bay;

Dreaming of the Banks; of racing back to harbor
Driven by the west wind, drenched by stinging foam,
Carrying full canvas, loaded to the gunwales,
Straining, staggering — the first ships home!

Dreaming of the voyages dreary, bitter,
Battered by the storm-winds, ending in defeat
As they warped to docks, with flags half-masted,
'Mid the cries of women wailing in the street. . . .

How they must be yearning, those old ships, gray ships,
Midst the splash of oars and motor-dories' hum,
Thrilling to the touch of wavelets playing —
Waiting for a flood tide nevermore to come!

— *Harold Willard Gleason*

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THE TWO UNTAMED

YOU may conquer the plain with plough and drain
And the forest with axe and saw.
You may pierce the hills with powderdrills
And shatter the mountain's awe.
But there are two you will not subdue,
Though you curb however you can,
They will brave the test of your worst and best —
The sea and the heart of man.

The desert may yield as a watered field,
And the wind may grind your grain,
The river's might may be yoked in light
Or tug at a factory chain.
But muscle nor mind these two can bind
By cunningest plot or plan,
They shall have free play to the Judgment Day —
The sea and the heart of man.

You may note their deeds and guess at the creeds
That govern their ebb and flow,
These are tales to tell why their passions swell,
But the secret you never will know.
And, willing or loath, you must love them both,
Though heaven alone may span
And fathom the breast of their deep unrest —
The sea and the heart of man.

— *Charles Wharton Stork*

WINDS

THE wind that blows through the tall trees
Sings of the gladness it knows,
How it sweeps bright passionless reaches of sky,
Wears on its heart but the wild bird's cry
And goes as the wild bird goes.

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But this low wind in the grasses
Where I have pillowed my head
Is strange with solemn secrets of earth,
With the way of man's breath, his tears and his birth:
It has fingered the mounds of the dead.

— *Adelaide Wilson*

KILDEER

I WAKED at dawn and heard
Kildeer crying on the lake.
How is it that a crying bird
Can such pure rapture wake?

Slime-born, the wise men say,
We shall return to night:
Well, let them so define their day.
I heard at dawn the kildeer's cry
Leap time and hail eternity,
With, "Light . . the light . . . the light!"

— *Adelaide Wilson*

THE TREE OF LIFE

LIKE falling leaves, Life's garments fade
But new buds push behind.
These fluttering bits of last year's shade
That fly before the wind
In vain pursuit we madly chase.
The Tree of Life, serene,
Stalwart, and smiling at the race,
Nurses new buds, unseen.

— *Eva Warner*

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LOVE IS A LOITERER

O, LOVE is a loiterer,
Beware! he will thieve;
A dashing young robber,
For will you believe
That with lightning approach
He held up my coach;
And I cried —
Let me go, M'sieur Love, let me go!
Ah no, he replied, no-no-no;
For ere you depart
I would plunder your heart,
Would plunder, would plunder your heart!
Plunder on, plunder on, plunder on;
Mr. Highwayman Love, plunder on!

O, Love is a loiterer,
Loving the road,
A rovering gipsyman,
No fixed abode:
He came to my cottage,
He cried, Do not start,
I have come to repay you
The coin of your heart!
Come down, my dear, from your window,
And open your roselovely door:
Ah, I listened, I listened,
I opened the door —
And he entered, the brigand,
And plundered the more!
Plunder on, plunder on, plunder on;
Mr. Highwayman Love, plunder on!

— *A. E. Johnson*

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Chimes

A Novel in Six Instalments — III

ROBERT HERRICK

SYNOPSIS OF THE PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

TO the University of Eureka, a newly founded co-educational institution in the Middle West, has come Beaman Clavercin, recently of Harvard, cultured, refined, with literary ambitions, as instructor in the department of English and General Literature. To adjust himself to the life of this struggling educational "factory", as it impresses him, is far more difficult than any academic demands from the university. From its President, Dr. Alonzo Harris, brusque, crude, business-like, Clavercin gets scant assistance. Adjustment comes through rather more subtle sources, — from friendship with Beckwith, also of the East; with Edith Crandall, vigorous, energetic, far-visioned Dean of Women; with Jessica Stowe, illusive and alluring scholar in the department of Sociology; from his marriage, some months after his arrival at Eureka, with Louise, a "girl back home." Jessica Stowe has married Dr. Mallory, but her insatiable intellectual curiosity turns her interest in the direction of Rudolph Sheimer, a recent acquisition from the University of Zurich. Calvercin's faith in his colleagues is not increased when Edith Crandall summons him to accompany her to an apartment in an out-of-the-way corner of the city. Estelle Lambert, one of the few extraordinary girls in his classes, a girl of rare physical beauty and personal magnetism, had dropped out of his course. "Too much Plant," Mrs. Crandall had murmured, succinctly, naming one of the most popular professors. Their efforts to save the girl came too late. Her death in a local hospital is one of the tragic notes of the year, furnishing Clavercin the theme for a new play, impelling Mrs. Crandall to do her utmost to force Plant from the university. She is blocked in this endeavor, — trustees, officials, faculty, all "scuttling from the horrid truth, covering up their cowardice by mumbling phrases about 'protecting the good name of the university'."

CHAPTER THREE

I

THE news of Edith Crandall's death cabled from London and prominently displayed in the American newspapers with the achievements of her busy life, came as a shock to her friends in the university, above all to Clavercin. She seemed to have in her the energy and the spirit for an endless life, and now a slip on the pavement in front of a dray and it was ended. She had left behind her not merely the imposing Woman's Quadrangle, which had been erected because of her, but the lives of many women throughout the country, who by the magic touch of her enthusiasm and her quick sympathy had been stirred to reach for a richer fulfilment. To how many girls in small communities she had first and last brought the illumination of escape from pettiness of environment and an unsatisfying mating, no one could tell! More than any woman of her time Edith Crandall embodied the ideal of equality in educational opportunity, — and therefore in life for men and women. She had never cared for the political side of the struggle for woman's emancipation. "Let us become better, richer human beings," she had proclaimed insistently, "and all other privileges will be ours! First we must prove our abilities, on men's own ground through discipline of our minds."

In her youth and early womanhood the

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ollege girl was considered a sexless aberation; that was Clavercin's prejudice when he first came to Eureka. A woman might be intellectually brilliant, but in the process she must have sacrificed what made her most worth while as a woman. Mrs. Crandall's mere presence was a potent protest against this condescending view. If not beautiful, — her features were too irregular for the magazine-cover type of feminine loveliness then being stereotyped by the Dana Gibson school, — her face was singularly attractive, her mobile mouth and warm brown eyes ever changing its expression as sensitively as the water in a mountain lake. As she told Jessica Mallory, she could not waste valuable time on personal appearance, and yet no man ever thought of her as unattractive. Her mere presence on a platform gave the lie to the silly conception of an educated woman then rife. She was so gracious, so winning, so gentle, and yet so resolute. Girls, young women, feeling within them the power of independent lives, yet shrinking from endangering their "womanhood" by competing with men, were reassured by one look at Edith Crandall. Here was a woman, all woman, who had been loved by a man, whose marriage, obviously, had been singularly full, and yet she had yielded nothing of her personal gifts to the accident of being born a woman. When she died the significance of her courageous example had already been absorbed into American ideas: a girl was no longer considered peculiar or fit only for the convent because she went to college. Insensibly the sort of feminism for which Edith Crandall had struggled in so many ways had been won, and, more than any one was aware at the moment, she had become a national figure, embodying that triumph. . . .

But one would hardly have suspected all this at the little memorial service held in the college hall. Only a few of her intimates on the faculty and a few score of the women students of the university who had come under her influence, several trustees, and a solitary reporter from the "Daily Thunderer" were there that October afternoon. The President of the university was absent, in the east, and Dean Dolittle presided benignly, deprecatingly. To Clavercin it was evident that officially Eureka wished to minimize the importance of the dead woman now that her presence could no longer bring students or money to the institution. Dr. Harris, for all his readiness to use her prestige and her popularity, had never valued her truly, and of late obscure jealousies had separted them. Mrs. Crandall was influential with people who had slight regard for him. And certain elements in the faculty had not ceased to deplore the "feminization" of the university, and attributed to the celebrated Dean of Women the crime of "overrunning Eureka with women". Moreover Mrs. Crandall's sympathies were with the minority, the unpopular "Harvard gang", and her closeness with these outsiders she had not tried to disguise. So altogether it was a forlorn occasion, Clavercin felt, recalling that last painful episode in which he and Edith Crandall had been concerned, — the fate of Estelle Lambert. That was so like her! The sheer passion of pity for the girl, not one word of reproach for her folly. And hatred of the man! "Why are you so sure Tom Plant was the one?" he had asked her, and in reply she had given him an odd, penetrating glance out of those glowing eyes. "It would have to be either you or Plant," she had said, "and I know it could not be you, Beaman!"

"But why so?" he asked, mystified, and she had retorted, "She wasn't the kind . . . to give herself to *anybody!* . . . I found some of the verses which she had written recently. They told the whole story. They were remarkable, so like her, crude and fine, old and young at the same time, and so passionately sincere!"

It was a pity, Clavercin reflected, that this sordid little drama where nothing was to be gained had been her last battle in the university; that she had so recklessly exposed herself to her enemies by seeking vengeance for the girl. Defeated, she had virtually left the university into which she had poured so much enthusiasm, so many days and nights of hard work, so many passionate aspirations for women — and men. Perhaps she realized that Eureka was not to become the great university she had hoped to see, that her own potency in its creation had been exhausted, and therefore she had withdrawn. No doubt the case of Estelle Lambert had a deeper

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significance for her than for him: the right of women to compete with men unhampered by the snares of sex. Thus she had spoken of the incident to Norman Beckwith whom she had seen in London before the accident.

"But I think," Beckwith said, "she had grown beyond us. She was restless and needed a fresh field, something more important than regulating the lives of women students. She knew that the fight for the higher education of women had been won. . . . She ought to have been in politics."

"Yes!" Mallory assented, "how she loved a good scrap!"

"Few persons are as passionate about life as she was," Beckwith mused. "Most of them keep their passions for their petty selves, but Edith Crandall poured out her passion into causes, and forgot all about herself!"

"That is true," Jessica Mallory observed. "She was selfless and she was passionate, an unusual combination."

She spoke impersonally of the dead woman to whom for a time she had been so close, as though she were a curious case of psychology that she had been investigating. Clavercin remembered her dry comment on Mrs. Crandall's agitation over Estelle Lambert, — "Edith has the crisis psychosis badly." . . . Mrs. Mallory carried under her arm her black portfolio, and after the service while the others lingered in the autumn sunshine talking of the dead friend as if she were still living and about to join them with her radiant buoyancy, Mrs. Mallory slipped away in the direction of her "shop" as if she had devoted all the time she could spare to a futile ceremony. Did she lack all emotional response or was she afraid of it? Only recently she had become a mother for the second time, and that too had left no mark on the youthful trim figure. She had the same girlish freshness that Clavercin had noted when he first saw her in the President's office. She was impervious! Mallory's glance followed her, with a slight frown, until she became merged on the broad main walk in the stream of students, and then he jerked himself back to the present.

"We must think of something as a memorial to Edith Crandall, — something more than a bust or a portrait to hang in the Woman's Hall," he said briskly. "They mustn't forget her, and what she has done for them!" He nodded in the direction of the students, who, as they passed the flag staff in the centre of the campus glanced curiously at the half-masted flag.

"It has been suggested to call the new woman's commons Crandall Hall!" someone said.

They laughed, for all recalled Mrs. Crandall's merry horror over the woman's dining hall.

Bayberry remarked, "She asked me to select those photographs of classical sculpture to hang in the faculty room. She said it would be good for the faculty to have something of beauty before their eyes. She may not have been a scholar, but she was so much more than that, — she was a great person!" the old scholar summed up magnanimously.

"If it had not been for Edith Crandall our lives here would have been — barbarous," Sydney Lamb pronounced plaintively. "She was an inspiration!"

It was Clavercin who added musingly, — "Like a chime of tuneful bells, like old English chimes you hear across green meadows at twilight."

"That's it!" Mallory exclaimed, seizing on the idea and applying it at once. "Chimes! . . . We'll put her into the Campanile where she can ring out night and morning, so sweet, so unfaltering, so gay!"

It captured their imagination as something simple, not grandiose, a memorial that could not be travestied for promotional schemes. In this way to the thousands who some day would live in this spot Edith Crandall would speak, even if she were unknown to them.

"We won't ask for subscriptions to this," Mallory declared. "We'll merely announce our plan and say that Mrs. Crandall's friends may contribute what they like towards her bells. She hated raising money, — and she had so much of it to do!"

"We'll get the best bells that can be made to-day, and some one who knows how to play them!" Beckwith concluded.

This was the origin of the famous chime of bells that played so softly from the belfry of the slim Campanile above the Eureka campus. The bells arrived in due

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season and with them an expert British bell-ringer, who distracted the university by his gymnastic agility on the new chimes, until the neighbors complained that they could not sleep because of the frequency of the hours and quarters, his carillons and peals. The scientists who had their laboratories near the Campanile complained that the tunes distracted their students. So the British bell-ringer was sent back to England, and the care of the chimes was handed over to a divinity student who was earning his way by odd jobs. The authorities decreed that the chimes were to be played only twice a day for five minutes, and on Sundays a little longer. The divinity student learned to pull the bells a little haltingly and spelled out a few old tunes, two of which became campus favorites, — "Nearer My God to Thee" and "Lead Kindly Light."

So at ten-thirty in the morning, the peculiar hour fixed at Eureka for chapel because it made a convenient break between morning classes, one could hear for a few minutes the chimes stumbling through the familiar tunes. Old Tom Bayberry when he heard the first notes drop hesitantly out of the sky would put down the book he was reading in his lonely library and sit erect in his chair, wiping his glasses, an odd screwed-up look on his homely face; then as the last note died out he would resume his book.

Clavercin, coming exhausted from his late class, with the sense of general futility that is likely to overwhelm the intellectual at that hour, became conscious of the bells and remembered with a quickening of spirit the winsome person so interwoven with the early years of the university; her unfailing gayety, sweetness, courage so fused into the soft tones floating in the murky sky. He saw the look on her eager face when he first told her he was to marry Louise and make the venture of poverty.

"My boy, my boy," she had said impulsively laying her hand on his knee, "I am so glad. Don't wait! It is so much easier to face poverty when there are two, — if there is love. I found it so!" And she told him of her marriage to the penniless scholar, their struggle, how one good fortune after another came to them. "I consider that my life has been richer, essentially, in all the things which ought to count, in friends, in beauty, in opportunity for work than the lives of all the moneyed people I have known. Remember always that money doesn't count!" Strange creed for this time and place, and Clavercin beset by the trials of middle life was not sure it *was* true. His was but one of the hundreds, the thousands of human lives she had touched thus intimately, surely, — students, professors, donors.

"I gave these buildings," the old hardware merchant Blackstone said of his gift to the university of the Woman's Commons, "because Edith Crandall was such a woman; it seemed to me she might make more of her kind out of those girls down there."

Did she have any time for self, any personal life whatever? More recently she had become so much a "public person" with so many engagements on boards and committees that her old friends saw little of her. "She has acquired a taste for limelight," Jessica Mallory once commented dryly. Clavercin felt that Edith Crandall never really forgot anybody. Some spirits, it seemed, had this extraordinary power of reduplicating themselves endlessly like living cells, dividing and uniting in countless combinations, yet retaining always an essential personal quality. . . .

They placed a bronze plaque in the entrance of the Campanile beneath her bells. It showed in relief the strong face, the coil of thick hair above the low brow.

"The mother spirit of the university!" Bayberry pronounced, as he stood beside Beckwith and Jessica Mallory before the tablet.

"A most inexplicable personality!" Mrs. Mallory mused in her level, objective voice. "At times she seemed quite superficial; her mind was certainly not — orderly. But she arrived swiftly at conclusions in that haphazard, jumpy way she had that others come to painstakingly long afterwards, — which is what is commonly called genius."

Jessica Mallory, always suspicious of sentimentality, was trying in her own way to render her tribute of appreciation. But Thomas Bayberry unconsciously moved a little farther away from her. He too hated sentimentality, but he disliked hardness of spirit even more, and he considered the wife of his beloved Edgar

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to have been born without what the older novelists called a heart.

"She was a man of action with a woman's spirit," Beckwith said gently. "How she ragged the Doctor! He used to hate to see her come into his office because he knew he would have to make good with her. Promises wouldn't do. He ought, of course, to have given her an honorary degree when he handed one to our sainted Founder. . . . Not that she would have cared much for it!"

"Oh, yes, she would have!" Jessica Mallory averred confidently.

II

The years passed. The university seemed to have entered a low pressure area. There was a sense of poverty: it was not so easy as it had been in the early halcyon days of expansion to get funds from the president by dangling before his eager vision some splendid plan. The long list of appointments and promotions, which was the part of the president's report most eagerly scanned by members of the faculty, had become painfully brief, — also the list of donations, which now contained what Beckwith called "filling", books and apparatus, gifts of one hundred or one thousand dollars and so forth. There was also a growing deficit, about which the trustees were uneasy. A great institution, Dr. Harris had once maintained, is known by the size of its deficits: a balanced budget does not arouse the sympathy of the benefactor. Hitherto he had proved his theory by enlisting new benefactions on the strength of which he increased the deficit. And there was the unlimited purse of the Founder, all those inexhaustible millions still pouring into it from wood pulp!

But latterly, it was rumored around the campus, this source was drying up. Some said Aladdin had lost his magic touch; the last times he had approached the Founder he had been turned coldly over to intermediaries, sharp-eyed business secretaries, ex-missionaries, lawyers and the like, who scanned the university president's programs with the same acid realism they would apply to any business undertaking. They listened coldly to his vehement plea for funds with which to "round out" the incomplete university. (As if a university ever could be said to be complete!) They even hinted that this greedy suckling of the lumberman's beneficence might look for other nursing, — or fend for itself. Meanwhile there still hung in the president's outer office in Eureka that airy architectural extravaganza, The Plan of the University, with many gaps between the buildings. The Law School had been the last to be inked in, next the Woman's Quadrangle, and farther along the Teachers' College had been begun; the College of Administration was housed "temporarily" in the old gymnasium, which was falling to pieces. There was yet to come the Engineers' College, the Art School, the Medical School (this last all but a reality — on paper) with its hospital and special laboratory and clinics. Ah, they must have that, the great American medical school! And the Little Marshal as the President of Eureka was now called (instead of Barnum) gripped his resolute jaw and confronted his trustees with an elaborate plan for an "affiliated and coöperating system of medical schools for the greater Eureka."

"But where are we to get the funds?" one of the trustees demanded, a little weary of the Harris habit. "Times are getting worse in spite of the Republican victory last autumn which was to have saved the country!"

(This jibe raised a faint smile among the trustees, a majority of whom belonged to the orthodox party.)

"Oh, that won't last!" the president retorted, availing himself of the diversion. "The money will come, gentlemen, if we show the right spirit, confidence in the future of this great country of ours!" This was the optimistic note that soothed the spirits of these men, and using once again the hypnotic voice and glance with which he had coerced so many canny capitalists, he urged, "Gentlemen, we must not slacken our endeavor to give Eureka a really great university. There has not been a new building this year! If we are not going ahead we are falling behind," he asserted, using an argument common in big business.

They were becoming impressed.

"Let's leave something for the next generation to do," the caviling trustee grumbled.

"We must complete the foundations," Dr. Harris came back. He could not wait

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on time. What it had taken centuries and many generations of men to accomplish elsewhere must grow beneath his hand overnight. His dream was pressing him; something already whispered in his spirit that he might not live to see The Plan wholly roofed in and boldly fronting the sky.

Reluctantly in the end the trustees consented to this new scheme of "enlarging the facilities of the university," with the new Medical School.

"But you must do it all yourself!" they warned him, "and no increase in the budget until the money is in hand."

The Little Marshal's jaw tightened in his smooth face, which had of late become less round and more sallow.

"Universities, you know," the objecting trustee remarked as a last shot, "are not just buildings, — they are men!"

The president, conferring in a low voice with another trustee, apparently did not hear the remark made by the Reverend Michael Peel, the popular minister of a large Universalist Church, who had been a thorn in his side since he had been elected to the Board a year ago.

Who was it said that a university consisted of scholars rather than buildings? Some old fellow like Bacon or Emerson, no doubt, who did not know the modern world. The remark, all the same, touched Harris on the raw. Harden had returned to Germany, there to inveigh against superficial American methods. The distinguished physiologist Lovell had retired (euphemism for "quit in disgust"). Axon, the noted chemist, was in a nerve cure, and might never return to active work. The strong younger men were dropping off, decoyed by offers from other institutions, who looked over Eureka's conglomerate faculty and knowingly picked a man here and there. It was easier to detach men from Eureka than it had been in the beginning when hopes were high and promises running freely. The President of Eureka was conscious of the spirit of discontent in his faculty, of the growing criticism of himself, of doubt in his magic power. He must perform a fresh miracle to reclaim the wavering loyalties of his faculty.

So summoning the sturdy Miss Wex, his most expert stenographer, the university president set forth for California where the Founder was spending the winter months in the midst of an orange grove. In Miss Wex's capacious portfolio were the neatly typed pages of the Report on Medical Affairs in Eureka, which set forth the lamentable inadequacy, the dire need of the existing schools of medicine in and about Eureka, together with neatly tabulated statistics of population, doctors, and laboratory equipment, which was like so much ready ammunition that the irrepressible general hopes not to be obliged to use.

There was delay in reaching the ranch where the ex-lumberman was wintering beneath his orange trees, an inexplicable delay, — an interval which Dr. Harris and Miss Wex must spend in a Los Angeles hotel, going over their data. When finally admitted to the presence of the Founder, seated beneath a glossy tree laden with golden balls, Dr. Harris found an impalpable barrier preventing him from approaching the old man in the intimate way of former interviews. The Founder insisted upon talking oranges and climate, and when finally Dr. Harris inserted a few words about Eureka and the proposed Medical School the old lumberman listened glumly a little while, then interrupted querulously, "I am too old to begin new enterprises. I leave all those matters to my Office. Don't you want to try one of my oranges?" and with a skinny hand he proffered a large, red, thick-skinned orange to the university President.

Not another word could be extracted from the Founder. The mouth of the purse had closed tight. Sadly, silently, Dr. Harris and the faithful Wex retraced their way, not to Eureka, but clear across the continent to Washington, D. C., where there had been established, modestly in an old brick house, the office of the Larson Estate. It was on this melancholy journey from coast to coast that Miss Wex first noted symptoms of serious illness in her employer. Entering the compartment where they worked one morning as the train was crossing the arid plateau of Arizona, she found Dr. Harris staring glassily out of the window at the bold outlines of some sandstone cliffs in the distance. His sallow face was almost lifeless and one pudgy hand clutched at his breast. Presently he came to himself, and remarking in a faint voice, at the same

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time pointing to the mountains, "They were not made in a day, Miss Wex," he resumed his dictation. "He must have been having an attack then," Miss Wex later reported. . . .

At Washington that brilliant scheme by which all the existing little medical enterprises about Eureka should be amalgamated into one great medical "trust" to be located next the university campus was submitted to a meticulous scrutiny that took some time. The standing and the assets of the component schools, — so persuasively tabulated in the "data", — were examined with the same cold caution that bankers would apply to a proposed combination of business enterprises, each asset weighed and marked off. "We do not find your scheme attractive," the officers of the Larson Estate said in conclusion. "Besides there are several good schools out there, one run by the State University, — why duplicate plant?" Dr. Harris, who had been waiting the decision in Eureka, knew that it meant the people in Washington had lost confidence in him, would never entrust him with the millions necessary to complete the great Plan. He promptly announced that the new Medical School had been postponed "temporarily" because of the high cost of building, and departed presently on another mysterious absence, whither not even the faithful Miss Wex was allowed to know.

But the facts about the aborted miracle leaked as they will where so many eager minds are interested in finding them out or ready to offer a plausible theory. Walter Snow, who had an intimacy with some underling in the University Treasurer's Office, usually obtained a fairly authentic version of these matters, which he retailed to his circle embellished in his Gascon manner of exaggeration and hearty humor.

"The old man was let down badly this time," he reported. "It was the old trust game you see, and those Washington sharps in the Larson office know that game in and out. So when Harris gave them his prospectus of the new Medical School, they put their accountants to work, examined all the data with a microscope, got a line on the assets and found they wouldn't bring ten cents on the dollar as listed. You know how they do those things! So they told the old man flat, — 'Nothing doing! No Medical School this Christmas, nor anything else in your stocking! Live on your income, my boy!' They say it gave the old man a stroke, and he's had to go to a hospital somewhere in the east. . . . And what's more they've sent out a bunch of appraisers to go over the books of the university and find out where all the money has gone the past dozen years. Yes! A fact. They are over there now in the administration building, — you can see them any morning poking into this and that, from the janitor's cleaning cloths to Dexter's mice and roosters! They've got that ex-parson Treasurer of ours on the run!" So on and so forth, as men will amiably gossip about the mysterious powers which control their destiny.

If his hearers did not take Snow's tale literally or the other rumors flying thickly over the big campus of Eureka University these days, at least they interpreted them as metaphors disguising a truth and were worried. Larson, turning a cold shoulder to Dr. Harris, interposing between him and the university promoter the cold impersonality of an organized corporation? No new gifts, no new buildings, nothing. And the miracle-worker ill, some said dying, already unable to perform his duties, which had been temporarily delegated to Amos Dolittle, the discreet Dean. These were dreary days for Eureka. The biologists, especially, the bubble of the great post-graduate Medical School burst, where they would expand magnificently, were in black gloom.

"It's time to leave the ship," they said disgustedly.

"Ah, Clavey," Norman Beckwith commented in his manner of disguising a bitter tasting truth with a laugh, "it's bad business when they begin foreclosing your second mortgage bonds. The old man is over-extended, and they are calling the bonds. . . . Be sure, Clavey, that you can meet your obligations when they come due, some thirty years hence!"

Clavercin grinned, but as he traced the familiar streets from the campus to the little house on Beechwood Terrace he was thinking, "If that play only makes a hit!" For some manager, desiring momentarily "to give the serious drama a chance," and moved by the success of a "disagreeable" Brieux play in stirring New York

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for a few weeks had agreed to "try out" Clavercin's play on abortion (under another title). "I say Louise," he blurted out to his wife at dinner, "how would you like to pull up and move to New York? Things seem rather going to pot here. Harris ill, no promotions this year."

"Why, Beaman! And just as we are getting so pleasantly settled, with our own circle! Let's wait and see if he does die!"

III

Yet to the President of Eureka sitting haggard in his big swivel chair behind the push buttons there was one consolation these days. The university was attracting students. The campus was fairly abustle with them mornings during the class hours; their figures crowded the sidewalks of the neighborhood, not merely those that led from the railroad station. The letting down of the bars had worked, also the Harris democratization of learning by night and day classes in city centres, and the famous summer school. Dean Dolittle and his nimble assistants could figure out more than ten thousand names in some way registered on the rolls of the university, if for no more than attendance on an entertaining evening lecture course.

The university football team had won the championship of the West for three successive seasons, thanks to the highly paid coach. The fraternities were growing powerful, putting up new houses or buying out the professors who found their homes near the campus too expensive to maintain. Eureka, thanks to all this, was now reckoned among the "Big Six" American universities. It was no longer referred to even in the "Daily Thunderer" as "Barnum's Show" or "The Harris School". On holiday afternoons the streets in the neighborhood of the campus were lined with carriages and the new-fangled automobile, which brought crowds to the football game going on within the cement fortress set apart for athletics. Other thousands tramped up the street from the suburban station, bearing pennants and the usual paraphernalia of collegiate sport. The cheers, like savage roars from an ancient circus, where animals fought, greeted the professors' ears as they emerged from their seminar rooms or library towards twilight. The many windowed walls of the biological laboratories which offered excellent box seats for the show going on across the way were filled by students and laboratory assistants.

Yes, Eureka had abundantly arrived in the American sense, with all the palpable evidences of "a great university". To these students, children of the miles of flat buildings and suburban homes with neat grass plots or fertile prairie farms, Eureka was a fact, something to be proud of. They were not conscious of its physical incompleteness as a university, nor of the canker at its root. There were always teachers in the class rooms, an ample schedule of routine tasks to be performed in order to obtain the "points" necessary to get a degree. There were "marks" and "tests" and "Dean's cards" and "flunks" and "Proms" and "cane rushes" and finally degrees, — all the traditional ritual of "college" in the American mind. What more could one expect? They themselves were making the "life" of the place, moulding Eureka and its faculty, its Board of Trustees, and its benefactors, to suit their own conception of what a university should be, a sort of superior day school where one performed the ritual of knowledge for a few hours each day and the much more elaborate ritual of sport and society the rest of the time, with some sort of "good job" at the far end of the vista and those "happy memories" that "old grads" are supposed to cherish so warmly. *Vive la jeunesse!*

To them it mattered little that the president's soaring plan had been arrested midway; that the great post-graduate Medical School so often heralded and described, its future site pointed out to visiting relatives, still existed only on thin sheets of typed paper; that the young men who taught them "Math" or "English" or "Physics" were of an inferior quality to their predecessors, who had moved away somewhere; that the "older profs" whom they rarely met in the lower classes nursed grievances because of broken promises, bore grudges against colleagues who had more successfully "pulled the old man's leg" for promotion or "facilities"; that it was whispered about that the president himself, traditionally a great man, had some mortal disease which might strike him down any day, — or more

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sinisterly that the rumor of disease was a mere blind to prepare for his removal from Eureka! Nobody really knew about that even among the faculty, unless it were the discreet senior Dean, Abel Dolittle, who was called upon so often to perform the president's functions these days. Possibly Edgar Mallory, that efficient protegé of Dr. Harris, head junior Dean, next to Dolittle in power, also might know more than his good sense would permit him to divulge of what was happening underneath in the apparent calm of academic life: why Dr. Harris disappeared so frequently from the campus; how he had spent the last absence in an eastern hospital being examined and pronounced upon by the experts there, while the faithful Miss Wex sat by his bedside and took dictation at intervals. And how Sanderson (Business Administration) and Jorolman (Education) were gathering their coteries of partisans in the faculty and the Board, in preparation for an event, which might profoundly change the face of things at Eureka.

No wonder that the shrewd Mallory, cognizant of all this and much more, became preoccupied at the Thanksgiving Day football match with the State University team. He attended all the important games in his official capacity, and sat in the president's box in the centre of the grand stand observed by all. To-day Jessica had been prevailed upon to leave her den in the psychology laboratory and to sit beside him with their small daughter, the elder Mallory child. It was a fine day, not too chill for the season, and Jessica Mallory seemed to enjoy the brooding air of the prairie autumn, the gay colors in the crowded arena, the effervescence of youth all around her. Sitting wrapped in mouse-colored furs, her golden hair straying from beneath a fur cap, she looked too young to be the mother of the ten year old girl beside her. She seemed quite detached not only from the little girl and from her husband, but from the college scene itself, beholding it always as a spectator, who keeps strictly to herself the impressions life makes.

"There is Mr. Mudge below on the front row; he is bowing to us," Mallory reminded his wife. He had the prominent citizen's alert eye for discovering in any gathering the people to bow to. Jessica without turning her head kept on smiling at the spectacle of the brawny figures of the State University players now parading across the field. Mudge might be the most important member of the Board, — that meant nothing to her. Her husband knew that her indifference was neither personal nor spiteful; the Mudges did not interest her. And he realized with a sudden twinge that it would not interest her if — anything happened to Dr. Harris and her husband was called to the Presidency of Eureka. To become thus the wife of a university president would bore Jessica dreadfully: she would either ignore the fact altogether or perform her part perfunctorily.

Sombrely brooding over an intricate pattern of possibilities, Edgar Mallory lost all consciousness of the scene and applauded mechanically when the home team appeared in the arena. No doubt people were saying that he had married a rich woman, at least comfortably rich, which would be distinctly in his favor over all his university rivals; but that his wife had taken no part whatever in the social life of the university, holding herself aloof in her laboratory from the faculty wives and their "functions", would be very much against him. Even were she as negligible as good Mrs. Harris, — but whatever might be said of Jessica Mallory she was never negligible! And she had made it quite plain these early years of their marriage that in marrying the ambitious junior Dean of the university she had not married the university. That was what Mallory was thinking about as he applauded mechanically the first rush of Eureka's famous centre. He did not care for sports, regarded their prominence in the university as a necessary bore and evil that no clever executive would dare to suppress because they brought so much prestige to the institution. They must be controlled, indirectly, judiciously. To-day there was little applauding to be done because Eureka was losing. The first rough outburst of glee over the centre-rush's initial performance soon gave way to a dead silence in the grand stand, broken occasionally by the lusty shouts from the opposite benches, which made up in heartiness for what they lacked in volume. Eureka was losing!

"I thought those country boys looked beefier than ours," Jessica remarked at

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the close of the first half when conversation was renewed in the grand stand.

"Our team is overtrained. Too many games this season."

"You'll have to import some of those heavyweights," Jessica jeered good-humoredly. Among his other official capacities Edgar was Chairman of the Eureka Athletic Board. It was a recurrent scandal, with charges and countercharges between universities, with their faculties involved in the undignified wrangle, this decoying of promising athletic material from other colleges and preparatory schools. Mallory had recently prepared a whitewashing report on this matter, which gave point to his wife's jeer. What she did not know and what made it worse was that the one bright star of the Eureka team, the beefy centre, was allowed to play in this game solely through executive clemency. He had failed in his carefully chosen courses and should have been automatically dropped from all athletics, according to regulations. But . . . but! Often the president himself took a hand in these matters, and across the credentials of some promising "athletic material" was inscribed, — "conditions waived by order of the president."

As the second half of the game proceded heavily towards defeat, the junior Dean's face grew more sombre. "She must change that tone," he was thinking. "She must realize how it interferes with my legitimate ambitions for our future." The possessive "our" had an unsubstantial appearance even in thought. "I must tell her frankly what the situation is," and his brooding mind went off to another maze of perplexity. "If it shouldn't be the Presidency of Eureka, why there are other places!" he thought. His restless mind had turned over the "university field" quite thoroughly.

In a final raucous burst of enthusiasm from the "Staters" crowd and a thick gloom on the home benches, the game closed, almost in the dark. Jessica had shown signs of restlessness the last half, but in the president's box they were too conspicuous for her to make an escape. But now, her husband knew well enough, she would try to slip away at the gate in the crowd, to return to her laboratory workshop where, supping on a cup of cocoa and some biscuits which she kept handy in her locker, she would work far into the evening, abstracted, absorbed in some new, fascinaing theory of human behavior. She had done the family act graciously enough at the midday dinner to which had been asked some of the students, a stray instructor or two. This midday dinner, which Mallory liked to have on holidays and Sundays, taxed his wife's endurance. He knew it was better to let her recover from it by herself; otherwise she might have a glum attack. But to-day affairs were too urgent. So when he saw her sidling through the crowd in the direction of Dr. Rudolph Sheimer who was waiting by the gate he said imperatively:

"Jessica, will you come over to the house for a few minutes? I have something important to tell you!"

With a slight frown Jessica composed herself to the inevitable. Sheimer, who had observed her deflection in the direction of the Mallory house, waved a hand above the press, his white face breaking into a little intelligent smile. Mrs. Clavercin who had the Mudges with her came purring up to Jessica.

"Oh, Jessica," she said, "won't you and your husband come in for a cup of tea? With the Mudges you know, and the Cappers too!"

Jessica Mallory, who did not like Louise Clavercin, although she found her more interesting than the average faculty wife, shook her head, without giving excuse or regret. (That was her way, which earned her in some quarters the reputation of having bad manners. Beckwith maintained that the Dean's wife had "no manners," but a manner, — a subtle, but valid distinction.) She followed her husband in ill humor thinking, "She wanted me because of Edgar, to show him off as an intimate, my husband." And she divided her dislike between the objectionable "status" position and Louise Clavercin's obvious social manoeuvre. She did not mind her pushing, artful ways, — she, too, could plot on occasion, but she despised the obviousness and pettiness of the game as played by women like Louise Clavercin. As soon as their door had closed upon them, Jessica demanded, —

"What is it?"

She stood in the hall as if expecting to escape as soon as she had received his important communication.

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"Come in here!"

He spoke more peremptorily than was his custom, because his nerves had been rasped by the variety of his preoccupations. He switched on the lights in the comfortable living-room where the remains of a wood fire were pleasantly smouldering on the hearth, then drew down the shades so that the stream of spectators still filing past the house might not observe them.

"Do sit down!" He fussed for a few moments with the fire, then said abruptly, "Jessica, Dr. Harris is a very sick man!" Mrs. Mallory waited: it could not be to tell her this, which was no longer news in the Eureka world, that he had insisted on dragging her away from her work back to the house.

"He has angina. I heard it from Dolittle who had it from Dr. Sparhawk. Sparhawk was with him at the hospital, for the examination."

"He hasn't looked well for some time," Jessica commented blankly.

"He's a very sick man! They want him to drop everything and go somewhere, abroad, but he won't of course, — not until he gets the Medical School, and I am afraid from what Mudge told me the other day there isn't any chance of that."

"Why not?"

The new Medical School interested Jessica because so many of her friends in the laboratories were counting on it. Even the psychologists expected to come in on psychiatric clinics.

"Larson isn't likely to do much for a dying man," Mallory remarked significantly.

Jessica lighted a cigarette and smoked thoughtfully.

"That's rather brutal."

"Well, they aren't too well pleased with the way things are going in Eureka, the deficits and all that. It's business! There'll be another president in Eureka before long, and he may have different ideas of what is best for the university."

Jessica smoked.

"It lies between me and Sanderson!" Mallory exclaimed, at last.

Jessica, who began to comprehend, said appraisingly, —

"You'd make a good president, Edgar. I hope you will get it if you want it."

Mallory realized ironically the implication of the last remark: in his wife's opinion a college president was a fussy, pretentious, usually ignorant sort of bore. If she had regarded her husband as a scholar, she would not have said that. He must come closer to his thought.

"Of course I want it! It would alter our life, though I am not sure you would like the position."

"What position? I am not going to be President of Eureka!"

"The position of the wife of a university president."

Jessica reflected on this.

"I don't see why it should make such a great difference," she said at last. "You wouldn't expect me to give dinners and stand in line at receptions, much, — and to fuss about a lot of duddy trustees and benefactors, would you, Edgar?"

"It is a prominent position in the community. There are certain inescapable obligations, social and of other sorts," he replied evasively.

Jessica broke into a peal of her light laughter, which was more ironic appreciation than humor.

"Mrs. Harris seems to have escaped them!"

"Mrs. Harris!"

Both recognized the humor of the comparison.

"I am afraid my taking the presidency of the university might curtail your freedom," Mallory observed dryly.

"Well, you aren't president yet," she said practically.

"I hope to be some day! Here or elsewhere. Can't you coöperate in this matter, which is of such vital concern to our future?"

"To *your* future," she corrected crisply.

"I should think in such matters we could hardly make the distinction."

Jessica let that drop flatly. They had been into it before both theoretically and practically. Edgar must know exactly what she thought of the "these twain one" theory of marriage. He had no wish to embark on an arid discussion of the respective rights and duties of husband and wife. To date they had got along by avoiding a too intimate definition of the terms on which they lived. He had recognized from the start that the way to hold the intellectual woman whom he had wooed and won was to make a display of his liberality, his modernity (as he had in his courtship

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when they were both interested in social "movements", settlements and the like). He considered that he had been a very lenient husband, not in the least "possessive" or "monopolistic", two of Jessica's special aversions. He had encouraged and welcomed her achievements in scholarship, including her deflection to Sheimer's department of experimental psychology, — indeed was proud of having such a distinguished woman for his wife. She had her own independent career like a man, which he respected, and so far as could be done he had freed her from the objectionable round of social activity which their position in the university and city involved. He liked these dinners and luncheons and house parties, as he liked speechmaking, and all pleasant social exchanges. They seemed to him human and right. For husband and wife they formed the natural expression of a harmonious dual life. But realizing how they fatigued Jessica, how she resented sacrificing her working hours or an evening merely to "gossip" as she called it, — still more resented "tagging" after a husband! — he had artfully built up a screen between her and their little public, expressed in the formula, "Mrs. Mallory is at her laboratory," or "Jessica has an article she is finishing," as his missionary father might have said, "The wife is at the sewing circle this evening," or in another stratum of society the man would have said, "My wife has gone abroad for a few weeks to be with her sister." There was something distinguished even for the husband in having a wife who published articles that were translated and commented upon in serious foreign reviews, whose signature "Jessica Stowe" (professionally she had dropped "Mallory" as a private "tag") was quite as well known as his own, in a different circle. But there were limits to his masculine tolerance. After all they had entered into the universal contact of coöperative living (modern style for "the sacred bonds of matrimony") which meant more than merely abiding under the same roof and having two children together. Just as he respected her individual work and encouraged it, exonerating her from the household responsibilities that more ordinary wives cheerfully performed, so she must respect the ambition of his life and help him to achieve it, as a woman could help in so many delicate ways. If not that, at least she must not act in such a way as to interfere with the realization of that ambition.

Jessica removed her coat and settled back in her favorite low chair, a sign that she recognized the importance of the occasion, to him, and had given over all hope of escape for that evening.

"You aren't an ordinary woman, Jessica," Edgar Mallory began conciliatorily, "and I think I have always recognized that, — have given you much more freedom than a wife usually has in a stable marriage."

Jessica did not accept any of these terms, but she knew by this time that however modern Edgar Mallory might be in administrative policies and general enlightenment, he still thought in the old "categories", as she called it, about sex and matrimony and women. So she merely smiled to herself.

"At times I have feared that our lives were growing apart, that we were both too busy perhaps to create the sort of home life that endures, that is best for children."

(Jessica who had been waiting for "the children" note smiled again to herself.)

"But it could not be helped, considering your occupations and mine. Now, however, we have come to a point where outwardly at least our lives must coalesce to a much greater degree than hitherto. You would not like to leave Eureka, would you?" he demanded abruptly.

"Why, I hadn't thought about it. I am very well pleased here," Jessica replied, thinking of the laboratory, the conveniences for her work, of Rudolph Sheimer's stimulating help. "Have you any change in mind?"

"Nothing specific," Mallory said hastily, "but I could not be content to remain at Eureka all my life in the position of Junior Dean. There are better opportunities."

"I suppose if you wanted to leave the university — "

"That's just it!" he pounced on his opening. "When it comes to the point you recognize the bond, the obligation of community living!"

It was an unfortunate word. Jessica interrupted wearily.

"Don't let's get into all that, Edgar! I want you to have what you want, of

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course, just as I want certain things for myself, my work, undisturbed. I'd like you to be President of Eureka if you want that, but I can't get out and electioneer for you as the dutiful English wife does!"

"No, but you might easily — "

"Look at it squarely, Edgar! There's nothing I could do to make you president of the university, — that is, that I could do with any content to myself. The fact is that I am more of a hindrance than a help to you in this ambition, my being here as your wife and non-coöperating as you feel. Suppose, then, I eliminate myself altogether?"

"How?" Mallory asked with a swift dread.

"Oh, just spend the next year abroad. You know I have a chance to work under Jung in Zurich. I really would like to do that. Those fellows are doing most in psychology these days. That would give you a perfectly free hand. No doubt my mother could be induced to spend the winter here, now that Brother Alf has finally got himself a wife who promises to be permanent, for a little while. Mother dotes on public appearances as much as I dislike 'em. And that will prove to the world that we are not divorcing each other," she added slyly. She felt that this last point would win.

Edgar Mallory frowned as he considered the proposal hastily from many angles.

"That's possible," he admitted at last.

"Think it over! You will see it is the best way. I know that you'd like me to hang about and play your game as Louise Clavercin could, get close to the right people, take part in university functions and all that. I can't. I am not that sort of woman, — it's too much of a nuisance. You might make up to Louise a bit and work her in somehow as a substitute. She'd dote on that, and she would do it awfully well!"

Jessica laughed with a silvery tinkle, and as if she considered the matter settled satisfactorily she took a book and went upstairs to her room. She felt sure that Edgar would accept this solution, for the present. The idea of Zurich had been in her mind before, vaguely, but she had waited for the opportune occasion, and now it had come. She settled herself to read with growing satisfaction over the way she had managed the situation. Sh was conscious of Edgar's dissatisfactio She was really not the sort of wife fo him, — that was obvious. And yet h would be the first to deny such a stat ment. Like so many human beings h clung tenaciously to what was not goo for him. Besides Edgar had the romanti idea about love, that men and wome never changed in their affections and i they did that they ought to disguise i from each other. He believed that by tak ing thought she could make herself ove into the sort of wife he wanted, — th Louise Clavercin sort. That was quite im possible, and she had no intention of at tempting such a sacrificial operation. Th best she could do, and he must conten himself with that, was not to stand in hi way. Nor he in hers! After all this was th compromise that most marriages ulti mately arrived at, sooner or later. Mar riage, she had already diagnosed, was most imperfect human institution, a least for people of strong individuality.

When she told Rudolph Sheimer casual ly that she was thinking of spending th next winter in Zurich, his pale face flushe suddenly, then as quickly lapsed into it usual passivity.

"Good idea!" he said. "One gets stal after a while working out here!"

Jessica thought that one got stale i more ways than in work.

"Why don't you get a leave of absenc and come over too?" she suggested.

"I might."

"That would be pleasant," Jessica sai evenly.

IV

When the doctors said "angina", Harri did not wince, — perhaps he had known i all along. All he asked was, "How long?" and when told that it depended in part o how he treated himself, that he had bette take a long rest and go to Europe or Cali fornia for the winter, he closed his lip tight with the stubborn look that hi secretaries knew so well. He had othe plans and set about at once to compas them. He must see Larson. The last meet ing in the California orange grove had bee the most humiliating experience of his life and he had no mind to repeat it.

Now, however, it was another matter With death clutching at him, it was n

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onger a question of Medical School or rt School, of that grandiose dream of a ast popular institution made out of the abulous wealth that the old lumberman ad stripped from the forests of a conti- ent. That had been as little an egoistic ream of his own aggrandizement as had een the lumberman's accumulations for is own personal comfort. Both were forces, ne to strip and the other to create afresh; oth converting matter to some end which either was very clear about. "I want," arson had said in the few grave words he ad spoken when he received the doctorate f learned laws, "to make my wealth ertile in new lives, and therefore I am edicating it to education!" And Alonzo Harris might as honestly say, "I have not ought the renown of creating Eureka niversity so much as to make the way of earning possible for the many who desire t!" And now the time had passed for any- hing personal. It never entered his mind o use his sentence of death to secure the Medical School, which had been denied im! The last spurt of life in him must be pent in redeeming his pledges, fulfiling ll the promises he had so prodigally made n his buoyant days, assuring so far as he ould the lives of those whom he had per- uaded or permitted to attach themselves o his dream. He must in the homely ernacular, "make good", or as Beckwith ad dryly phrased it, meet those second ortgage bonds now about to fall due.

What passed between the two men when hey finally met on the sunny terrace of he Larson house in Maryland can never e told. Not even Miss Wex waiting in the Washington hotel for Dr. Harris's sum- nons could guess. However, it became uickly apparent on the president's re- urn to his office that for the time being t any rate, the financial shortage under hich the university had been laboring eavily was relieved. There was a new, omposed, purposeful air about the ebul- ient president, the air of the man who an redeem his pledges and has set him- elf single-heartedly to the task of sorting ut a life's accounts. Miss Wex and her ssistants were kept busy taking down nemoranda, letters to members of the aculty, arranging for appointments with he sick man in his office and at his house. or there was no longer any attempt to onceal the fact, which anybody might know by a single look, that Dr. Harris was a dying man.

On those rare occasions this term when Clavercin caught a glimpse of the presi- dent, he seemed another kind of being, with a dignity, a grandeur about him that Clavercin had never suspected all these years. Wasted, unwholesomely pallid, with dark patches beneath his eyes, obviously, painfully weary, as if each word demanded a special mandate from his will, he sat in his big chair behind the new mahogany topped desk, his sensitive lips more tightly pressed than ever, speaking always in low, husky tones, with rarely that quick toss of the black head and the breaking sunny smile that had so often charmed all sorts of men. When he looked up from his work, his eyes rested on the incomplete Plan of the University, which others must now fulfill, if they could. His unfinished dream, — a rough sketch of the glorious whole! And from the other wall the portrait of the Founder, painted in the silk robe they had put on him when they made the old lumberman a doctor of learned laws, re- garded the president severely as though he were demanding an account of his stewardship. But Harris could look back steadfastly at the odd figure of Larson in cap and gown, as equal to equal. He was dying, his dream unfinished, but he was dying like a man. . . . And every one who was admitted to his presence and sat beside that desk those days was conscious of it.

The pelf, stripped from those thousand miles of denuded forest lands, turned into wood pulp and paper, might be run into other channels, already were being de- flected from Eureka, — to Central Africa, Mongolia, South America. No longer his concern! The university which he had founded must endure, go on into the future, its light burning now dimly, now brightly as fate permitted, shaped by other hands than theirs. Dr. Harris never referred to his own illness. He had never had time for himself, scarcely for his own family, not now when time was most pressing. But all these men and women to whom he was pledged, whom his prodigal faith had sum- moned hither and set to work out his dream, he must think of them. So these letters and meetings, this ceaseless dicta- tion. When he could no longer work he lay back in his big swivel chair, eyes closed, thinking, trying to recall each case, what

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the man wanted, needed, what he had promised him in his large, loose, exuberant way. And for each need his quick mind, still fully alert, found the solution. The Geology Building promised old Noble; for that, Rosenfield, the west side clothing man should furnish the funds. He had promised Tom Bayberry, for years, a separate department of Archaeology and the funds for an exploratory expedition, which the trustees had blocked as another deep hole for a deficit. But now Bayberry should have his dream fulfilled, — Gorridge had half promised the necessary amount for an expedition, so that Bayberry could sail away before it was too late to dig some beauty out of the ancient sands of Africa. So it went, each case, each separate personal longing, each drama of the academic soul, remembered and so far as possible set on the way of accomplishment.

"He must have spent those months when he was dying remembering all he had forgotten from the beginning, every promise he had made or allowed others to make themselves," Beckwith remarked, opening his letter from the president's Office which said briefly, — "Your leave of absence on pay has been arranged for, to begin," etc. Clavercin too was given a leave of absence in which to write, as well as his delayed professorship.

When finally President Harris died sitting in his big swivel chair behind the cluttered desk, his head lolling to one side as when he used to take his short naps between dictations, his mouth relaxed from the firm grip of these lost months of effort, his tired eyes closed for good, the faded Miss Wex remarked in her trite idiom, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant!" The bells soon were tolling from the lofty Campanile, announcing to the university that its creator was dead. Presently the chimes broke out in the familiar "Lead, Kindly Light", which for once did not sound ridiculous.

V

The Crandall bells tolled all that dreary day when they buried the university president in Elmwood, — a hideous spot off in the hinterland of the great city beyond the campus. He should have been placed beneath the floor of the pinnacled chapel which formed the centre of the Plan, but the dream had not got that far before it ended for the dreamer. The bitter November rain turned into a draggled rout the academic procession of capped and gowned men and women, with the students' band playing brassily the Chopin funeral march at the head. An ironic touch for this dead man, who so dearly loved pomp and had so often planned an academic ceremony! If he could have seen his own burial, thought Beckwith, as he slopped along in the procession, Dr. Harris would have been terribly disgusted at being hustled off from the scene of his triumphs in a pitiless downpour under which the half-masted flags hung limply despondent.

As they struggled against the gusts of rain and wind, the members of the faculty talked intermittently of their dead leader, of Eureka and its future, in subdued tones as if depressed by the coming of a twilight over the institution with which their lives were involved. On the way back from the cemetery the long procession broke up into little groups of intimates, who spoke more freely about the succession.

"It will be Sanderson or Mallory," Beckwith averred.

"Of the two I had rather have Mallory. Both are ignorant men," said Caxton judiciously, "but Mallory wants to understand what a university is about. Sanderson merely wants more buildings and adding machines."

"It won't be either," Snow laughed. "They'll kill each other off. It will be Dolittle — the quiet, safe little man!"

"Dolittle!" They scoffed at the idea. Eureka in the hands of the soft-spoken, suave, efficient Dean, who had once been superintendent of schools in some place like Dubuque?

"Yes," Snow, who often had surprisingly accurate information, insisted, "Dolittle has been acting president for a year and more. He has the reins in his hands, has got close to the trustees. They think he is a safe man, far safer than Harris ever was. They were scared of Harris: he carried them too fast. Now they want to sit back and breathe. What do they know about a university? They want the books to balance, the students to come and go like sausages from a machine. Dolittle is their man!"

Glumly the group paused outside the Campanile, each thinking out the application of Dolittle to his own little plot,

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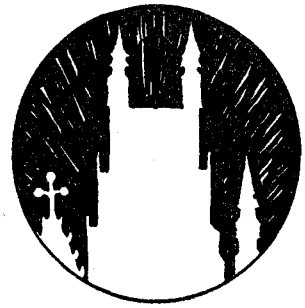
to the university. Clavercin thought, "Dolittle will be scandalized at my play. I'll have to leave the university. That might be a good thing, but there is Louise!" Caxton, who thought in terms of scholarship, saw niggardliness in the administration, the cutting down of appropriations for books and men. Beckwith, who had a large following among the students, understood the Dean best of all. He knew the smallness of his spirit, the little indirect ways he would take to make Eureka common, commercial, popular. "It will be like the Republican machine in its ideals," he thought, "smooth, unscrupulous, without any fineness, — and the student body will feel that, will become like that. Success in saddle! Better even Sanderson and his adding machines than Dolittle!"

All wistfully imaged another Eureka, — what the university might be under a different leadership, — not a Barnum's show of plant and program, not a business "school", nor a fraternity-house-athletic-boys'-and-girls' school; but to Clavercin a home of liberal, civilized thought, to Dexter a city of laboratories inhabited by laborious, devoted, unhampered investigators, free from routine to carry on their researches, to Caxton much the same. To Beckwith the university should be far more, — the nursery of fresh impulses that would recreate the world, the seeding-ground for new leadership. The Dolittles, the Sandersons, even the Mallorys, were content with the world as it was, identified themselves with the powerful, and desired power in order to perpetuate what was. Beckwith was a revolutionist, eager to sow the seeds of change where they might germinate most rapidly, among youth. What would that militant spirit Edith Crandall think of the present situation at Eureka? As if in direct answer the chimes began the afternoon hymn above their heads. Softly, sweetly, lingeringly. Out above the gray rainsoaked campus into the lowering November sky the vibrations floated from a great distance. Somehow those two strong beings sprung from the same soil, this soil, aspiring differently, had come to accord. In the perspective of years their differences would disappear utterly. So with the new president, be he Dolittle or Sanderson or Mallory, — or Beckwith himself. What he might do with the university must merge into the efforts of others, becoming in due time indistinguishable from theirs. The university itself, dream, idea, utility, would go on as long as humanity needed its ministrations, making itself, remaking itself, crumbling to desuetude and futility, like all things human, rising from its ashes in new forms. For as its servants, listening in the gloomy twilight to the bells, each felt dimly in his own way the university was not men any more than buildings, faculty any more than students: it was an aspiration, — and hence enduring.

TO BE CONTINUED



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The editors will be glad to publish brief letters from readers relating to topics discussed by FORUM *contributors, or to any views expressed in these columns*

Cabbages and Kings

Editor of THE FORUM:

Your very clever, delightfully smooth reading, ably presented article in the November FORUM by Elizabeth Robins Pennell, entitled "Making Mediocrity King" is one side of a moot question. If I tell you that I am married, a mother, a former student of that Bryn Mawr of which Mrs. Pennell speaks, and that while writing this reply to her able article I was simultaneously engaged in cooking a meal of lamb chops, baked potatoes, cauliflower, and cottage pudding for my family you will perceive that I am as typical of mediocrity as could be desired. My education coincided with that widespread diffusion of popular education whose results Mrs. Pennell deplores.

I postulate that being admittedly mediocre myself I may be allowed to speak for my class in reply to the advocate of "return to exclusive education for the few." I am a product of compulsory, universal education; lacking the ability to play Beethoven on the piano, I pedal him out on the pianola and rejoice that my feet and certain mechanisms can compensate for the clumsiness of my fingers; living in a town of five thousand where Sothern and Marlowe never play, I not infrequently enjoy an evening at "the movies"; snow-bound in my village I have clamped on the earphones and enjoyed Tschaikovsky a thousand miles away over the radio.

In order that my protest ring true, let me be utterly frank and confess that I "love a good murder", and read the gory details on the front page with morbid interest. But that did not debar me from reading Chaucer's *Knighte's Tale* last night under the reading lamp, nor from telling my children bed-time stories about Odin and Thor and Laocoön and Ulysses. To tell the honest truth I see nothing more salacious on the front page of the "Daily Scream" than in the details of the lives of the gods and goddesses upon Parnassus which I must discreetly expurgate to recount to my tender infants.

I like to think that my education is knit into the fabric of my mediocre life; that, though I can never afford to own a square foot of canvas daubed with paint by a master's hand, I have yet been taught in school and museum to appreciate the master's point of view, so that looking through my mediocre living-room window as twilight gathers I can think sincerely, "It looks just like a painting by Whistler."

In fact, quite fatuously perhaps, I feel that my education has widened illimitably my mediocre horizon; that though my economic status denies me leisure to "gather at an evening banquet to solve by endless talk the problems of art, literature, and philosophy," like the youths of Athens, and though my scanty purse will never permit me to surround myself with a collection of Old Masters or a library of first editions, while my native ineptitude forbids that I put on the "shackles of technique" in either art or music; yet as I go about my mediocre tasks it is given to me, by the grace of

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cheap and extensive education, to look with appreciation upon the massing of color about me, to hum to myself a lovely theme from Tannhäuser which I never hope to see at the Opera, to con over in my mind the beautiful language of some master of literature which I read perhaps in a paper-backed edition. However much it may grate upon the nerves of a "cultured person" to have these precious heritages of the culture of the ages filtered through my "vulgar" personality, to me there is dear delight even in my doubtless mediocre grasp of them.

Therefore I object to Mrs. Pennell's statement that "the world was a more profitable, more civilized, safer place to live in before the blessings of education, in being scattered broadcast, turned into evils."

Was it, I wonder, more profitable a world for the serf, six centuries ago, with iron collar around his chapped neck, who could neither read nor write and owned even the ragged clothes he stood in through the munificence of his educated feudal lord?

Was the world more civilized when masters of technique like Cellini, and patrons of the arts like the magnificent Medici pursued their career "jealous of the fair fame" of their education, through debauchery, rapine, and exploitation of an illiterate peasantry?

Was the world safer when the common people dwelt in thatched hovels and died by tens of thousands from plague and small pox and typhoid for lack of education?

And are not these devices to which Mrs. Pennell takes exception merely experiments in the racial search after that individual expression of universal beauty which in the last analysis is the end of "culture"? The radio, the movie, the phonograph, are they not the aspiration of dumb and common people after the beauty of sound and art and drama that to the gifted few are the unsought, undeserved gift of fortune? Some unknown power endowed Paderewski's fingers with nimble genius; I have ten fingers but no genius. Is that my fault? And am I therefore debarred forever from hearing a Chopin Nocturne? Why is it "vulgar" of me to be humbly satisfied with a pianola since musical genius was denied me?

What if the uncouth, untutored mob is childishly slow at progress in one leap from ignorance to the heights of scholarly knowledge and aesthetic appreciation? Could one expect it of them? What if the common herd, once it is taught its A. B. C.'s, loves its murders on the front page instead of spending Sunday morning with Horace in the original; remember that its ancestral forebear, the mob of Elizabethan England, satisfied the same human cravings by crowding around a public square to see a woman pilloried, or a highwayman drawn and quartered. Has there been no progress there? And can you say that with further education there will be no further refining of common human nature?

What if some of us chuckle over comic strips or decorate our walls with chromos? Surely a scholar should know that knowledge proceeds inevitably from less to greater; that, having denied the great mass of people access to masterpieces of art through centuries, it is invidious to expect them at their first release from darkness to clamor for a Sargent or a Monet to hang on the wall of their humble cot.

"To vulgarize" means, literally, to make common. We speak of our common humanity, our common lot, our common weal. Is it not logical, in the light of the historical interpretation of the long ascent of common mankind from caves and flint arrow and raw meat to the complexity and amenities of our present civilization, to hope that this vulgarization of education in the long run will produce a common art, a common culture, that may raise the common people to a most uncommon devotion to the "tradition of perfection"?

Hills and valleys; the sunlight on the peaks and the shadow over the lowlands make a very pretty landscape for the aesthete; but it is the level field that produces the crop. It may be that the gradual washing down of material from the mountains and the deposit of their substance over the hollows of the barren ground beneath will make the fertile plain of "perfection" upon which may blossom the brightest flowers of our common humanity.

THEODATE GEOFFREY.
Falmouth, Mass.

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Excess "Profit"

In October Jerome Davis answered, in Our Rostrum columns, arguments set forth by Mr. Jules Bache in the September debate, "Is Profit Essential to Business?" Said Mr. Davis: "The profit motive often 'whips up a demand.' For this reason Europeans introduced opium into China against the desire of her people, and England forced her to accept the drug by an opium war. To-day England is sending into China seven million tons of this narcotic annually."

Editor of THE FORUM:

It surprises me that you have permitted such a statement as that in Jerome Davis's letter, — that "England is sending into China seven million tons of this narcotic (opium) annually," — to go unchallenged. I find it difficult to be civil in characterizing so grossly untrue and so libelous a statement. But for those of your readers who may accept as fact whatever may emanate from such academic sources you will agree, I am sure, that a correction will be useful.

DALLAS D. L. MCGREW.

Tokyo, Japan.

Mr. Davis makes the following correction:

Editor of THE FORUM:

Thank you for calling my attention to the error in my letter to the FORUM. The statement should have read "pounds" instead of "tons". This was a slip of mine in copying from my notes. It would probably have been better not to use "To-day" also, as we cannot tell accurately how much is being smuggled in although we know that the amount is large. In other words the sentence should read, "Larger and larger amounts of opium were shipped in annually until there were over seven million pounds going in annually from British territory." This change does not affect my argument at all and the record of the English Government in the opium traffic in China is such as to make any one who calls himself a Christian blush to think it was done in the name of a Christian nation.

JEROME DAVIS.

New Haven, Conn.

Popularizing Propaganda

Editor of THE FORUM:

After reading the Pedestrian's article on Propaganda the thought flashed into my mind electrically: why not organize and circularize reactions to a good idea? The Pedestrian's friendly little talk, although apparently philosophic and forbearing of human frailties, seems to me but to half conceal a very definite and emphatic message which should not only be circularized but amplified and broadcast to the world at large.

Almost everybody understands the principle of salesmanship as applied to the commodities necessary for human existence. What the Pedestrian subtly suggests, but leaves to the reader's mental activities to interpret and translate into terms of common understanding, is that from the time we are born we are busy trying to sell ourselves, — to our parents, our teachers, our friends, our employers, our audiences, even our enemies.

As the agent at the door extols the virtues of his particular kind of egg-beater so does the insurance man urge upon his prospects the advantages of his special line of commercialized protection. If you ask at the neighborhood drug-store for a good corn-remedy the pharmacist will offer you the brand he puts up himself when he has proprietary articles on his shelves that sell for a higher price.

Now the question is how can we go about it both to popularize and stabilize this principle of salesmanship as applied to the important phases of everyday life; not only to warn the public against poor razors but against poor policies of government and low standards of human conduct?

It seems to me that there may be a grave danger in all this intensive advertising; a danger that hinges frequently upon elements of chance and circumstance. It is one thing to risk a fortune on a card game or a horse race; quite another to invest a twentieth part of the same amount in a philanthropic enterprise from which there is no guaranteed reactionary thrill or kick.

Now I rather admire the Pedestrian's coatless crusader. I think he should have our loyal support in his stupendous undertaking; and that as long as he is doing inside work he is exceedingly wise to keep

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his shirt on for fear of drafts; but if he ever gets out in the wheat fields to pitch bundles on a July day he will probably peel that too and hang it on the nearest fence. In which eventuality I hope the Pedestrian will be strolling along with his palm-leaf fan, pencil, and note-book to get the right dope on the situation.

IRMA THOMPSON IRELAND.

Louisville, Ky.

Editor of THE FORUM:

Now isn't that just like a woman, to go you one better, — or one worse? I hope I am not making a discourteous gesture when I heartily condemn her scheme. She would use more propaganda, — only this time to good ends. As if that were not what most of them think they are doing! The most dangerous propaganda afloat is that of people who are sure of high motives. In point of fact, high motives, when they are translated into propaganda, turn easily into high-handed motives. No, we want a moratorium from *all* propaganda, — good or bad.

THE PEDESTRIAN.

Food for Thought

Editor of THE FORUM:

On page 682 of the November FORUM, Mr. Rollin Lynde Hartt says that the Fundamentalists "are not only Prohibitionists, they are extreme Pacifists, who have forced Protestantism to announce openly its resolve never again to defend America in time of war." This appears to me a curious reversal of the facts. For every prominent Fundamentalist he can name among the Pacifists he reprobates, I undertake to name three well-known persons of other theological views among them. Indeed, I believe he would be puzzled to name five well-known Fundamentalists among those responsible for the Pacifist policy he deplores. So far as I have been able to gather, the students and other young people whose Pacifist activities have so troubled militant Christians like Mr. Hartt are far from Fundamentalist in their theology. On the contrary, Pacifism is a prominent feature of that sad falling away from the Faith of the Fathers which is called the Youth Movement.

CHARLES E. EDGERTON.

Ithaca, N. Y.

Editor of THE FORUM:

The long discussion on Catholic and Protestant questions has been most enlightening. Many things have been brought out which have given both sides food for constructive thought. That helps the country, for we see reasons for things hitherto not clear. It perhaps will make us pause in our choice of men and women for public or other influential positions. I have wondered why the controversy in the Protestant church itself would not be worthy of discussion as well. The splendid article by Rollin Lynde Hartt has set that ball rolling, and I await with interest the other articles that may follow.

The vicious attack on liberal thought is apparently made by persons who are either afraid, or who refuse, to think. They fear to let go old traditions. Nor is this strange for many of the old religious beliefs were based largely on fear.

The signs of the times are most hopeful, when we have a broadminded and clear-thinking press which sets forth both sides and gives each alike the great privilege of choice.

ALICE DAY BOWEN.

Medford, Mass.

Editor of THE FORUM:

Notice please, the list of sins Mr. Hartt blames the Fundamentalists for:

Prohibition: Which started about the middle of the Nineteenth Century.

Never again to defend America in time of war: This is untrue.

Anti-evolutionists: They are such only when men teach theory as facts. They do not demand removal of any book from a library.

State censorship: Notice what they censor! Yes, thank God, they have some respect and shame left.

Recreation on Sunday: Read the requests these people make and not let Mr. Hartt lead you astray.

Ku Klux Klan: This is such a joke mentioned as Mr. Hartt mentions it that it is unworthy of notice. But for a look in remember the Ku Klux Klan was formed years ago, had nothing to do with the Church then and does not now. Mr. Hartt would have you believe the Ku Klux Klan was a Fundamentalist order.

H. H. BLACK.

Central Bridge, N. Y.

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Editor of THE FORUM:

In his "Disruption of Protestantism" Rollin Lynde Hartt alleges that "Two religions, — so different that, if the one is true, the other must be false, — exist side by side within the confines of Protestantism;" and he makes no secret that in his opinion Fundamentalism is the "false." Nevertheless he predicts that eventually we shall have "three great, splendid unified churches in America, — the Papal-Fundamentalist, the non-Papal Fundamentalist, and the Liberal." That is, he foresees two-thirds of religious America impregnated with what he considers "false," but he hails the vision as great!

In his presentment of the "two religions", he accredits Fundamentalism with Prohibition and the anti-war pronouncement. But Modernism claims its share in these things and serves warning that it will function increasingly in such matters; that it must bring "the spirit of Christ" into world-questions. Consequently, Dr. Fosdick blows the anti-war trumpet in Switzerland.

It is true that Fundamentalists like Mr. Bryan opposed Liquor and War, but no intelligent Modernist would allow that this was distinctive, seeing that the "two religions" without distinction worked together on these questions. The point of cleavage between them cannot be seen in these or kindred matters. Nor can the characteristics of the two parties be discerned in activities of that sort.

The dispute at Dayton, Tennessee, reveals the point of cleavage and exhibits the characteristics. And it makes plain that the intense feeling manifested never sprang from questions about legislation but from diametrically opposite beliefs on fundamental things.

Modernism alleges man's evolution from this and that according to immutable law, and declares he contains within himself the elements of salvation from vital injury and needs no outside intervention. It also affects to exhibit "the spirit of Christ" but rejects dogma regarding His Person. It says, if you admire His character and walk in His ways, no injury is sustained by rejecting dogmas as to Who He is! Its motto is "The religion of Jesus, but not about Jesus!"

Fundamentalism believes that man is fallen and therefore lawless; that he needs one without sin and exempt from its penalty to meet his liabilities and bring him under control. It recognizes not "the spirit of Christ" but lack of regard for Him in those who shelve the question of Who He is. In the motto "The religion of Jesus, but not about Jesus!" it discerns a heart of stone.

R. J. REID.

Clifton, N. J.

What Price Professors?

Editor of THE FORUM:

I have been chortling gleefully over Frank Bohn's article, "$50,000 for Professors", in the October FORUM. It is packed full of good things, and I am recommending all my friends to read it.

When he says that "our colleges and universities suffer primarily from elephantiasis," that they "are smothered by a throng of incompetent students who should never have been sent up from the preparatory schools," and that "again and again our American students return from their studies in Europe and report that their American college degree represents no more than a course in an English public school, French *Lycée*, or German *Gymnasium*," he is stating no more than sorrowful facts which have long been known to those who have given serious thought to the matter of American "higher education."

It may sound cruel to say that they should be barred from the opportunity to acquire, as Mr. Bohn says, "the cultural seeds of yesterday: the enjoyment of wide reading, or the decencies and refinements of intellectual conversation, or the quiet thinking and aesthetic understanding in which all seeds of culture must spread or their roots quickly perish."

If a surgical operation were performed on our high schools our colleges would be in a healthier condition. Getting a high school diploma is too easy an affair. Electives and "fancy" courses make it easy for any boy or girl who is not totally blind, deaf, dumb, or imbecile to gain the necessary credits for a diploma which will open the door to a university.

I have known football heroes who had credits for "Glee Club", "Band", "Physical Education", "Manual Training"; and girls who got through with the help of

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"Sewing", "Art", and "Expression". "Expression", — heaven save the mark! Who ever knew of a woman who needed to study Expression? In this particular school "Expression" consisted chiefly in taking part in a school play and being able to recite "Mary's Little Lamb", with appropriate gestures.

And it is everlastingly true, as Bohn says, that a democracy cannot endure without an aristocracy, — an aristocracy of learning. Most of our dropsical, bloated "universities" are not turning out such an aristocracy of learning. Mr. Bohn again hits the nail on the head when he draws attention to the American passion for worshiping quantity rather than quality. But, unfortunately, governing minds are not turned out like Ford cars.

B. C. D'EASUM.

Coeur d'Alene, Idaho

Editor of THE FORUM:

Frank Bohn's very interesting paper, "$50,000 for Professors", is but a modern variation of that ancient plaint of humanity, "give us back the good old days." Idealization of the past at the expense of the present has been in vogue, probably ever since Adam, perplexed by new problems of domestic administration, looked back with longing eyes to the simpler days of his vanished youth. In the afternoon, all shadows are hidden for one looking back into the east.

The peculiar restricted cultural education whose passing Mr. Bohn so deplores did play a great part in shaping early America and so helped lay the foundation of our present. Owing to more conservative backgrounds in English life this influence has there been projected further into the new age than with us. But in those far-flung fertile lands where England has taken lusty root, sending forth branches that bid fair some day to overshadow the parent stem, do the ideals and culture of Oxford and Cambridge quite share in the new growth? Those great commonwealths, like America, have not abandoned aristocracy and all the things that go along with it as a mere experiment, — they simply outgrew it long ago.

One may not eat one's cake and have it too. The things for which Mr. Bohn sighs, splendid things they were, are the very handicaps from which civilization is moving away — relentlessly. In a few coastal cities of our South, notably in Charleston, the old order has lingered but because of its survival the quiet towns have all but lost step with the giant that is America to-day. One meets in them rather the pathos of the afterglow, of lavender and old lace, than the throb of steel and steam and concrete that marks the progress of the race toward a fuller, better life for the average man. Looking back through the years, the event seems to teach that in education as in all other social contacts only what is good for the swarm can be good for the bee.

E. T. H. SHAFFER.

Walterboro, S. C.

Editor of THE FORUM:

I have been looking over the October number with much interest. Incidentally, however, I find myself in distinct opposition to Dr. Frank Bohn. I cannot imagine any policy more destructive of the moral and spiritual influence of the colleges in this country, than that of offering to their professors the relatively very large salaries suggested by Dr. Bohn's article. One has only to think of what happened to the friars and monastic orders in Europe during the Renaissance, to see the effect of wealth and luxury upon teaching bodies.

A. E. KENNELLY.

Cambridge, Mass.

Borah's Path to Peace

In the August issue of THE FORUM, *Senator William Edgar Borah presented, in "The Fetish of Force", his new Pan-American Policy. Each month critics and champions of the proposed plan will state their views in these columns.*

Editor of THE FORUM:

If what the Senator proposes can be carried into effect, even to a modest degree, it will be a distinct advance. He quotes with most earnest approval a provision of the draft prepared by the American Institution of International Law. It relates to the occupation by force of any portion of the territory of an American Republic by any other such republic. I would go a little further than is proposed. As Central and South American States.

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rightly or wrongly, seem to have more apprehension of the possibility of such aggression on the part of the United States than they have with reference to each other, and as we have no fear of it from any one of them, it would seem to be desirable that we should declare against such aggression without waiting for any codification of inter-American law.

But, before doing that, I should like to be assured as to two points. First: we have not yet reached the era of perpetual peace. In the event of war, which is still legal under international law, we or some other American State might have to eat the words of the provision quoted on page 242 which prohibits occupation for *any* reason, or at any time, or under any circumstance, whatsoever. This, of course, would be met as far as possible, if the proposed codification provides for the outlawry of war under any circumstances, and substitutes therefor the only thing that can take its place, — universal and obligatory arbitration as among all American Republics, or acceptance of the judgment of some kind of International Court.

Second: as a believer in the Monroe Doctrine I would like to know what limitation, if any, would result in the application of that doctrine by the provision that "no nation has a right to interfere in the foreign affairs of an American Republic against the will of that Republic." It is conceivable that the foreign policy of some such republic may very directly lead to what the Monroe Doctrine is intended to prevent, and that "friendly and conciliatory action" may be of no avail in the maintenance of that doctrine. The foregoing remarks are, however, merely *obiter dicta*.

TASKER H. BLISS.

Washington, D. C.

Reverend Donnelly Defends Himself

Kate Sargent, in her article, "Roman Catholicism in Massachusetts," quotes from a circular against the Chamberlain Bill, issued by Reverend Francis P. Donnelly, S. J., of Holy Cross College, Worcester. "In it," states Mrs. Sargent, "he referred to 'the unnecessary, futile, and dangerous physical training bill.'"

Mr. Donnelly here presents his side:

Editor of THE FORUM:

I am singled out for mention in your November number and I beg your leave to restore briefly the context to the words quoted from a pamphlet of mine that I may not be misunderstood. The proponents of the bill had been resorting to vigorous propaganda, and I was given one of their pamphlets to answer. Their chief argument was drawn from the statistics of rejection under the Draft Law. I showed that the excess of physical rejections was due to three causes: First, the large number of accepted volunteers before the draft, all physically perfect. Massachusetts was up at the top of the list in volunteers; second, the large number of foreign-born of the draft age who had more numerous rejections than native-born. Massachusetts had more foreign-born adults than most of the States; third, the urban character of Massachusetts' population. Massachusetts had more people living in cities than all States except Rhode Island. Now the rural districts showed up five per cent better than the urban in physical condition for war.

The proposed measure, I argued, was "unnecessary" because all schools had sufficient legislation under local authorities. The measures were "futile" because they could not affect foreign-born adults or change the nature of the population of Massachusetts. The measures were "dangerous" because they did not provide that the one who was to have control would be elected and have the requisite qualities. They were "dangerous", too, in tending towards excessive centralization. The measures were advocated to remove draft defects, but as these defects were in most cases congenital or due to the industrial nature of Massachusetts it was "quackery" to say that a law of this kind could remove them.

In all this, Mr. Editor, I gave not a single thought to the Pope of Rome, but solely to my rights and duties as an American citizen, working for the fair name of Massachusetts, which the proponents were defaming, and working for rights guaranteed by our Constitution, and upheld by the Supreme Court, rights which are of benefit to all.

FRANCIS P. DONNELLY.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

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Ditto Marks

The towns of the United States have not all gone to pot, — but they have all gone to something. It's hard to name. It's a deadly alikeness. You see one and you see them all. Travel has no thrills. Leave Wallingford, Connecticut, by airship and in a few hours land in Anacortes, Washington. What do you find? Boy Scouts running around looking for trash to celebrate clean-up week. What did you leave behind in Wallingford? Boy Scouts running around looking for trash to celebrate clean-up week. No use; suppose you find Indians in Washington, they are dressed up in Campfire girl regalia learning how to build fires without matches.

There is no East or West. No, nor South; and Alaska has improved shockingly. They have drives there and luncheons and Chambers of Commerce; and weigh the babies!

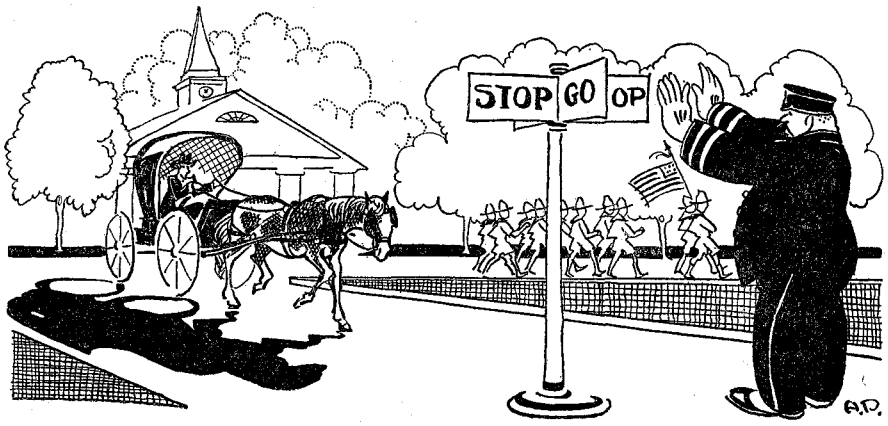
No! There are no un-improved towns left. There was North Branford, Connecticut. A few years ago it went lazily down its wide and only street where old elms went shamelessly un-shaven and uncombed and stretched down in their happy-go-lucky way to snatch wisps of hay from slow-going wagons. It was off the automobile road; it had no organizations except the white Congregational Church and a nice old grange. But improvement has seeped in, and, — as Mr. Carpenter of Carpenter's geographical reader would say, — "The telegraph, the automobile, radio, the flying machine, and the moving picture have changed all this." And while I have never heard that they have a waste paper week, I know this to be a fact, that they have get-together dinners for civic betterment and Americanization classes for the Italian family that bought the old Hubbard place; and that they paved the little path that went dandelion-edged underneath the elms.

It is so everywhere. There are no decent, small towns left. Even now every town that is large enough to have a few orphans for Christmas trees — has its Elks. The Rotarians, the Eagles, the American Legion, and a Central Labor Council are spread like butter on bread. The Salvation Army follows and catches any lost souls and leaves nothing to be improved. Soon Oceanville, Maine, will be exactly like Pittsburg, California.

One wonders though about Oceanville. I pray that they may not have improved out of square dances and that they do not shimmie through "The Soldier's Delight", and that they have not civic-centred yet. And "proud old Natchez" in Mississippi, I pray that she also goes un-improved and carries passengers still in hacks. Oh, Lord, hacks with horses, I pray!

This is not against improvement. Improvement must come and babies must be weighed and adenoids must be removed and men must meet to hear speakers and there must be women's clubs to hear celebrated English authors when they come to America, — it's the inevitableness of the machine age. But where will it end? Probably as all perfected things end, — as the famous one horse shay ended. All I can say is this — lugubriously — those who contemplate travel had best start soon or there'll be nothing to see but ditto marks.

KATE MULLEN.



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They swayed about upon a rocking-horse, and thought it Pegasus. — *Keats*

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In this department there will appear each month signed reviews by at least two members of THE FORUM BOOK REVIEW BOARD, *reviews by special assignment, and an occasional unsolicited review. The last are paid for upon publication at the rate of fifteen cents a line. They are limited to 300 words.*

The Man Himself

Mr. Rollin Lynde Hartt in his book THE MAN HIMSELF (Doubleday, Page, $2.50) does not hesitate to tell us just exactly what Jesus thought, about Himself and His mission; nor does Mr. Hartt feel obliged to qualify his interpretation by saying: "This is what I *think* that Jesus thought." He is sure, absolutely sure, that his interpretation is the correct one, and the only one.

Perhaps this sense of certainty on the part of an author is necessary if he is to get his interpretation across to his readers vigorously and appealingly; obviously, unless a man is electrically alive with conviction he cannot hope to communicate it. And Mr. Hartt's aim is to convince. He is not discussing his subject with the cool detachment of a mildly interested philosopher; he hopes for converts to his point of view. He wishes as many of his readers as possible to see Jesus just as he sees Jesus, for he believes quite sincerely that if they do, more of them will be inspired to the imitation of Jesus; he believes himself to be clearing away a lot of useless rubbish that has cluttered up the approach to the fountain of spiritual truth; it is his own mission, — it is a spiritual obligation laid compellingly upon Mr. Hartt himself, — to communicate his perception to the people of his time for their eternal good. The intention is so honest, the motive is so beneficent, that it is impossible not to respect the interpreter.

And no doubt Mr. Hartt is quite prepared for the probability that his authoritative manner may offend many persons who are equally certain that their own interpretations of Jesus are the only authentic interpretations. And he certainly does speak as one having authority. Here are a few quotations:

> "There is a profound spirituality in the old Jewish classics if you read into them a meaning their authors never intended. . . ."

I should have thought, myself, that the author of, let us say, the Book of Job, intended to put into it about what we get out of it to-day.

And he says of Jesus:

> "That He was founding a new religion that would go on, indefinitely,

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evolving strange theologies, building cathedrals, forming vast organizations, and reconstructing society, never occurred to Him."

I should think the point debatable, myself. It may not have occurred to Jesus. On the other hand, it may have occurred to Him that some such result would come from His teachings; I do not feel like limiting His vision of what His words and works would do in the world to this extent, and I am not willing to allow Mr. Hartt or anybody else to limit His vision for me. Another quotation:

"Like other Jews of His day He held quaint notions about disease."

What notions did Jesus hold about disease? I have a notion which I hold as to how Jesus cured disease, perhaps; but it is not necessarily the notion of Mr. Hartt. Mr. Hartt says:

". . . the general impression was that He cured by the direct intervention of Almighty God . . ."

And later, speaking of the followers of Jesus:

"As for the real clinics, they were practically the same as those of the Nazarene. Healers insisted on implicit faith. They applied suggestion through the sense by touching the patient or by grasping the hand."

Personally, I think the point is debatable as to whether Jesus and His followers healed by a direct spiritual intervention, or by the application of suggestion through the senses; yet Mr. Hartt tells me flatly and with authority that these healings were accomplished by suggestion through the senses, by the application of a kind of so-called psychic power; and it is my notion that what is to-day known as psychic power is not the same thing at all as spiritual power. I may be wrong; he may be right; there is at least an opening for argument.

Not to continue these quotations indefinitely, Mr. Hartt in almost every chapter of his book, and with regard to almost every reported action of Jesus, sweepingly and unqualifiedly asserts as true things which I believe to be at least debatable, things which I believe could reasonably be interpreted differently, — which have in fact been interpreted differently. In short, in sweeping away what he considers to be a mass of irrelevant dogma obscuring the real character of Jesus, Mr. Hartt himself is as dogmatic as anybody ever has been. Perhaps he has had to be in order to make his impression definite and forcible.

The value in a book of this kind lies not in the converts it will make to the specific point of view of the author. It lies in the possibility that it will send many readers to the Gospels, — men of every Christian denomination, and men connected with no organized church, who call themselves free-thinkers and agnostics, — and that each of them will endeavor to find or make his own point of view; and that in doing so he will fall under the spell of the teachings of Jesus.

DON MARQUIS.

A Trivial Portrait

Of all the great English novelists, Dickens is the only one who enjoyed a reputation before he was thirty. Mr. Walpole achieved something like fame by the publication of *Fortitude* at the age of twenty-nine; the splendid promise of that interesting though verbose work was fulfilled in three admirable works of art, — *The Green Mirror*, *The Cathedral*, *The Old Ladies*. Now the busy author has taken a vacation in the composition of PORTRAIT OF A MAN WITH RED HAIR (Doran, $2.00). I have no objection to his amusing himself with writing this story; my objection is to his publishing it.

No critic has any jurisdiction over an author's territory; if a realist wishes to invade the fields of romance, it is nobody's business but his own. For my part, I cannot say that I prefer in general realism to romance. All I want is a good story well told. I say this because I have in advance no preconceived theory as to what kind of book Hugh Walpole or any one else should write; and because Floyd Dell, who has chosen to write a beautiful book called *Runaway* has been roundly abused by those reviewers who thought they had him classified. I had rather read a good romance like *Lorna Doone* than a dull novel like *The Green Hat*. I had rather read a fine novel like *Esther Waters*

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than a nickel-plated romance like *The Strolling Saint.*

My lament in reading *Portrait of a Man with Red Hair* is not that it is a romance, but that it is so excessively unimportant. It is simply one more mechanical tale of mystery, crime, and a beleaguered damozel. The red-headed villain is finally chucked out of the window, like the sly butler in *The Green Goddess.*

By the way, why do we say black-*haired*, brown-*haired*, yellow-*haired*, and red-*headed?*

When I was a child it was considered a misfortune to have red hair. A boy, if so handicapped, had to demonstrate his right to live with his fists; a girl suffered from daily insults, in which the word "carrots" was the least offensive. Later, owing perhaps to various novelists, red hair lost its sting, became often, indeed, an enviable possession. I hope that the probable popularity of this wild yarn will not bring the redheads back into opprobrium.

Of course this book is well written; its author is a literary artist. The opening chapters are exceedingly fine; I find them more interesting than the later developments of the plot. It is a story of villainy, insanity, torture, and horror; but I did not care for it, and awaited the outcome with complacency.

A man who has shown magnificent ability in *The Cathedral* and in *The Old Ladies* ought not to publish a triviality like this. Let the second-raters write the thrillers; they have their day and cease to be. But Mr. Walpole, with a well-earned and hard-won place among the leading writers of our time, should run his race unhindered by excess baggage. He insists that this story is "readable"; I found it not nearly so readable as *The Old Ladies.*

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS.

"The Higher the Fewer"

DIONYSUS IN DOUBT, Edwin Arlington Robinson. (Macmillan, $1.75.)

COLLECTED POEMS OF H. D. (Boni & Liveright, $2.50.)

CARAVAN, Witter Bynner. (Knopf, $1.50.)

FOR THE MORNING, James Russell McCarthy. (Doubleday, Page, $1.75.)

MIRRORS, Margaret Todd Ritter. (Macmillan, $1.25.)

SLOW SMOKE, Lew Sarett. (Holt, $2.00.)

The higher the altitude, the fewer the venturers. Which is as true symbolically as it is geographically. Applied to poetry it has a particular significance, a definiteness that is proved by every publisher's catalogue, and is emphasized by the six volumes at hand. The first two overtop the others even as they loom above all this season's collections of verse. Edwin Arlington Robinson and H. D. dwell upon stark eminences though their peaks belong to separate ranges. Robinson's *Dionysus in Doubt* has already provoked a controversial tempest because of its acidulous title-poem and the more vitriolic *réplique*, "Demos and Dionysus", which concludes the volume. There are those who concede that both poems are excellent anti-Prohibition tracts but on the whole, rather pedestrian verse; others maintain that, though the poetry is outspoken enough, its value as propaganda is negligible. The present reviewer finds that the pair combine to make one of the most biting arraignments of our standardized civilization ever printed, disguised as a scornful condemnation of the Eighteenth Amendment, an attack which is as Robinsonian (in the best sense) as "The Man Against the Sky". The new volume is further distinguished by two long psychological studies which will take their places well to the front in that great gallery of Rembrandt-like portraits in which are "Miniver Cheevy", "Flammende", "The Gift of God", and "Ben Jonson Entertains a Man from Stratford". No psycho-analytical poet has ever traced, — or, for that matter, will ever delineate, — a more delicate study of cross-play and frustration than "Mortmain"; no dramatic dialogue has ever found lines more probing than "Genevieve and Alexandra."

But, even were all these omitted from Robinson's latest offering, the eighteen sonnets which adroitly divide the volume in three sections would make it one of its author's most admirable works. Several of these sonnets are already famous. "The Sheaves", an unusually picturesque evocation, has been quoted so often that the reader may be led to underrate

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"Haunted House" in which a ghostly drama is projected into fourteen lines; "Karma", with its whiplash satire; "Reunion", that cadence of frustration, and the mordantly witty "New England", which I quote:

Here where the wind is always north-north-east
And children learn to walk on frozen toes,
Wonder begets an envy of all those
Who boil elsewhere with such a lyric yeast
Of love that you will hear them at a feast
Where demons would appeal for some repose,
Still clamoring where the chalice overflows
And crying wildest who have drunk the least.

Passion is here a soilure of the wits,
We're told, and Love a cross for them to bear;
Joy shivers in the corner where she knits
And Conscience always has the rocking-chair,
Cheerful as when she tortured into fits
The first cat that was ever killed by Care.

In assembling H. D.'s three slender volumes and adding some of her most recent work, the publishers have presented one of the most important poets of the period in one remarkable collection. Though H. D. has been writing since the days when she was recognized as the only true Imagist, she has not produced more than an ordinary bookful of poems, — "few indeed," as Meleager said of Sappho, "but those roses." The quotation is not inappropriate, for H. D. recalls Sappho not only in her stripped imagery, her love of roses and bitter-sweets, but in her passion for perfection. So much has been written of H. D.'s form and her technique, so many tributes rendered to her cool clarity, her extraordinary condensation, the rare and subtle music of her shifting vowels, that one is likely to forget the poignance which is at the very core of this poet's suffering and ecstasy. Every page bears witness to her inevitable beauty; it is, perhaps, most pronounced in the lyrical "Holy Satyr", the tearing "Mid-day", the almost playful "Heliodora" and that luminous elegy which ends:

Nor word nor touch nor sight
  Of lover, you
Shall long through the night but for this:
The roll of the full tide to cover you
  Without question,
  Without kiss.

One of the most modern among contemporary poets, she has risen far above the boundaries of any school or movement; her work, as I have written elsewhere, discloses a poet responsive to pain as well as to effects of light, a woman aroused by loveliness, shocked by brutality, affected by all those manifestations which are too old to be timely, too recurrent to be ancient.

It is a decided decline to the ledge occupied by Witter Bynner. Bynner, to do him justice, has breathed more rarefied air than arises from the pages of CARAVAN. He is, by nature, a gallant mountain climber, even though he chooses broad paths and comfortable gradients. But there is something about his stride, something about his carriage that is graceful without being affected, half-heroic without theatrical gesticulation. "Pallor" is, perhaps, the most winning poem in this volume; "The Old Men and the Young Men" the most defiant; "A Son Of Earth" (which I reprint) the most characteristic:

I look away to the valley,
Though darkness comes there soon,
And though the moon has risen,
I look away from the moon.

Is it the ache of boyhood,
Dreaming among the dews,
Or the frozen breadths of wisdom
That a son of earth would choose?

Another step, or rather a whole flight, down brings us to John Russell McCarthy's FOR THE MORNING and Margaret Tod Ritter's MIRRORS. The sincerity and what might be called the poetic eagerness of both is evident. Equally evident is that dilution of ecstasy in a plethora of pretty words, that substitution of neatness for grandeur which is the mark of the minor poet. It should be said at once that no sneer is intended; the minor poet suffers the same pangs and thrills with the same beauty that incites the major poet. Both aspire to the heights. But whereas the latter, climbing uncharted tracks or plotting his own trail, wins to the summits, the weaker singer, too timorous to attempt uncertain paths, is content with vicarious adventures, — and remains, pathetically dreaming of ascent, in a bog of generalities. This is exactly what Miss Ritter does. She has seen the white peaks; sometimes, she advances toward the dangerous slopes. But, after a breathless moment, she is glad to fall back to the lower levels, to the lukewarm air of familiar poeticisms, to "the immortal pipes of Pan", "Spring's enchantment",

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Beauty's "lyric charm and potent ecstasy". Mr. McCarthy, less mannered than Miss Ritter, is also less interesting. He can, at infrequent intervals, stir the reader with "Come Down, Walt Whitman!" and "Pelican" but far too much of his volume is in this key:

> The high hills for the young feet,
> The stream for me and you —
> And far the fair green meadowlands
> Dream through the wonder-blue!

Lew Sarett has been forging upward ever since his *Many, Many Moons*. In SLOW SMOKE he emerges on a clear space which, if not a plateau, is higher than any previously attained by him. His first two volumes were distinctly if not predominantly Indian-flavored; the new book reflects Sarett's more general experiences as guide and forest ranger. There is wind and smoke in these adventurous pages; such poems as "Feud", "Tamarack Blue", and the much quoted "To a Wild Goose over Decoys" are rugged but not rough, compassionate but seldom sentimental. "The loam and lingo" to quote Carl Sandburg, "the sand and syllables of North America are here." Sarett has made his material a part of himself; it is to be hoped that, with another volume, his idiom will be equally his own.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

Porgy

The appearance last year of Julia Peterkin's *Green Thursday* with its simple, warmly human plantation Negroes, marked a change of the current in the handling of Negro themes which will define itself even more sharply as the literature of the South and of the Negro matures. It revealed a new and sudden appreciation of the artistic importance of this neglected wealth of folk life, which is further evidenced in the present industry to collect and record those sparkling gems of Negro folk song and poetry scattered and half buried beneath the accumulating layers of education and sophistication.

Du Bose Heyward's PORGY (Doran, $2.00) is a finished string of these gems, flung with a grave rapture across the white bosom of the South. Like Julia Peterkin, he is a native of South Carolina, but more than this, he is a poet whose reputation extends quite beyond the limits of his State. *Porgy* is a story of Negro life in Catfish Row, the black quarter of romantic old Charleston, with two central characters, — Porgy, a shrewd, crippled beggar endowed with a dull, groping sense of beauty, and Bess, a man's woman, who though weak in the flesh, shows, beneath a crust of worldly wisdom, finer feelings and a redeeming sense of decency and honor. There is a charm about this wise and practised old mendicant, who emerged daily from the decayed splendor and noisy intimacy of Catfish Row in his goat-drawn cart, to sit in rapt and powerful silence by the path of tender-hearted pedestrians. The ways of the white folks he knew, and he answered their sallies of generosity with the same inscrutable placidity that he met their abuses. At night his stagnant blood could dance with the life of the Row. Dice, "happy dust", strong and irascible wharfmen, murder, sorrow and song, "conjur" and superstition, made up the life of the Row. Porgy, the pitied cripple, could love; and Bess, of the strong mind but weaker flesh, could worship a good heart. The odd alliance provides the theme of the story which ends in tragedy. Characters are set into the broader pattern of Charleston, mellow and drowsy in its old age, the Charleston of imposing old mansions with deep French windows, high-ceilinged ball rooms, Grecian friezes, and delicate scroll work; wharves with cotton, and the swinging bronze shoulders of stevedores, and lusty, reckless fishermen.

Mr. Heyward, though handling his characters with a discernible honesty, is ever conscious of his distance from them, — a distance which permits a view of this absorbing panorama while withholding the thoughts behind. He has shown wisdom in selecting types of Negroes most accessible to the white person. There is a conscious effort to avoid generalization. Occasionally, however, he lapses into such telltale comments as, for example, his observation that a "look of resolution" on the face of a Negro is rare. There is humor but no fun-poking. Porgy, fleeing in his goat-cart from the arm of the law, makes a ridiculous picture, but there is a tenderness mingled with it which preserves it from the *opera bouffe* of Mr. Cohen. Humor and an ominous serious-

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ness fuse in the pantomime of some of his characters, as when the buxom, avenging Maria goes out to meet Sportin' Life, "carrying a brick, lightly and with an awful fondness" before heaving it. A characteristic which distinguishes his Negroes from the usual is a detached absorption which all but surrenders social tradition to the temper of the artist. A poet's economy of expression, and an uncommon energy are employed in a serious effort to penetrate the black man's mind. Naturally enough, his descriptions of the veil of silence and wariness separating white from black are among the most effective of the book. What he says of Porgy may aptly cover the whole approach to the inner feeling of his Negroes: "A somewhat disquieting impression; a sense of infinite patience, and beneath it the vibration of unrealized, but terrific energy." A distinguishing quality exalts the story above the mere intent to deal with a subject seriously and honestly. To Porgy, "The darkness throbbed like an old wound". The charm of old Charleston is in this:

> "The mellow bells of St Christopher threw the quarter hours out like a handful of small gold coins to ring down upon the street. Then very deliberately they dropped ten round heavy notes into the silence."

There is a real hurricane, drawing the story to a fierce climax, — an unforgettable picture.

Dialect types present constant dangers to the writer. One of these is the dialect itself. Mr. Heyward's characters speak with ease and intelligibility, occasionally packing into this crippled speech immense and touching emotion. A woman screams, "Death, ain't you got no shame!" But an unconvincing amount of the poet himself enters at times into the language of Porgy:

> "Soon de cool wedder comin' an' chill off dese febers. Ain't you 'member how dat win' come tuh town wid de smell ob pine tree; an' how de star is all polish up lak w'ite folk silber?"

Thus Porgy comforts his sick woman.

It is significant that the first stirrings of the literary New South should centre in this material. There are limitations, however, to the exploitation of those characters who move on the periphery of the black world in nearest view of the white writer.

Porgy is the best Negro story that has come out of the South. It is a book which deserves success. A rich vein has been struck, the possibilities of which are immense.

CHARLES S. JOHNSON.
Editor of "Opportunity".

Buffalo Days

Colonel Homer W. Wheeler of the 5th Cavalry, U. S. A., is to be congratulated upon the great privilege of living when he did, for never again will the world see duplicates of the men of his time. Why? Because never again can the traditions, ancestry, and the environments which produce such men be duplicated. The world has changed for better or worse, and nothing short of another glacial age and consequent readjustment can produce similar conditions to those which existed in the heyday of Colonel Wheeler's intensely interesting life.

"Buffalo Days"!

The young people of to-day scarcely know what that means. It is difficult for older people to realize the sudden changes in our surroundings which make words familiar to all the people of yesterday entirely unknown to the youth of to-day. Recently the writer discovered that no one in a group of high school young folk knew the meaning of the word "buggy"! and to-day, but for our industrious wild western novelists, the meaning of "buffalo" would be as little known. The present generation will never understand the thrill that the title of Colonel Wheeler's book brings to the brave but time bitten hearts of the handful of old plainsmen still left in the land. His BUFFALO DAYS (Bobbs-Merrill, $4.00) is a welcome addition to the all too scant real history of our late frontier, doubly welcome because it is written by a man who lived the hard, but most intensely interesting life of Indian fighter, cow-boy, ranchman, soldier, and scout of the border, and was himself one of our history makers.

The natural history parts of *Buffalo Days* are as a rule fairly accurate, but the author has allowed himself to be the victim of a popular superstition when he declares that a snake cannot bite without first coiling; many a man has learned to his sorrow that this legend is not strictly true, but should be classed with that other

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equally popular belief that one sinks under water for three times before one really is drowned. Such popular errors, however, in no way affect the convincing truth of the author's picture of the times he describes. Colonel Wheeler is writing of the time when Big He men, both white and Indian, kept the border in a turmoil marked with tragedy, adventure, death, and sublime achievement; no one with real red blood in his veins can read the account of self-torture of Chief Raven without a feeling of awe for the splendid fortitude of the red men and admiration for their sincere religious convictions.

The pathetic prayer to the Great Mystery, by the old Indian Chief, while replete with horror, can but convince the most thoughtless reader of its earnestness. Think of the iron nerve and splendid will power necessary to enable a man voluntarily to drag a heavy buffalo skull by means of a lariat threaded through two deep gashes cut in his own naked breast. Yet this was the way the old Chief chose to do penance, not for his own sins, but for his people, as with arms extended in supplication he made his prayer.

All who are interested in red-blooded men, all who are interested in adventure, all who are interested in Western history should have this book in their library, and all who love a convincing and simply told tale will read *Buffalo Days* with pleasure.

DAN BEARD.

Our Enemy the Child

"If only they had known as much about education when I went to school!" How often has some modern child moved you to this wistful thought on the remarkable adult you might have become with "the advantages children have nowadays!" For you have learned of the amazing achievements of children in experimental schools. Perhaps your neighbor's ten-year-old casually reveals a knowledge of anthropological matter which you did not possess till your senior year in college; perhaps a twelve-year-old shows you an etching he made on glass, and explains the method clearly and accurately, even to the equation for hydrofluoric acid; perhaps you are invited to see a play created, from plot through to the minutest details of stage settings, costuming, and directing, by children. These achievements, and no less the children's easy way of taking them for granted, move you deeply. You rejoice that the stodgy education of your day, — when achievement was measured by your proximity to "one hundred", — has been supplanted.

In some such mood you open OUR ENEMY THE CHILD, by Agnes De Lima (Republic Publishing Company, $1.00). The chapter heading "A School Morning" tempts you. Now you'll see how they do it, now you'll see why to-day's child will become to-morrow's super-adult.

And then you get your shock. For the "typical" New York Public School morning is as moribund as the typical morning in your day, wherever, and however long ago your day may have been. Indeed, "The Best of School Mornings", with an exceptionally good teacher converting much of the drudgery and artificiality of the curriculum into games, leaves you shocked and disappointed. For public education, it appears, in America's largest city, still has all the marks of machine-made quantity production, against which the child's individuality has scarcely a chance; against which, indeed, only the most persistent sturdy individuality can survive.

To be sure the writer of *Our Enemy the Child* does give you some hope. Even in the New York public schools, there are a few experimental classes for exceptional children. And a number of cities are using advanced methods. And there are the experimental schools here and there. It is impossible to convey any idea of these methods in a book review, but if you have been wondering what is happening to the school children of the country, *Our Enemy the Child* gives you the story, — from the stereotyped school, where the "course of study" is the holy of holies, through the leading types of "modern" schools, where the child's the thing.

And at the end you have got back your hope for the future. For even if only a small proportion of American schools are enlightened, the work of a few of them reveals that average children have amazing potentialities, and that these are somewhere being drawn out. You realize that the little glass-etcher is not unique, that capacities for drawing good pictures, writing poetry, making intelligent labora-

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tory experiments, organizing miniature city governments,— that these and other capacities are dormant in every-day "ordinary" children. And when enough people realize this hidden undeveloped wealth of personality and ability, some of the methods successful in the "experimental" schools may seep into the great body of education.

Our Enemy the Child is not a technical book for the pedagogue (though most teachers could read it with profit). Its style is easily accessible to the layman. It should provoke much thoughtful concern.

VIOLA PARADISE.

Beebe in the Jungle

We no longer concern ourselves in this twentieth century with the difference between neumenon and phenomenon. To us a chair is a chair, something to sit upon, or if we play the game according to Montessori we may throw it a few qualifying adjectives. But there is one among us who, making no ostentatious parade of philosophical discrimination, yet sees beyond the functional significance of things, sees through to origins and is sensitized to meanings. So, looking at a table, he visualizes the minute cells of a mighty tree, his ear captures the sucking of the sap in its steady capillary progress to the top, and to his eye the grain brings pageants of suns and rains responsible for this concentric growth.

In JUNGLE DAYS (Putnam $3.00), William Beebe spreads for us a panorama of the richly colored phenomena of the jungle; a kaleidoscopic picture of the press of life beyond the jurisdiction of the League of Nations. We become suddenly aware of a tumultuous activity which drowns the noise of battle, of a highly functioning intensity which puts to the blush our efficiency engineers. We have long heard of the importance of the falling sparrow, but that a falling leaf should be of moment is a new idea to many readers. Yet to Beebe a leaf in its last fluttering flight to the ground tells many things. The manner of its going is an index to the manner of its living, to the seed from which it sprung, — even its swan song becomes audible. And so we move with Beebe into a world that is primarily a hush, then a clamor of distinct sound and sight and smell, a world which would ordinarily have stimulated but blurred inchoate sensation. Such a trip may be confusing for one who likes a hiatus between stimuli. The book is not the record of a single event or group of events which move in ordered progression through its pages. It is the record of days of excited and exciting observation in the jungle, and each event is in itself a drama.

LIN SEGAL.

The Spirit of Music

In his new volume entitled THE SPIRIT OF MUSIC (Scribner's, $2.00) Mr. C. E. Dickinson bravely adventures into that nebulous land of undefined terminology known as Music Appreciation. His attempt to make concrete what is impalpable and vague, to listen in so to speak between the overtones of our imaginations is distinctly laudable.

"No other art except dancing," says Mr. Dickinson, "offers equal temptation to mental vagrancy", and proceeds to give a synthetic demonstration of how music may be at once intellectually and emotionally satisfying. That he is wholly successful in this more than difficult undertaking we cannot with justice affirm. Granted that the intellectual understanding of the structure and scaffolding of music (or indeed of any art) gives but a fragmentary glimpse of its spiritual and emotional significance, the question nevertheless arises how may this more deeply spiritual, this sublimated emotional reaction and clairvoyance be attained. And it is just at this point of the discussion that Mr. Dickinson having emphatically built up the reader's agreement in his general thesis, becomes discursive and at times even a bit sentimental. When he tells us in so many words that "Without love there can be no art in the true sense of the term, that love comes only with understanding", and so forth, we are inclined to agree with his premises and at the same time regret his platitudes.

On the other hand Mr. Dickinson gives us valuable contributions to the technique of inspiration, if such a phrase may be used, when he classifies the elements needed to develop "the quality beyond technique which is the life of art." In the first place he distinguishes sharply between what is technique and what is expression

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and then he enumerates as his elements of inspiration,—enthusiasm, musical knowledge, and general culture. In other words he supplies us with guide-posts towards the creative art attitude. Does he make us actually conscious of the intimate, revealing processes that must take place within our imaginations and ourselves if we are to be true critics and teachers and artists? *Disputandum est.* Perhaps, however, that is expecting too much of a single, adventurous volume.

At any rate much of the work is finely provocative in spirit and replete with ideas that will find their level in actual testing.

LAURENCE ADLER.

The Greatest of the Insects

There are two groups of living creatures which may properly be considered as the two topmost branches of the evolutionary tree. The primates, headed by man, constitute one branch. The ants and bees constitute the other. The ancestors of insects came ashore out of the primeval seas many millions of years before the ancestors of man. The wings of great, two-foot dragon flies were common sights in the forests of the Coal Age while the highest living ancestors of man were crawling amphibians who had not yet quite decided whether their future was to lie in the ancestral oceans or on the air-bathed empire which the plants and the insects had already made their own.

Curiously enough it is these two topmost orders of creatures which have developed, almost alone among animals, forms of social organization. Man is notoriously social. The ants and bees are even more so. And, being much older on the earth, the societies of ants and bees are more highly evolved than are our own. They have gone so far that social castes are marked, not only by mental differentiation, as are our own social classes, but by radical differences in bodily form, in reproduction, in all the multitudinous interactions of the individual animal and the rest of nature.

If we did not know that they are the same, we would set down the different castes of bee or ant as altogether separate species. It is as though a telephone lineman gradually grew such long arms and strong hands and spur-decorated legs that he became no longer a man but some strange new pole-climbing creature supremely good at this one job and utterly worthless for anything else.

Philosophers have suggested that human society is headed toward this same end; that men will ultimately differentiate into quite separate classes of workers, directors, reproducers, and what-not, much as the insects have done. Whether this be true or not, there is interest for every student of life in these insect cousins of ours who have perhaps explored already something of our own evolutionary future. Hence the excuse for noting in these columns a recent textbook which describes the bodies of the bees that accumulate our honey.

This book THE ANATOMY AND PHYSIOLOGY OF THE HONEY BEE (McGraw-Hill Book Company, $3.50), is by Mr. R. E. Snodgrass, of the United States Bureau of Entomology, undoubtedly the foremost institution for insect study in the world. It is intended primarily for students of agriculture, the bee being ranked, nowadays, as one of the most important domestic animals.

To this individual reviewer the most interesting pages of description of the bee are those which discuss the senses and the communication of information. The recent work of von Frisch on the remarkable food dances of the bees is well described. Bees that have found food announce this fact to the hive, you remember, by performing one of several varieties of body-wriggling dances which have an almost ridiculous resemblance to certain Terpsichorean acrobatics not now unknown in human society. There is doubt whether bees possess a sense of hearing at all, although they do produce, on occasion, some sounds which may be purposeful. Their eyes are very different from ours; they produce no clear images as ours do, although they are admirably designed to detect the movement of objects, like birds, which the bees might have cause to fear. The smell sense of bees is a problem. There are several kinds of hairs and pits on the antennas and elsewhere on the body. These may be multiple noses; they may not. All in all, the sense picture of the universe that comes into the brain of a bee must be very different from ours.

E. E. F.

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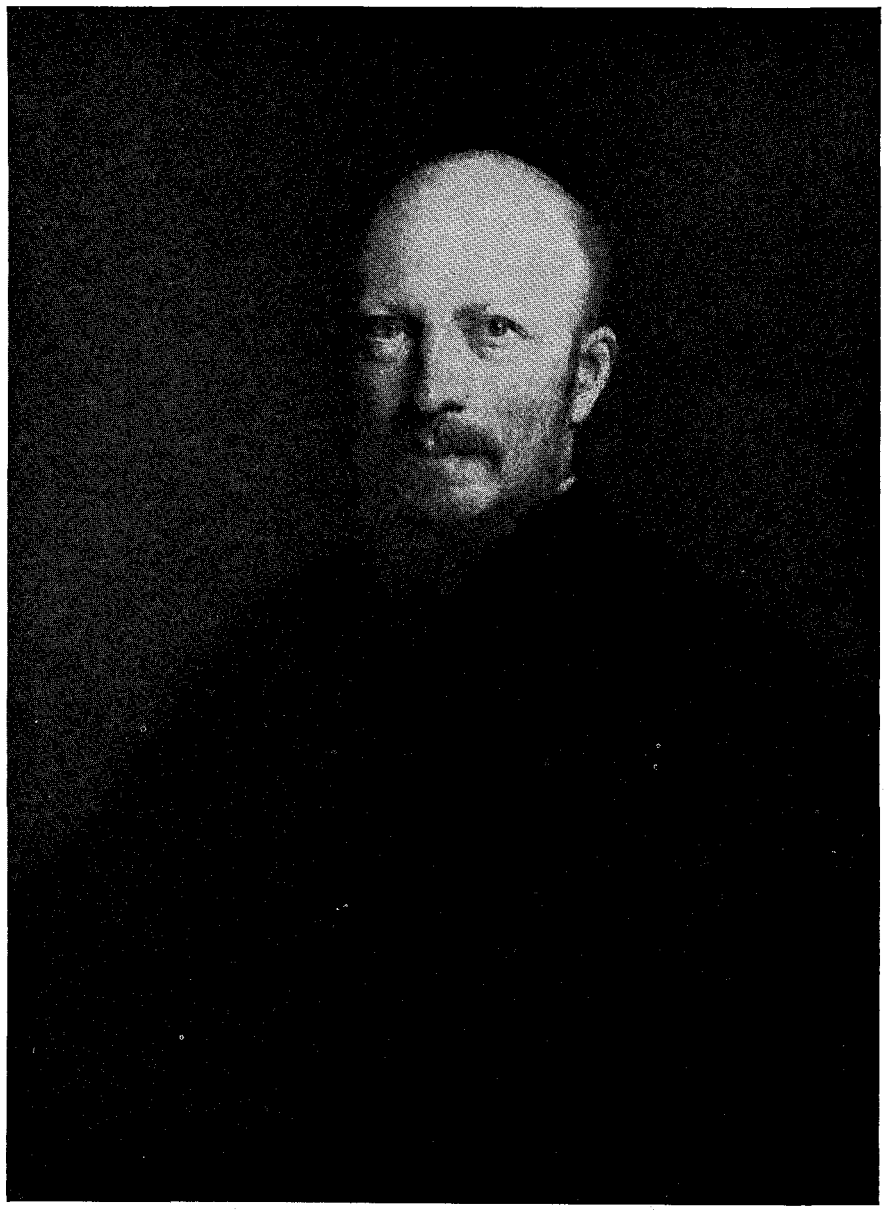

From a painting by Douglas Nolk

FELIX ADLER

Founder of the Ethical Culture Movement, whose philosophy may be summed up in the words, "Let us cease to discuss the Author of the Law and bend our strength to the fulfilment of the law"

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MAJOR GENERAL SIR FREDERICK MAURICE

Director of Military Operations of the Imperial General Staff of Great Britain from 1915 to 1918, who defends the Civil War strategy of Abraham Lincoln

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COUNT HERMANN KEYSERLING

The German philosopher, leader of the School of Wisdom at Darmstadt, whose motto is, "Take from none, give something to each"

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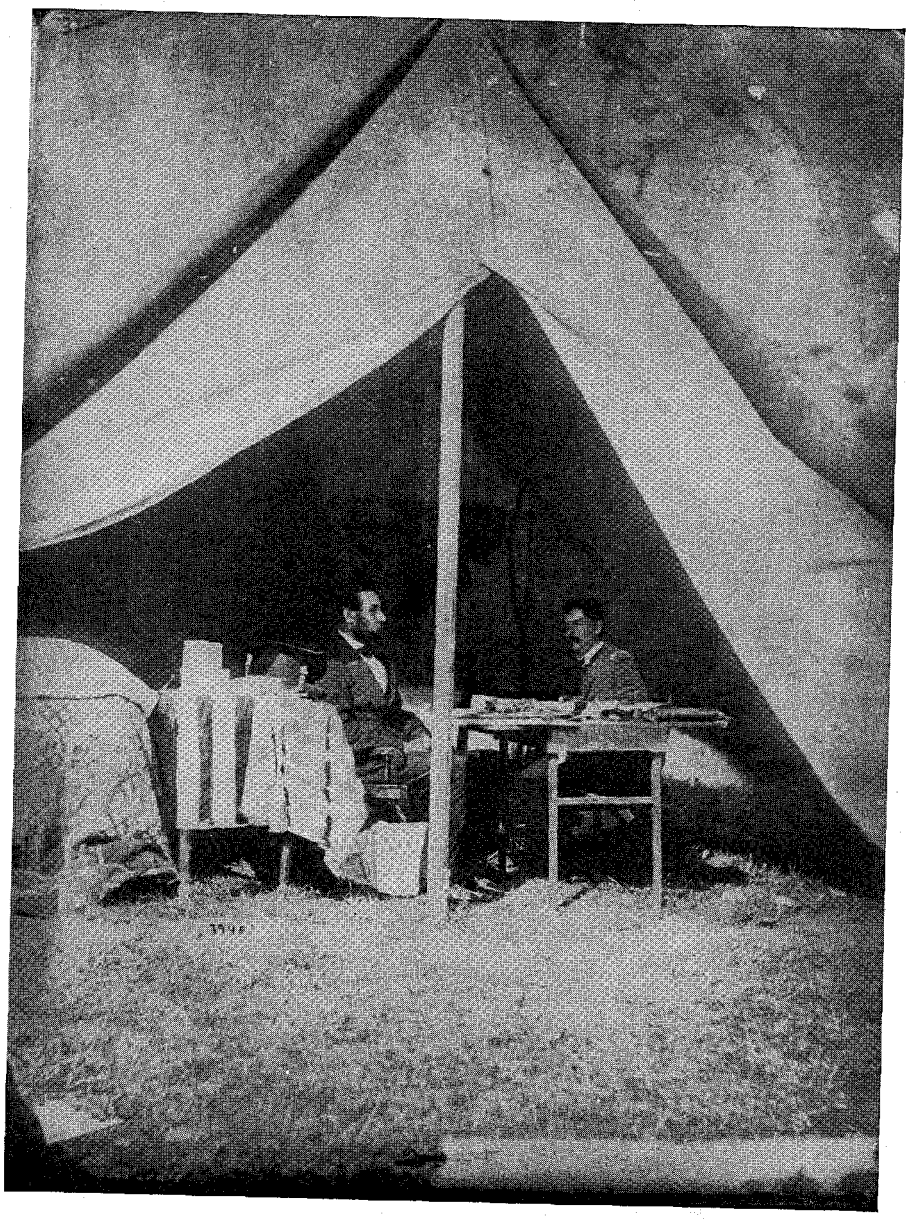

A rare photograph from the collection of Frederick H. Meserve

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

With George B. McClellan at Antietam, October 2, 1862

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